SANTO SEBASTIANO:

OR, THE

YOUNG PROTECTOR.

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THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

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CHAPTER I.

Ere our heroine entered the castle, she dispatched some of the labourers, out of the grounds, to the lodge, for the conveyance of poor Leslie. She then proceeded to the library, where she found Lord Delamore, alone; who received her very kindly, saying, that "Since Lady Delamore had last been there, he had not had so welcome a visitor."

"Indeed," replied Julia, "you will feel, I am great deal welcome, visitor, before long time; for I am come, to say glad

news, that will be much joyful, for your heart, Lord Delamore."

"And you look," said his lordship, "like the celestial messenger, sent by Benevolence and Philanthropy to give peace and happiness to the breast of mortals. But, whatsoever news you have to tell me, I read in your countenance that my gratitude is your debtor, for your sweet and kind participation in what you think will give me joy.—What has my dear young friend to tell me?"

"Why, my lord, letters are, come to England, from Lord Ashgrove."

"And none from my boy!" exclaimed Lord Delamore, in alarm, starting from his seat.

"None," said Julia;—"because, Lord St. Orville, is come himself, to say, his thoughts, for you. He, your so dear son, is to England come, in much safety:—is in Dorsetshire, and very surely, on his way, for the castle."

Lord Delamore sunk back into the chair he had arisen from, now in violent agitation.—"My boy! my dear boy! arrived in safety!—Thank the Almighty!" he exclaim-

ed, hiding his face with his hands. "But I cannot, cannot see him yet:—his mother can; but his father dare not—Oh! humiliating, painful reflection! I shrink from the idea of beholding my inestimable, my ill-used son:"....and Lord Delamore groaned in mental anguish.

"Alas!" said Julia, with mournful softness, "why, I did come, to make for you joy; and not to grieve you. Dear, dear Lord Delamore! why not be glad, for hearing, Lord St. Orville is come, to the embraces of his father? Why make for me, much sadness, to see your sorrow; when I did come, in sure belief, to make you happy?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Lord Delamore, "the resistless magic in the pathos of your voice, melting in pity for me!—So new, so sweet to me, is the balm of heart-directed sympathy, that I feel you will steal from me the long painfully guarded secret of my wretched life!"

"Could I, steal, your sorrows all, from you, I would," said Julia.

Lord Delamore, sensibly affected, snatched her hand, and kissed it in fervent

gratitude.—"I see, I feel, I am convinced," he said, "I may confide in you, even child as you are; for you only, of all the persons I have met with in my latter years, have approached me without fear—without disgust. Oh, no! you kindly, and candidly, looked on me as a man in whom, though there were many faults to pardon, yet in whom it was possible to find some moral virtues too. Respecting my feelings, you hither now have come to announce my son's return; and not another individual of my family, except Selina, would have acted so. No, they only feel for his mother; and I am always neglected, in the general interest for her.—I mean not, believe me, that I feel any weak envy at my Emily's having the affection of all who have hearts to justly appreciate merit;—no, I would have all the world admire, adore her, as I have ever done, even when I seemed the most unkind to her: but it is a little hard, that a man's own family should consider his happiness, his comforts, not worth a thought; and that all those, through life, whom my heart has most fondly clung to, have ever, in return, hated and despised me!"

"Oh, Lord Delamore!" said Julia, highly distressed, and agitated, "dismiss, for your good, this much unfortunate belief; this gloomy foe, for peace."

"I cannot, cannot!" he replied; "for it is a torturing conviction, that has long found its everlasting habitation in my bosom.—My adored wife, my darling son, my beloved younger daughter;—all, all abhor me: and the undeviating kindness, and torturing attentions, of my Emily and St. Orville, have ever sprung from their concientious duty—not, not, from regard for me. By the world, I have long been thought an unfeeling monster, or alive only to every libertine propensity; whilst a heart of sensitive mould was writhing in my bosom, with all the corroding tortures springing from the certainty, that only two beings upon this earth's wide surface sincerely loved me. To the world I owed no kindness; and indignation, at its unmerited contempt, taught my breast to shut out philanthropy: while in my own family, irritated by the direful knowledge of their recoiling detestation of me, I have too often played the tyrannic monster; and,

whilst my bleeding heart throbbed and thrilled with the most ardent affection for them, my maddened, disappointed, tenderness, led me on to act with every cruelty."

"Oh, Lord Delamore!" said Julia, with tears trembling in her eyes, awakened by excess of pity for him, "you have made shock, and distress for me, exceedingly more, than I have power, for expression."

"What! what! really tears awakened for me!" replied Lord Delamore, and large drops now trembled in his own eyes.—"Once," he continued, "I thought my sweet Theodosia shed tears for my suffering; and the belief was a sun-beam to my heart, that lightened all my pains: but—but I was deceived. I have since learned, it was not for me she wept; but at the expected loss of that pomp of greatness which my death would necessarily deprive her of."

"What monster, for iniquity, could say, such diabolical thought?" exclaimed Julia, taking with affecting kindness the trembling hand of Lord Delamore. "Believe none, but your deadliest, of all, foe, could have tortured for you, your heart, by such cruelty, for misrepresentation, of your,

much amiable, child's, tender affectionate, feeling for you. You were well, very much, and all thought, and fear for the loss of pomp, past quite, when I did come, beneath your roof; yet when for me, Lady Theodosia said of your illness, she did weep, so sadly, for recollection of all, what suffering, you had of pain, that sure she did call from me, my tears, to think, a child's heart, had been fated for, so much anguish, to witness the malady of pain, in a beloved father. Very certainly, she did say, she did not always love you, very well, Lord Delamore; but your painful illness, told to her heart's much tender feeling, you were, her own dear father; and the more for her, was to see, of your malady of pain, the more did her heart, melt into tenderness, of child's best love, and cling to her suffering father."

Lord Delamore now, with almost convulsive energy, grasped the hands of Julia; and, looking with affecting eagerness in her face, solemnly spoke.—

"Miss De Clifford, deceive me not!—On your life, on your soul, is all this an absolute, unvarnished fact?"

"As I do hope, for mercy, eternal," said Julia, with pious fervour, "I do not make, deception, for you."

Lord Delamore now sunk upon his knees, and hid his face on the seat of a chair which stood near him.

"Perhaps," said Julia, tenderly, after a distressing pause, "you wish, of my absence, now, dear Lord Delamore? Lord St. Orville, will think me gone, great time; and will feel grief not to hear soon, from you:—and Lady Delamore may have news for the arrival of her son, too much suddenly, after her, so great illness."

Lord Delamore started up.—"St. Orville, my boy! my Alfred! then, is come!" he exclaimed, advancing rapidly a few steps towards the door: but suddenly he stopped; sunk into a chair, in trembling agitation, and mournfully he said—"Oh! no, no, no! I cannot see him yet! I cannot bear the humiliation of a private interview.—But my Emily must be instantly apprised; and tenderly too. Her affection for our inestimable boy, is, indeed, maternal;—she has

no direful drawback to her joy;—and when she folds her son in her arms, the embrace of affection will be mutual: but, clasped to my throbbing heart, I should only feel the respectful pressure of a conscientiously dutiful son.... My dear young, and truly sympathising, friend! will you go to Temple, who is in his study?—tell him, St. Orville is come; and bid him hasten to Emily, with the joyful news. He will break it gently, cautiously, to my Emily. .... And then, dear friend! will you go to my son?—and tell him, 'I cannot see him.' You will hate me, Miss De Clifford, when I tell you I have been an unkind, nay cruel, father, to the most amiable son that man was ever blessed with:—but I was madly infatuated—every good and gentle propensity of my heart and judgment perverted—by the torturing disappointment of finding those I most fondly loved had no affection for me. Like a frensied tyrant, I sent my child from me; ordered him to quit my presence, and my house for ever. The moment the direful and unnatural mandate passed my lips, my heart bled in re-

pentant anguish ; and worlds I would have given to revoke it : but my pride, my revolting pride—my jealous, disappointed, affection—sternly forbade me. But dangerous illness subdued the pride of arrogant mortality ; and the glorious achievements of my heroic boy, and the dangers my banishment of him led him into, increased my ever-concealed affection to such a pitch of tenderness, that I could no longer bear his absence. I wrote to him, to come to me ; I implored his pardon :—but I cannot, cannot sustain the humiliation of a penitential interview. Tell him, 'although I wrote to him my contrition, I cannot speak it to him, nor ask the pardon of my child.' Tell him, 'we meet not, until we meet in the 'drawing-room before dinner, in the full assembly of the family, and as if we had only parted after our ride this morning.'"

"Oh, Lord Delamore!" said Julia, gently and mournfully, "is this way, for making, the affectionate child, for yourself?—I will go, with this iceful, loveless message, for poor, Lord St. Orville ; if you still, have the freezing heart, to desire it : but I do,

greatly much, mistake your son, if his bosom, the thought could feel, for your humbling yourself, as the penitent for him. Oh! no, no, no! it is your love, I am sure quite, is his alone, wish. Send this bleak, dreary, and so much comfortless, disguise, from your fervent heart; kindly call, your long time, absent child, to your arms; and your throbbing heart, too, will find, the embrace will be, from mutual affection."

"Oh! no, no, no, Miss De Clifford! such happiness is not for me; and I cannot, cannot now see St. Orville!" exclaimed Lord Delamore. "I request you to convey my message to my son:—and have the kindness, the pitying kindness, to come to me again; and tell me what my boy says—how he looks—and if he is disappointed, *much* disappointed, at not seeing his hitherto unkind father."

"I go, my lord, since you do say it, for me," replied Julia, sorrowfully. "And I will return, quite soon; and believe, me you will find, a faithful delineator."

"But, one thing more, Miss De Clifford," said Lord Delamore, with impressive so-

lemnity:—"if you regard the feelings of a wretched, disappointed man; if you wish not effectually to rend my anguished heart; betray not, to any being in existence, the confidence your resistless sympathising kindness has, I know not how, drawn me into reposing in you."

"I never will, to any being, disclose it, since you, so desire for me," replied our heroine, with equally impressive solemnity. And now she opened the door, to depart; when she heard a hasty, rustling noise, and the sound of rapidly-retreating footsteps. She looked around, but no one could she see. Quickly she bent her way to Mr. Temple's study, gave to this good man the glad tidings of Lord St. Orville's return, and sent him on his mission to Lady Delamore; and then was proceeding to the lodge, when she met Holt, now trembling in joy, looking for her, to inform her, "Lord St. Orville had, with Leslie, entered the castle through a private way; and was now waiting in the steward's room, where he entreated she would have the goodness to send his father's commands; for, until

his mother was apprised of his arrival, he wished the family in general should not know of his return."

Julia instantly hastened to Lord St. Orville; whom she found waiting, in eager, anxious, agitation, for permission to embrace his father: and now, with graceful, animated sweetness, he thanked her for her great kindness; and, in tremulous solicitude, demanded "If he yet might have the happiness to see his father? If his lordship yet would have the goodness to receive him?"

Julia, with a touching look of sorrow, and in a tone of mournful sweetness, delivered Lord Delamore's message to his now painfully agitated son.—"Oh!" he exclaimed, with the energy of acute feeling, "how could my father, for one moment, suppose that I ever felt the arrogant, the unjustifiable, expectation of his humbling himself to me!—A father solicit the forgiveness of a son!--Oh! no, no! that would be such tortures to the heart of a son, that surely none but a monster could endure it. Oh! how could Lord Delamore suppose I had ever formed an idea so horrible, so de-

grading, so presumptuous! Oh, no! with different feelings I came to England. From my dear father's most kind and affectionate letter permitting my return, I expected a reception in some degree congenial to that tender, affecting letter, I must confess: and hither almost I flew, borne on the wings of delusive hope and joy; fondly conceiving I was to be received to the arms, to the heart, of my no longer offended father. To be thus recalled, merely to be suffered in his presence, without one look, one word, one smile, of affection, will be no happiness to me. Alas Miss De Clifford! painful, most painful, is this afflicting disappointment to my ardent heart!" and tears now trickled down the cheeks of Lord St. Orville, which he vainly strove to chase away; but they came from his heart, and would not be conquered; and he was compelled to apply his handkerchief to his eyes, to conceal from Julia how much and bitterly he wept.

Our heroine, with a bosom now agitated by the sincerest pity for both father and son, after a pause of sorrowing sympathy, said, in a sweet and gentle accent of kindness, "I will go to Lord Delamore, and

tell for him, all you say; and describe for him, to the best of my possible ability, all you much, feel."

Lord St. Orville removed his handkerchief from his face, and looked upon her; whilst joy, and something more (an expression, to her, undefinable), irradiated his eloquent eyes, and, for the moment, overcame the sadness of his countenance.

"How kind, how good, you are!" he replied, in the accents of tenderest feeling.—"But your pitying benevolence must not lead you to such an attempt. Lord Delamore would not like that you should; and would be for ever offended, at my presuming to murmur at his decree."

"Indeed you mistake, very much, Lord Delamore," said Julia: "the murmurs from affection, will not him offend. I must, I will, Lord St. Orville, tell to him, all; for I do know, it will be, pleasure, for him. I saw it (it was great deal easy, to perceive it), that excess for feeling, only, inspired, the wish, against the fond interview, with you. Nay, I am so satisfied his heart has, great love for you, that even were

you much to disregard, his injunctions, and appear unbidden, before him, and following the alone, impulse for affection, seek now the paternal embrace, you would not cause, ever have, too feel much sorrow, for it."

"Alas! Miss De Clifford!" he exclaimed, "I see you know not Lord Delamore."

"I do know," she replied, "the heart, cannot very well, be warmed, by the much to freeze, chilling forms, of ceremonious duty. Let me try, my experiment first; and feel in confidence quite, I shall return, in soon time, with happier tidings, for you.'

"Oh! how readily do I rest my every hope on you!" he said; and she departed, full of sanguine expectations: nor were they diminished, when she heard Lord St. Orville (led on by her suggestions, in unison with the feelings of his own heart) closely following her. She opened the library door; but closed it not after her. Lord Delamore eagerly advanced to meet her, exclaiming—

"My friend! my dear young friend! what says my darling boy?"

"That he cannot know happiness, until

the paternal embrace of his beloved father assures him he is quite forgiven," said Lord St. Orville, rushing into Lord Delamore's intuitively expanded arms. Julia now silently withdrew, and closed the door upon them.

CHAPTER II.

Julia, with streaming eyes, was proceeding to her own apartments, when, in the hall, she met Fitzroy; who eagerly approached her, and, in anxious tenderness, demanded "Why she was so agitated?—Why she wept?"

"They are not, at all, tears of sorrow," she replied, smiling; "they came for seeing, the affecting joy, of Lords Delamore, and St. Orville, on their again, meeting."

"St. Orville!—Is he arrived?—St. Orville arrived! and you have seen him, Julia!" exclaimed Fitzroy, turning pale as death, and assailed with such sudden and violent agitation, that he was compelled to hold by a pillar, to save himself from falling.

"Alas!" said Julia, "then I am, for you, first informer; and have told you, too much incautiously. Oh! pray forgive me: I did not imagine, for certainly, you could be so great deal, affected. Alas! you did re-

quire, the necessity, to have it broken for you, as gently, as his dear father, and his dear mother. Come, come, cheer yourself up; or I shall no more, forgive myself. Let me, lead you, into one of those rooms; and I will get for you, a glass of water. Come, pray, do come, poor Fitzroy! and lean upon my arm: I will do all my ability, to support you. Indeed, you know not, at all, how it much grieves me, to see you so great deal, agitated."

"Does it, indeed, grieve you?' exclaimed Fitzroy, snatching, in a transport of joy and tenderness, her offered hand.

"Indeed, it does," she said, as they now proceeded into an adjoining room. "I had conception none, your attachment, was so much strong, for Lord St. Orville; since my recollection is not of, to hear you speak, of him, at all.—I will now go, for a glass of water, for you."....

"By no means, dear Julia!—I will sit down here; and shall be quite myself, in a few moments, if you sit by me..... Now, now you are sweet, and kind, as you were at Z." and he looked with the most seductive tenderness upon her, as she, blushing

in timid bashfulness, and anxious concern, sat beside him. "I am most sincerely attached to St. Orville," he continued, "and rejoice exceedingly at his return; although I did not, I confess, expect it quite so soon: but that.... his return, I mean.... has not been the principal cause of my agitation:—it was another joyful event, Julia; and seeing you in tears, you whom I had been anxiously seeking every-where....."

"Indeed!" said Julia, smiling: "and that was so odd, for us both, to play, for hide, and seek, this morning! since I too, did look for you, very much; and could not find you, any-where."

Fitzroy now coloured highly.—"You looking for me!" he said:—"You condescend to do me so much honour!"

"I was for you, seeking, intending, if I did find in you, the same, identical Mr. Fitzroy, I parted of, last night, to ask you, to accompany me, in my walk."

"Oh! fool! fool! blind ideot! that I was! to go where I did, when such happiness here awaited me!" Fitzroy exclaimed, snatching our heroine's hand, and kissing it rapturously.

" Nay," said Julia, gravely, and struggling to withdraw her hand, " you should not, at all, have walked with me, since this, is your bad, morning humour. You have recollection, not, sir, that I admit, of raptures none."

" My life ! my own Julia !" he replied, now sinking on his knees before her, " you will not now object to these little ebullitions of my tenderness, since the dreadful interdict that prevented your listening to my ardent love, is now removed :—and will you, will you not, now be mine for ever ? Dear, fastidious Julia ! my disgraceful, infatuated engagement, with Lady Enderfield, is at length dissolved—completely, and for ever."

Julia felt sick at heart, from this intelligence ; her head sunk upon the elbow of the sopha on which she sat, and where she hid her blushing face from the empassioned, tender gaze of Fitzroy. To hear that the barrier to her union with the man of her affections was removed, had been glad tidings to her, did not the prediction of Lady Delamore, still vibrating in her ears, " of her having much unhappiness to en-

counter with him," make her heart tremble with foreboding apprehensions.

"Julia, my adored Julia!" said Fitzroy, anxiously, "will you not speak to me?—will you not deign to tell me, you rejoice at my emancipation—at the happy news this day's post has brought me?"

"I—I did think, at all, no post, came in to-day," replied Julia, in such confusion she scarcely knew what to say.

"The post—no, not the post—but—but an express, brought it to me.—But what signify posts, or any such trivial things! I am pleading for my happiness; and will you, will you, still inexorable, treat it as unworthy your regard?"

"I will not, hold converse, with that man, who takes me, for idol, and kneels to me," she replied. "Sit quietly beside me, Mr. Fitzroy; address me, like to the, rational being; and I will speak to you."

"Rational!" he repeated, rising to obey her—"Who can he rational, with a bosom torn by the agonising fear of losing you?"

"What, very much, ruthless, magician, is going to deprive you, from me?" said Julia, artlessly.

"Oh! joyful! joyful sound!" he exclaimed:—"Can, then, only a magician deprive me of my beloved Julia!.... But, oh! there is an enchanter——magic, that I dread, I tremble at: and, oh! Julia, if, indeed, you do regard me—if you prize my peace—dispel at once my every agonising fear;——promise to be mine—mine, immediately."

"You do forget, Mr. Fitzroy," she gravely replied, "I cannot at all, promise, to be for yours.—I cannot be, wife, without the consentment, from my benefactor."

"Oh! what a degrading word have you conjured up, as a hideous barrier, to appal me with!" said Fitzroy.

'To owe, much obligation, to the man, so exalted by Virtue's inspirations, as Lord Ashgrove, is not for degradation, sir," she replied. "I am, for certainly, the object of, his great charity—charity in, its very sweetest form. He did raise me, from chilling penury;—from more, from my defenceless state;—gave for me, protection, friends of kindness, and place much respectable, in society.—Is he not to me, benefactor? Oh! so sure he is! and that he is so,

is for me, pride, glory. My heart, in all the warm glow, from Gratitude's fervid clime, will acknowledge ever, him for such; and if for your thoughts, it is bad degradation, let it not fall on you, by the entailment, of so much ill-chosen, wife."

"Wife!—Oh! rapturous! rapturous sound! You my wife, I should feel no degradation but in a consciousness of my own inferiority.—You my wife! and shall I not be exalted by your virtues?——Forgive, my life! what I said, so wildly. I spoke impetuously, because I fear to lose you; and would have you indissolubly mine, and that immediately, to lull my torturing apprehensions."

"You cannot still, so fear; when I now do tell you, Mr. Fitzroy, my affections have been long time, for you;" said Julia, blushing, in sweet, unaffected, bashful sincerity.—"After this confession, from me, you surely can have, apprehensions none, Fitzroy."

"My life! my Julia! tell me again you love me, and I will strive to be contented with that sweet—that rapturous assurance! But I fear, am jealous, of every being who

approaches you. I tremble at, I know not what: I dread, I know not whom. I would have you irrevocably mine: then every torturing fear would terminate; for your vows, once plighted to me, no power on earth, I know, then could shake your faith, your constancy, your truth."

"It is for me, much grief," said Julia, with an offended air, "that the means, is not for mine, to lull these, for you torturing; to me, not most flattering, doubts, but by my simple, word; which he, who does make profession of great love, for me, considers not, as sacred."

"Oh, Julia! I regard you, and every word you utter, as sacred, most sacred. Forgive, forgive and pity, my ardent, anxious, love; that fearing every thing—remembering my own credulity, my rashness, my folly, which led me from you to a direful precipice, where, oh! so narrowly I escaped the final overthrow of every happiness!—that still must I tremble, still must I fear, until you are mine for ever. I have once known the anguish of believing you lost to me; and having felt the rack, can you censure me for trembling at the renewal of

of such tortures? or that I shrink from it with every coward apprehensión?——Oh, Julia! how I was infatuated, from fulfilling my appointment with you that fatal morning, suffer me to tell you."....

"You have not, occasion for that," said Julia: "I do know, Lady Enderfield did, sprain her ankle; and it was unfortunately, of necessity, for you to take care of her, to her home."

"Oh! it was unfortunate!—It made me wretched."

"Nor did it make, me, much happy," said Julia, in a tone so expressive, it vibrated on every chord of affection in the bosom of Fitzroy.

"Oh, Julia! Julia, my life! did you, then, love me so well, as to feel it so acutely?—Was my absence, my conduct, then, a source of grief to you? I thought, I only was the sufferer.—Oh! had I believed you felt a single pang, not all the magic of a Circe should have kept me from you..... But, weak idiot! infatuated fool! I was lured into a belief, your heart was cold to me.—That insidious woman, who led me from my happiness, overheard our

conversation, Julia, from the balcony, on the night we parted: she perverted every sweet word and look of yours; ascribing all to gratitude alone; and lured me into a conviction, that you loved me not..... Lord Gaythorn, too—He, he, told me, with what calm indifference you heard, what he, in friendship, meant should call forth your feelings, and betray to him how your heart stood affected towards me. Yes, he told me how calmly you heard I sat by Lady Enderfield, redrinking draughts of love; and led me on to offer her my hand in jealous madness, by describing, most minutely, how gay and cheerfully you went from Z.—how, with what animated pleasure, you listened to, and flirted with, Lord Francis."

"Oh!" said Julia, touchingly, "I was the dissembler, that day, to smile, with an aching heart! I saw, that man, had deep malice, for me. I doubted not, at all, your love, and honour; I doubted not, at all, *his*, were misrepresentations, very much: and yet, though I believed, your truth, he great deal grieved me; for I did fear, the blandishment, of Lady Enderfield.—Listen,

very certainly, I did, with animation of pleasure, to the amiable, Lord Francis; because, he did talk of you, with affectionate regard, of very true, friendship."

"Oh, Julia!" Fitzroy exclaimed, pressing her hand with ardour to his lips, to his heart, "how much superior was your love to mine! How exalted your noble heart, that admitted no mean doubts of the truth and honour of him you blessed with your inestimable affections! Oh! may I ever be worthy of so much excellence! Emulating the example you have set me, I will strive, with every good property of my mind, to become a being suited to your worth—a husband deserving such exalted perfections."

"Oh! I doubt not, for your good, purpose; and trust that, in time to come, we shall be, very much happy;" Julia said, in a soft tone of doubting despondence, and anxious hope and fear.—"But now," she continued, "that we have, Fitzroy, got into the highway, for happiness ourselves, let us not, have thoughts, for too much selfishness, but make recollection, of the gladness, of our friends, and talk of, the just arrival, of Lord St. Orville."

"You have seen him, Julia..." said Fitzroy.—"How is he? and how, how does he look?"

"Of that, I cannot have, judgment. You have not recollection, that I never saw him, until now just."

"Oh! true, I had forgotten that circumstance: but now you *have* seen him, Julia, what think you of him?"

"Why, that he seems, full as greatly amiable, as I did expect, to find him; though much high, my ideas, did make form, of his merits."

"Oh! he is all that is amiable!" said Fitzroy, with strong emotion.—"But I speak not of his mental perfections: I alluded to his personal ones—What think you of him?"

"As being excessively much, like you, Fitzroy, and Lady Delamore; but infinitely more resemblance, he bears, to...."

"Lady Storamond!" said Fitzroy, with a voice and look betraying much inquietude.

"Why you guess, so well?" said Julia, smiling.

"Oh! because—because, of all our fa-

mily, St. Orville is thought most to resemble Lady Storamond."

"'He, for very certainty, does," replied Julia, thoughtfully.—"'The sweet expression, of his eyes, and smile; nay, his very manner too; and something in his voice, so soft in kindness, that resemblance bears to my Cecilia, in a much extraordinary, degree."

"What a lasting impression has this very languid friend of yours made upon your mind, Julia! that you can so well remember every look and tone."

"I shall never, never, lose recollection, of one word, one look, one action, of Cecilia's," she replied, with animation.—"But why, you call her, my languid, friend?"

"'Did she not prove herself so? Did she not know the misery of your friendless situation, my Julia; doomed to experience every cruelty which barbarity could inflict?—She had ample means to do all that her heart could dictate; and why, if she loved you, did she not, in the spirit of true friendship, extricate you from all your afflictions?"

"Indeed, Mr. Fitzroy, she knew at all, not of, my unhappiness. Grandmamma was not at Palermo, for that time; so that Lady Cecilia, could see not, of any unkindness:—and you do not think, I hope, for me, that I was, so very bad child in duty, to make the accusation, of my parent, to any one; or talk to, the almost stranger, of those little maladies, of her temper, which poor Laroche, in the impetuosity from his direful calamity, did speak too much, harshly of?"

"I think of you, my own Julia! as a being incapable of erring," said Fitzroy, with winning tenderness. "I am convinced you made no communications which your spotless heart could condemn: but this beloved friend of yours knew all—every secret of your piteous situation; and yet left you, sweet suffering angel! to your unhappiness, nor even wrote one line to comfort you for the last two years!"

"Oh, Mr. Fitzroy!" she gravely replied, a tear of wounded friendship trembling in her eyes; "can your, so generous heart, make condemnation, without the assurance positive, that censure is full merited? I have

not doubt, my dear Cecilia, will explain for me, to her own justification, to my much satisfaction, when the great happiness, shall be for us, to meet. And do not, do not, dear Fitzroy! wound my heart, by depreciating the conduct, of my poor friend, until you do know, for very certainty, she merits your so harsh opinion."

"Forgive me, my life! if I have pained your sensibility—your generous friendship. Pity my weakness; but I detest the name of Lady Storamond—am jealous of your affection for her," said Fitzroy, with tenderness, to Julia, and painful emotion visibly blended.

"Indeed," said Julia, "the monster, with green eyes, has usurped, much pitiable dominion, over you, when it has made for you, jealousy of a woman!"

"Have I not reason?—Have you not always said, she held the highest place in your affections?"

"Why, so she did, for very certainly, Fitzroy; until you appeared, assumed for some degree, her look, and mingled love, with friendship; or rather..... And will you, let it make satisfaction, for your in-

quietudes, if I do say, you precedence took from her, in my affection?"

"Oh! no, no, no!—that sweet, and kindly meant, confession is no consolation; for it only proves you love this friend in me;" replied Fitzroy, mournfully, and hiding his face on a cushion of the sopha, to conceal his agitation.

"Then, I know not, at all, what consolation, to make for your quiet; or how for happiness, we can ever hope, together; if you thus, weakly (excuse of me, the expression, but indeed you do, merit it, Fitzroy)—thus weakly, seek out the cause, to make pain from. Ought it, to give for you, grief, that in time, when not the being, on surface of this earth, did care for me, I found, in the bosom, of a young female, a heart to warm, in kindness for me; who won, my tenderest friendship? And why for your resemblance, to this great deal amiable, beloved friend, awakening first, in my heart, the regard for you, should make for you, inquietude, is for my comprehension, much inexplicable; but to overcome, this self-made malady, I know not power; for I will not deceive you, even to

soothe, your fancy's grief. I have told for you, I do love you; but I will not say, that I do not, tenderly much, regard my Cecilia; nor make denial, that had you not, the great resemblance of her, you would not, in so soon haste, have found your way, to my affection."

"I ought to be satisfied, my life!—nay, I ought, and will strive, to be happy; for well I know you will not deceive me, Julia;" said Fitzroy, respectfully and tenderly pressing her hand to his lips. At this moment, Sir Charles Stratton entered the room; he started, changed colour, and stammered out an apology, for interrupting so interesting a *tête-à-tête*.

"Interesting, most interesting, it has been to me," replied Fitzroy; "and I doubt not, my dear brother, you will participate in my joy, when I tell you my engagement with Lady Enderfield is dissolved, and that I am allowed the happiness to hope I may one day present this tenderly beloved of my heart to you as a sister."

"And most truly shall I rejoice in my dear brother's happiness.—Most proud shall I be of such a sister; and most fervently I

hope her uninterrupted and unalloyed felicity may spring from her union with my beloved Horatio," said Sir Charles, respectfully approaching our blushing heroine, kindly taking her hand, and pressing it, with fervour, to his lips. With sincerity Sir Charles said all this, though his hand trembled at touching hers, and his heart beat painfully; but he had no hope for himself, and next to his own happiness, he prized his brother's.

"Have you seen St. Orville, Charles?" asked Fitzroy.

"Seen St. Orville!—Why! what! is he come?"

"Yes:—actually in the castle."

"*Marbleu!* why did you not tell me so before?—Where, where shall I find the dear fellow?" exclaimed Sir Charles, while the pale hue, and saddened expression, of his fine countenance, changed to a glow of the most animated pleasure.

"Where did you leave him, Julia?" said Fitzroy.

"In the embrace, of his father."

"How long since, dear madam?" demanded Sir Charles.

"I—I really not know; but believe, about half one hour."

"Half an hour!—Oh! then I may go in pursuit of him; for, slow as Don Apathy has ever been to embrace his son, that ceremony must be over by this time;" and away Sir Charles hastened.

Fitzroy anxiously enquired of Julia, how she had come to see Lord St. Orville on the moment of his arrival? She briefly related all the circumstances of the accident which had introduced her to his lordship. Fitzroy listened with deep attention; and his dejection seemed to increase.

Julia's little narrative ended, she hastened to quit Fitzroy, to go and make enquiry after poor Leslie; and she had just got to the door, when Fitzroy darted after her, caught her hand, and gently drew her back.

"Julia! my own Julia!" he said, "if my peace is prized by you, give me, ere you leave me now, your solemn promise to be mine."

"Oh!" replied Julia, in astonishment, "have I not told to you, I cannot promise, to be wife, without the consentment, from

Lord Ashgrove; and why to strive, to weaken my esteem for you, by making aim, so unnecessarily, to shake my principle, for duty? Have I not, told to you, my affections, you have; and why for, want the solemn promise, for my hand, after such assurance? Think you, I would tell, for the man, I loved him, if I did not mean, to be for his wife, should no moral thought from principle, prevent me? When my new father says, I am for you, I will be yours; but till then, you must find contentment, in the knowledge of my love; for I will not say promise, from myself, to prove, I know not gratitude, to my benefactor."

"Oh, Julia! I know, I feel, you are all perfection; but I love to such distraction, I cannot bear a doubt; and I have many fears: but could you look into my heart, you would . . . . ."

"See, a much strange, capricious thing, that would frighten, me very exceedingly, quite, from promise making," replied Julia, smiling in sweetest kindness, pitying the anguished agitation she saw him in. "Farewel, Mr. Self-torture; and when the plea-

sure is for you, to come out, from your resolution to be, great deal unhappy—believe, that if I am not to be, for you wife, I shall be not less, in grief, for the disappointment, than yourself."

Julia now effected her escape; and in the hall met Lucy, in quest of her, to tell her—"Lady Delamore wished to see her." Our heroine instantly hastened to her ladyship's apartments, and found this fond and excellent mother weeping for joy at her son's arrival, whom she had not yet seen; Mr. Temple sitting by her, trembling with gladness, and each moment brushing away a trickling tear, that would come forth to betray the satisfaction of his heart; while poor Beville walked up and down the room, proclaiming by every look, word, and action, that joy had nearly overpowered her reason.

"Julia, dear Julia! my child, my Alfred, is arrived! and I sent for you, to tell you of my happiness;" exclaimed Lady Delamore, throwing herself into our heroine's arms, and weeping on her bosom.

"Oh! I do know of that, for I have seen

of myself, Lord St. Orville," said Julia, kissing the cheek of Lady Delamore in congratulation.

"You have seen my son, and I have not!—Oh! where, where can my Alfred be? what can detain him from me?"

"He is with Lord Delamore," said Julia.

"Not so long with him:—not all this time.—But how do you know his father has seen him, Julia?"

"Because I was present even, at the moment, they did meet."

"Oh, Julia! tell me—but deceive me not—how did my lord receive him?" exclaimed Lady Delamore, almost panting for breath.

"Lord Delamore did receive him, as his life's dear son.—He did say, 'my darling boy,' and clasped him, in his trembling arms, with the affecting ardour, from strong affection."

Lady Delamore, uttering a shriek of joy, vehemently kissed our heroine; then dropped upon her knees, attempted to aspirate a prayer, but could not, and sunk, almost breathless, to the ground.

Beville, Mr. Temple, and Julia, tenderly

raised her up, placed her on a sopha, and were administering some restoratives to her; when hearing the lock of the door move, she broke from them all, to clasp her son to her panting bosom; but the door opened, and Lady Theodosia entered alone, and flew into her mother's arms.

"Oh! where is your brother?" faintly articulated Lady Delamore. "Have I been deceived? Is it all delusion, and Alfred not come at all?"

"He is come; will be with you presently, when you are more composed."

"Oh! I am composed;—will be quite composed, and seem to feel nothing, if that will bring him to me;" said Lady Delamore, instantly seating herself, and looking with a wild, affected calmness.

"My beloved mother!" said Lady Theodosia, tenderly taking her passive hand, "how you alarm and distress me! For pity's sake, exert your mental powers; —recal your firmness. This is not my brother's first return, after even longer absences; and I never saw you thus subdued before."

"No return was ever like this one, Theo-

dosia!—Did not my child leave us a disgraced exile, an alien to his father's heart? and now he returns—oh! joy unutterable! —recalled by his father, and received as the son of his affection;" replied Lady Delamore, bursting into a flow of tears.

"You weep, and I am satisfied," returned her daughter; "and now I may tell you, I came hither to excuse St. Orville's not coming yet to see you."

"Not coming yet to see me!—You have seen him; Julia (the dear messenger of joy to me) has seen him; his father, too, has had the transport of embracing him; and why am I to be the last indulged?—He had not used to be so tardy."

"My dear mother, you well know, Alfred always attends to the call of humanity; and that he will, at all times, sacrifice his own pleasures to obey it.—This you know, and fondly love him for it.—An accident has happened to poor Leslie."

"An accident befallen my poor old fellow-servant!" exclaimed Mrs. Beville.—"Oh, my dear Lady! pray compose yourself, that I may go to his assistance."

"You need not, Beville," said Lady Theo-

dosia; "you could do no good, for the poor fellow has broke his arm: the surgeons are arrived, to set it; and St. Orville, well knowing it would mitigate his poor old servant's sufferings if he supported him during the operation, has delayed the happiness of embracing his beloved mother, to do so."

"My dear, inestimable child!—And every pain of poor Leslie's, will vibrate through his feeling heart," tenderly articulated Lady Delamore.

"That they will!" said Mrs. Beville, now —finding where her age's darling, as she always called him, was, and that there was an operation going forward—betraying a visible fidget. At length, unable to bear it any longer, she exclaimed, "It is so strange, to have medical people in the house, and I not called to them!"

"Then go, uncalled; for my dear mother, I rejoice to see, can do without you;" said Lady Theodosia: and away Beville hurried to Leslie's room.

"As you have seen your brother, Theodosia, you can tell me how he looks.—Does he appear in health, in perfect health?" demanded Lady Delamore, anxiously.

"I doubt not that he is; but it would have been impossible for me to judge, in a moment of such confusion; for I have been terribly agitated, as well as you, my mother.—On my return from my ride, I saw Selina rush into the larch wood, with such distraction in her air, she alarmed me dreadfully; and I called to her, but she either did not or would not seem to hear me. Now, fearing—I know not what—I galloped home; and saw Manlove and his assistant at full speed before me: my terror now amounted to agonies;—the surgeons got in before me. I believe I flew off my horse, into the hall, where I saw Holt, darting along, with a glass of water; terror in his countenance. I darted, too, after him, into the library . . . . . . Nay, look not so alarmed; my dear father is now quite well: and you shall not go to him this dozen hours; for, agitated as you both have been, you would only kindly kill each other.—Come, kiss me, *madre;* and look cheerful, or I won't go on with my story.". . . . .

"But I must go to my lord:—Tell me, tell me, has he been ill?" exclaimed Lady Delamore, rising in anxious fear.

" My sweet mother! he has expressly desired, not to see you. I am sure he has been agitated quite enough for one day, poor soul! so pray be merciful to him ; and sit you down again.—Come, kiss me, as I bid you; and listen to my story, though I know it will set you quite in an alarm about my father:—but I made him smile, before I left him ; so let that comfort your little sensitive heart.—

" Where did I leave off?—Oh ! where I was running, *pêle mêle*, after a man ;—not a very young one, to be sure ; but there is no accounting for taste, and my heart was certainly fluttered most unmercifully by him. ——On entering the library, I beheld my dear father, pale as death, and apparently lifeless, in the arms of my brother : and though I saw so unexpectedly my brother, you may conceive my terror, when I took no notice of him, but franticly threw my arms around my father's neck, calling him such endearing names!— I wonder where I found them for him !——See ! what a little sanctimonious goosecap, Julia is !—There ! if I have not drawn tears from her eyes, at hearing how I called my father names !

. . . . . and pretty much the same effect they had on him; for they aroused him from his apparent insensibility:—he threw his arms around my neck, too; and wept, and sobbed—just as Julia does now." . . . . . Here Lady Theodosia found herself sobbing too, unable to proceed; and Lady Delamore crying with her.

Shortly after, Mrs Beville returned, with joy visible in every line of her venerable countenance.—"I have seen him! I have seen him, my lady!" she exclaimed; "and so will you, in a few minutes:—and he smiled at me so sweetly! It was all he could do; as he held poor Mr. Leslie in his arms: but soon his sweet smile of pleasure was changed to look so sad! for Leslie groaned:—but the operation is over; and my dear child desired me to hasten to you, and tell you he was coming."

Julia arose:—"I will to see you come, after your happy interview," she said. Lady Delamore kissed her tenderly; and she now bent her steps towards her own apartments. In the gallery, she met Lord St. Orville, whom she had seen coming up the adjoining stairs, seeming to take a dozen steps in each

rapid move he made in his ascent; but as he approached Julia he stopped; and, gracefully bowing, whilst the most fascinating look of animated sensibility illumined his fine countenance, said—

"I have a thousand apologies, and acknowledgments, to make to Miss De Clifford."

"Which she, cannot now, for possibility, hear, to increase for Lady Delamore, the pain, for your lengthened absence," Julia replied, smiling, and making her passing curtsey. She then hastened forward: but Lord St. Orville still was stationary;—gazed after her, as long as she remained in view; and then proceeded to the arms of his beloved mother.

CHAPTER III.

Our heroine, once more in her own apartments, found ample employment for her thoughts. So various were the incidents of this eventful morning, that she scarcely knew how to arrange her ideas, to reflect upon them. Many of them, although they had drawn forth her tears, had warmed her heart with the sweetest glow of sympathetic pleasure. The conjugal griefs of Lord and Lady Delamore, she considered as fast approaching to a happy termination. Her own, she believed, were hastening to commence. All the jealous weakness Fitzroy had acknowledged and evinced that day, amid his unequivocal tenderness, had much alarmed and grieved her. It seemed to add probability to Lady Delamore's predictions, of her knowing years of misery with him: nor could the happy intelligence, of the interdict to her union with the man her heart had chosen being re-

moved, raise her spirits, or lead her from anticipating despondence; untilshethought of the joy she should experience, after all her painful afflictions, to see him, at last, perfection.—" And shall I," she mentally said, "have the so great joyful, happiness, to effect myself, all this?" And now her heart, glad to escape from gloomy forebodings, turned her thoughts to every fair and flattering prospect; and so fascinated was she with her fancy's visions, that she forgot the flight of time, and not until Lucy became very importunate for her to dress for dinner did she recollect it was necessary.

" It wants but twenty minutes, till the last bell rings," said Lucy, rather fretfully; "and it is so very provoking, of all days in the year, to have your clothes scrambled on to-day, ma'am!"

" Why for, more provoking this day, than great many other days, Lucy?"

" Why ma'am, because—I wish—because....."

" And because, you do wish me, well dressed for to-day, I am much sorry, I did not your summons, sooner attend," said Julia, smiling; " but I do think, now,

Lucy, for all days, this was the best, to have scrambled dress on; for every body will have, the engagement for their attention, looking at Lord St. Orville."

"Yes, ma'am, every one will be engaged, looking at Lord St. Orville, certainly:— but.... Lord St. Orville will not be looking at himself."

Julia's hasty toilet was completed only just in time; and, to poor Lucy's great discomfiture, without any ornaments whatever. Our heroine pleaded, in excuse to Lucy, want of time to arrange them; but, in fact, her motive originated from Fitzroy's jealous propensity: and, tender of his feelings, she determined not to wound him by an appearance of studying in her dress to attract the admiration of Lord St. Orville, whom it was evident to her he so much dreaded as a rival.

The dinner of this day might very well have been omitted; it seemed an unnecessary ceremony; for no one appeared with any disposition to eat. Lord and Lady Delamore, with Lady Theodosia, and Mr. Temple (who had been Lord St. Orville's private tutor), had hearts too full of joy, to wish

for food. Lord St. Orville was too much occupied, with looking at, and speaking to, those he loved, and had been so long separated from, to experience any appetite. Lady Selina, Sir Charles, and Fitzroy, had their own painful secrets, which gave them mental food sufficient for their dinner: and Julia found that sympathy provided her with as unsubstantial a repast as any of her companions. And it was fortunate that there was not much demanded from the attendants; for they were completely at loggerheads. If Lord St. Orville spoke, the old butler ceased to perform what he was about, and only seemed to live, to listen with eager delight: did his lordship ask for any thing, all the footmen ran at once to him, with every thing but what he wanted; and every one else who required attendance was compelled to go without it, for all the servants, old and young, were occupied in looking, with joy and regard, upon their beloved young lord, whom they all had feared was for ever banished.

Julia saw, with heart-directed approbation, the affectingly sweet, conciliating, conduct, of this universally-adored young man

to his father : she saw he was tenderly affectionate to his mother ; but Lord Delamore claimed his first care and attention ;—not as the cold dictates of scrupulous duty, but as the eager tribute of his heart ; fearing his father should fancy he thought of past unkindness, and was not grateful for being so kindly, so affectionately, recalled. While to his sister Selina his manner was so amiable, that had not her heart been insensible to every tenderness, he must have kindled kindness there.

The party sat this day, after their nominal dinner, a considerable length of time ; as Lady Delamore knew not how to tear herself from the society of her son : at length she did effect the painful separation, and retire to the 'drawing-room, where the gentlemen very shortly after joined her.

They had heard the bells of the neighbouring village church ringing ; and those of Sedley answering, in joyful responses : but during tea they heard the great guns of Sedley-fort going off rapidly.—

"Zounds ! here 's Bonaparte !" exclaimed Sir Charles ; "and you will have a French

capitaine for a husband, Selina, instead of poor decapitated me!"

"No," said Lord Delamore, with pleased emotion, "your head is a fixture at present:—it is St. Orville that is come; and the guns go in unison with the merry bells."..... Then, after a pause, he continued—"I dare say, they are erecting bonfires at Sedley.—Do, Joseph, go down, and see; and if they are, order Hopwell to send out as many barrels of strong beer as he thinks necessary:—I shall pay for them; and the bonfires too."

"I am surprised," said Lady Selina, "that your lordship can think of encouraging those foolish and unprofitable rejoicings; as there is always mischief done on such occasions."

"There may be mischief done in a drawing-room, as well as in a market-place. There is no guarding, any where, against evil-disposed persons;" retorted Lady Theodosia.

"I have been down to Sedley, my lord," said one of the attendants, respectfully addressing Lord Delamore; "and they are

erecting a most capital bonfire, and have made a hedge-like round it, all of laurels and oak, in honour of my young lord's late glorious victory; and the town music is to play, my lord, all the time it is burning—'See, the Conquering Hero comes!' 'Rule, Britannia!' and 'Britons, Strike Home!'"

"They do strike home!" said Lord Delamore, emphatically, laying his hand to his breast: "and I will go and see this bonfire; and shake, with cordiality, the hands that made it."

"My dear lord!" exclaimed Lady Delamore, with tears of delighted sensibility glistening in her beautiful eyes, "I will not, indeed, let you go. There is a heavy dew, rising; you have not been lately accustomed to the night air:—and beside, the scene will be too much for you."

"It may be so, Emily:—but I shall see them all, in my own premises, his birth-day."

"And a fine sight you'll see, my lord!" said Joseph, the oldest footman in the family, and who therefore sometimes took the privilege of talking: "for, beside all your own grand doings, my lord, the fishermen mean to come up in procession, bearing

a beautiful frigate, about as long as the sopha your lordship sits on ;—'tis almost finished, and is to be called, the Lord St. Orville. It is bored for twenty-two guns, in respect to his lordship's years ; is to be drawn by bands of laurels, in token of his valour and his victories ; and the figures at the head are a lion and a lamb, to represent my lord's disposition :—and the frigate is finely gilded !"

"And shall be freighted with gold, by H—n !" said Lord Delamore, with energy. —"And now, Joseph, go to Hopwell, as I ordered you."

Lord St. Orville, who had been absent during this conversation, about the festivities, he was occasioning, now entered; and, in much animated pleasure, declared, "Manlove, who had just been with him to see Leslie, thought him going on very favourably."

Sir Charles now called upon Lord St. Orville, to give him a minute narrative of the late glorious engagement, and achievement, in which he had so signalised himself. Lord St. Orville complied. The hero spoke in every look and line of his expressive coun-

tenance, as he gave his animated detail; but his words ascribed to Captain Allworth, and the British sailors, all the glory of the victory and enterprise; for he gave his narrative, as the historian, who perpetuates events in which he bore no part.

At the close of this evening, as they all sat round the supper-table, after a cheerful and really participated meal, listening to and joining in the animated conversation of Lord St. Orville, his lordship suddenly said, after looking intently at Fitzroy—

"Every one of my friends I have the happiness to find looking well, and in spirits, except Horatio.—What is the matter, man? What dolorous thing have you been about?"

"Falling in love;—and falling out of it: —and falling into it again;" replied Sir Charles, with assumed gaiety.

"After so many falls," returned Lord St. Orville, smiling, "I wonder not at his looking so ill and spiritless:—and at his being so sore, too;" for Fitzroy seemed in the greatest confusion, and as if the subject was agony to him. Well, Fitzroy," continued his lordship affectionately, "don't be dis-

mayed: I will not probe your wounds, or examine your bruises, to-night;—to-morrow, I know, I shall be called into your confidence."

Very shortly after, the party separated for the night; and Julia, notwithstanding all the employment she had for her thoughts, slept most tranquilly through the hours for rest; and arose next morning, with joyful pleasure, to write to Mrs. Goodwin the news of her now auspicious prospects with the man of her affections, and to communicate other glad tidings.

As soon the preceding day as possible, Lord St. Orville gave our heroine a packet, containing a most kind and paternal letter from Lord Ashgrove to her; in which she had the happiness to find, in the language of affection, and glowing approbation, all her numerous wishes and requests gratified and complied with. George Goodwin was to go to India, instead of his brother; whose education, and provision in the church, his lordship desired her to take completely upon herself, as he felt assured that doing so would give her pleasure; and that her banker would take care to make such ar-

rangements as to enable her to do both with liberality, according with her ardent feelings of gratitude to the amiable Goodwins.

Nothing could exceed the joy of our heroine, upon finding all her wishes so kindly acceded to, except her heartfelt pleasure on perceiving her plans, and requests, had obtained for her the highly-flattering approbation of her benefactor. With sincere delight, she communicated all these new arrangements now to her excellent friend; and, with a countenance irradiated with the pleasure she experienced in contributing to the happiness of those she loved, she attended the breakfast-table of Lady Delamore, where Lord St. Orville was not, having sent his excuse to his mother, which said, "that as he had sat up great part of the night with Leslie, he found himself a little fatigued, and could not leave his chamber so early as her breakfast hour."

In the course of this morning, Julia received a message from Lord and Lady Delamore, requesting to see her, in the library, immediately, if convenient to her. Instantly she complied, and found Fitzroy

with them; and soon she was informed of the cause of her being thus summoned to this conference.—It was relative to her union with Fitzroy; who now hastened fully to satisfy them all upon his late engagement being finally and honourably dissolved; and then earnestly entreated Lord and Lady Delamore, as the guardians entrusted by Lord Ashgrove with the care of his ward, to give their assent to his immediate union with Miss De Clifford: but, to this premature request, our blushing heroine promptly replied—

"Mr. Fitzroy, you make forget, of my sentiment upon this subject. I have told for you, I never will be wife, without the direct assentment, from my benefactor."

"You are perfectly right, my love," said Lady Delamore; "and, I must confess, I think my brother has some right to claim this compliment. But, Lord Ashgrove totally out of the question, I would not give my assent to Julia's yet becoming yours. That you are most ardently attached to her, Fitzroy, I believe; but the most ardent attachments are not always the most permanent. I would try the durability of your

love, before I yield up this dear girl's happiness to you :—and, beside, I think it right, for both your sakes, that the solidity of her affection, too, should have time to prove itself. She feels a strong partiality for you, I know; but can she be certain it is everlasting tender regard, that nothing can shake, no trial can subdue? Ere she had time to clearly know her sentiments for you, you chilled her heart, by your most unexpected engagement with another;—then it became her duty, to combat with the but just awakened affection of her bosom. Since you have been under this roof together, until yesterday, she could only think of you as the affianced husband of another; or, at best, in an equivocal point of view, that prudence taught her heart to beware of. It is now only a few hours since this interdict to her beholding you with indulged affection has been removed; and can she yet, in the natural hurry and agitation of her feelings, clearly ascertain whether hers is the delusion of fancy or everlasting tenderness?. . . . . Nay, look not so perturbed, so very angry with me, Horatio; for I regard you both too much, not

strenuously to advise you against a precipitate union. Nor can the waiting for my brother's approbation so much dismay or torture you;—but a few weeks only will it retard the realising of your happiness. We shall send our letters, on the subject, with the Admiralty dispatches, which are going, almost immediately, to your uncle, in the frigate in which St. Orville came;—you heard Alfred say what a remarkably swift sailer she is;—and Lord Ashgrove (who is only at Gibraltar, you know) you cannot doubt will make no unnecessary delay in forwarding his concurrence to you."

"Emily's advice is judicious, delicate, and fraught with feeling," said Lord Delamore, with strong emotion. "Be guided by her; and let nothing tempt you, if you prize your happiness, to wed the woman you adore, unless you have incontestible proof her heart is not cold to you."

Julia had pressed the hand of Lady Delamore to her lips, in token of acquiescence in the propriety and truth of her advice; and now a thoughtful pause ensued—which no one, from various causes, wished to interrupt—for some moments. At length, her

ladyship broke the gloomy silence, by asking the now half-sullen Fitzroy, "if he had seen her son that morning?"

"No—yes, I mean," replied Fitzroy, stammering, and passing his hand over his face, to hide a sudden change in his complexion.

"O Heaven!" exclaimed Lady Delamore, "he is ill, and I am kept in ignorance of it!"

Lord Delamore enquired what cause she had for such an apprehension? She informed him, of his morning's excuse, so unlike St. Orville, to steal from his day an hour of lost repose; her not having seen him since; and Fitzroy's evident (though attempted to be concealed) emotion.

Fitzroy began an effort to account for his emotion, as arising solely from the agitation of his mind, tortured by disappointed hope of a speedy union with Julia; but Lord Delamore quickly put it out of any one's power to be heard but himself, he worked up his passion into such a frensy at Lord St. Orville's sitting up with Leslie, and making himself ill by it.—"Were there no nurses to be had, that the dear boy must endure such fatigue? Where was old drivel-

ing Beville, who liked to have people sick, that she might have the pleasure of nursing them?"

Lady Delamore, sincerely grieved to see her lord so much agitated, now affected to treat her own maternal fears as a sudden foolish fancy, which the misconceiving the cause of Fitzroy's emotion had awakened; and ringing for Holt, demanded "how long Lord St. Orville had sat up?"

"Until four o'clock, my lady," Holt replied. "His lordship then went to rest; arose again at seven, walked in the grounds for about an hour, and then retired again to his chamber, giving orders not to be disturbed, as he found himself more fatigued than he had been aware of; and should therefore take some more rest, and should ring his bell when disposed to rise."

Julia, abashed and agitated by the cause which had called her thither, now took this opportunity of retiring; and as she was proceeding to her own apartments, was overtaken by Fitzroy, who earnestly entreated her to take half an hour's walk with him. Julia was no prude, though tremblingly alive to every dictate of propriety; she

therefore readily granted his request; and soon equipping herself, accompanied him, whom she was now to look to for her future happiness, into the grounds. Her heart was fluttered, with timid joy, and many hopes and fears; and her countenance was interestingly pensive; whilst Fitzroy, in a state of agitation almost pitiable, walked silently by her side for some moments after they set out. At length, he spoke; and, in the most fascinating eloquence of tenderness, in look, voice, and language, implored Julia, by all that was likely to melt her heart, "to take pity on him, and to become his wife, as soon as settlements were made (which, from his late matrimonial negociation, could be expeditiously drawn out), and not to torture him by such a cruel, unnecessary, delay."

Julia's heart felt the influence of his pleadings; but her firmness remained unshaken.—

"Why, oh! why," she touchingly said, "thus, thus, make assail, for my rectitude? why strive, the everlasting odium, to gain, for my gratitude, my prudence?—Is this love, Fitzroy?—Can affection teach for you, to wish me to do, wrong act?—I do very

well feel, in my love for you, that I could suffer, all from affliction, to save from you error; to make preservation for you, the fame unblemished."

"Life of my life!" he exclaimed, "I see, I feel, I adore, your superexcellence: but, in pity spare me; and draw no comparisons between yourself and me. I am wretched, Julia; and shall be miserable, most miserable, until I secure you mine for ever."

"What you mean," said Julia, solemnly, "that thus, for you teaches, the great agonising solicitude, to *secure* me? If you apprehend, for my affection, to bear the test, of short time trial; surely, most surely, it will be for you happiness, to escape so, inconstant a being. If it is the continue, of your own attachment, you do so great deal fear, why ......"

"Oh, Julia! talk not profanely of my firm, unalterable love. I cannot define to you the causes of my fears; they seem like superstitious anticipation, that whisper to my tortured heart—that you are not to be mine. Then, censure not my agonising anxiety, that impels me on to urge you to be mine, immediately. Once my own, I

would fly with you to my parents; and then, then I should defy the malice of my evil destiny!"

"That destiny, must have much, evil mind, indeed," she replied, striving to smile, "to work material mischief, in the small time, which of probability, is to make intervention, before the consentment of Lord Ashgrove, for our union, does arrive."

"Lord Ashgrove's consent!—That, that will never arrive, Julia;" said Fitzroy, in a tone, and with a look, of alarming despondence.

"His assent not arrive! Lord Ashgrove not make assentment for our union! Oh, Mr. Fitzroy! and do you, indeed, think, he will not make assent, for it?" said Julia, pale, and trembling with apprehension.

Fitzroy caught her, in a transport, to his breast:—"Julia! my Julia! what joy, what hope, does not this sweet emotion inspire me with!"

Julia had now, with success, struggled to overcome the poignancy of her feelings; and gently disengaging herself from Fitzroy's supporting arms, said—"For surely, when Lord, and Lady Horatio Fitzroy, have

condescended, their unreluctant consentment, to give; Lord Ashgrove will not, so much cruel be, to say his negative, for your wedding, even though so unworthily."

"'Oh, Julia! unworthily!—It is you whom your guardian will not suffer to wed unworthily."

"Nay now," she replied, "since for such a foundation, one of your so great fears, arose, I should laugh at you; yes, at your much, superstitious anticipation, too; did it not make pain for me, to find, so fond you are, for wooing torments. How for you, shall I ever make, happiness, since this disposition is of you. You will make search for all, of misery, that find you can, in our mortal path, to lure for your breast; whilst I should look, for the roses of life, to strew your pillow, and place for your bosom;—but they should be sweet roses, without, at all, the thorn, to hurt you."

He caught her hand in an ecstasy, and pressed it, with rapture, to his lips.—"'Oh! why, why not begin to gather such roses for me, and make me blessed, immediately?"

"Because I did tell for you, my roses should be, without the thorn; but gathered

from the soil, for ingratitude, they would wound, at every touch, and possess sweets none, believe me."

Fitzroy was sensibly affected; tears trembled in his eyes, and with difficulty could he prevent their rolling down his cheeks.—"Oh!" he said, "one of my greatest fears arises from the conviction—which the more I know of you strengthens—that your extended knowledge of me will only lessen me in your estimation."

"Well," replied Julia, with a benign smile of conciliating kindness, "since your fears, do so much friendly say, this whisper for you, beware to realise it, by making the amendment for your life, and conversation. The first, as events shall shew way, for you; the latter, by making transit, from yourtones for despondence, which are much ingratitude, to that Power, who, has gifted you, with the great deal blessing, of a brilliant understanding, which has made the precious store, of all cultivation: and will you not exertion do, for subduing the much puerile innovations, of 'superstitious anticipations?' reason has not sanction for them; and can you, at all, cherish them? You

have the strong firmness, for commandment of your feelings, where trouble you take. When first we here met, you had the belief, for being irrevocably devoted, for Lady Enderfield: then there was hope none, of my being *secured*, for you; and yet you bore it. You seemed not great deal, happy, certainly; but resignation you had; and during the long weeks, the impediments, of our union, were on their remove, you (as you had hope, to rest on) found not difficulty much, in patient acquiescence; could seek, and find for yourself, amusement, the slow time for beguiling."

"Oh, Julia! and can you think I was resigned?—No, no, believe me; while I thought I was never to have the happiness to call you mine, I was more wretched than language can express."

"Well, then, Fitzroy, the greater was, the much store of fortitude, you evinced. Now, still make recollection, that there is existence of impediment, for our immediate wedding; and your acquiescence, will prove obedient, for you. The obstacle has only, the change of side taken. For once it was on your side; when from honour,

the dictate was, to make negative of the banns. Now on mine it is, for feelings, from rectitude, to prompt delay. Can you love me, Fitzroy, and feel the reluctance more, for what is right for my conduct, than from that, which did add, the lustre to your own? Do not, do not give me, the much pain to see, you can every thing for your own sake bear; nothing, for mine."

Fitzroy could offer no arguments which could militate against Julia's firm resolution to perform her duty to gratitude: all he could urge, was his mighty love; and to the pleadings of love, our heroine would not listen, when they aimed at the subversion of her principles of duty: so that their walk terminated, without her compliance with the most melting supplications of her lover, to grant his request for an immediate elopement to Gretna Green; and though he had wound round her heart, and softened it with even unusual tenderness, she could not but condemn the nature of his pleadings, and grieve to find he still evinced a selfishness in his love, to which her breast was a stranger.

CHAPTER IV.

The dinner of this day was, in many respects, totally unlike that of the preceding one. No one was in spirits; and the repast was cheerless:—not devoid of good cheer, for the festive board was stored with every tempting viand. The vivacity of Lord St. Orville, which had so brillantly irradiated the conversation of the preceding day, and was caught, through sympathy, by others, was now extinguished. His beautiful and intelligent eyes sparkled with joy nolonger; nor glowed his cheeks with the bright tints of health and happiness: sad was now his expressive countenance; or if it changed from its tone of woe, it was to aim at concealment of thrilling pangs of despair and mental agony; but his air, his voice, his whole demeanour, partook so touchingly of his heart's anguish, that vain were the efforts he made to hide his feelings, beneath his great and painful exertion to talk, and

eat, and smile, and seem to listen to those who spoke.

His adoring mother was his anxious, grieved observer; and caught his melancholy by sympathy: one moment apprehending serious illness; the next, in trembling conviction of mental misery being the cause of the striking and afflicting alteration, she, with terror and anguish, beheld in this idol of her affections.

Lady Theodosia, too, from observation of her brother, was spiritless—almost melancholy. Julia was pensive, and far from happy, because not perfectly satisfied with Fitzroy; who sat, as on the preceding day, moping in comfortless dejection: whilst Lord Delamore appeared in a most fretful, peevish humour; coinciding in the opinion of none, but disagreeing most pointedly, yet in formal politeness, with all poor Julia said, who, for the first time since she had been in his family, he forbore to ask to drink wine with him; and the appellation of Philidora, or Emily, never once escaped his lips..

Lady Selina saw all this, with demoniac satisfaction. She, alone, was full of joy;

which, too great for concealment, appeared in her eyes, her air, and every word she uttered.

Julia, remarking with pain Lord Delamore's alteration of manner towards her, took the earliest opportunity the withdrawing from the dining-room afforded, to ask Lady Delamore, "had she been so unfortunate a to offend his lordship?"

"Oh! no, my love," her ladyship replied; "it is the great estimation which my lord holds you in, that has caused this cloud of temper you behold in him. You had not been long beneath this roof, until Lord Delamore formed the wish, which has since become the earnest one of his heart, to see you the wife of his son. That wish taught him to build many airy fabrics, which Horatio, most unexpectedly, overthrew; but still my lord, infatuated by his airy visions, and unkind to Fitzroy, indulged the fond delusive hope, that something would intervene, to prevent the engagement of Horatio and Lady Enderfield from ever being dissolved. During yesterday, he was weakly fostering these alluring chimeras; fancying, as he beheld you and Alfred together, that

you were kindred beings, formed for each other's happiness: then great was the disappointment this day brought to him, in the knowledge of that engagement being finally terminated;—and such is the unfortunate infirmity of my lord's temper, that every mental inquietude instantly affects it, and makes him, more or less, as you this day behold him.

"But my lord has not been the only one disappointed; for I, too, my dear Julia! had formed the very same wish. The child of your father, was the daughter my heart would have chosen—for—for my brother's sake, who so tenderly regarded him. But I see, alas! Horatio is not the only obstacle we should have found to our wishes.—Oh, beloved Julia! let the agonised mother repose her griefs in your sympathising bosom!—I see, and with grief unutterable I see, and plainly read, in my Alfred's too evidently heart-inspired melancholy and despondence, an unfortunate, unpropitious attachment. I cannot, cannot be deceived. I know the symptoms too well, too forcibly!—too minutely have I been made acquainted with them! In every look, turn,

accent, of St. Orville, I *feel*—I *see*, my brother.—Poor Ashgrove's countenance was stamped with woe; his life made wretched by inauspicious love.

"Yesterday, the joy of beholding his loved family, the transport of being taken to his father's long-withheld affection, obscured this sadness, and concealed this dreadful secret from me; which now, the first ebullition of joy over, no longer can be veiled. During the short intervals, in the last three years, that St. Orville has been at home, I have with pain perceived in him, a sort of heart-directed seriousness, approaching to dejection, not natural to him;—for his native disposition is cheerful as a guileless heart, and a great flow of animal spirits, could make him. I then attributed all, to his unhappy disagreements with, or rather from, the unkindness of his father to him; but now I doubt not it was occasioned by this growing attachment. I tremble, I sicken, to think of it. I fear, alas! it is some designing foreigner—some Italian syren; and if it has terminated in his everlasting misery, I shall never know it. St. Orville will tell me nothing to distress me;

and, by affected cheerfulness, he will try to beguile me into a belief, that he is not wretched;—but my brother's letter to me, sanctions every apprehension. I yesterday read it as alluding solely to his long estrangement from his father's heart, and this expected happy reconciliation; but now I see it had another sad, sad meaning!

"'I part with my beloved Alfred with 'cheerfulness,' Ashgrove says, 'in the fond 'hope of his finding his long-flown spirits 'in Delamore castle; and fervently hope, 'when next I see him, I may trace, in 'every line of his speaking countenance, 'that his inestimable heart no longer con-'tains a sorrow.'

"Ah! Julia, my brother hopes, that when banished from this seductive disturber of his peace, he may regain his happiness: but I know the heart of St. Orville too well to cherish any such illusive fancy; and I feel convinced, that where he has given his invaluable affections, no effort of his, however strenuous, will enable him to recall them. Oh, no! his heart was not prompt to love; and, though capacious to all the other affections of the mind, was formed to

hold but one idol of tender homage, and that one to be enshrined there for ever."

Julia could not witness the maternal grief of Lady Delamore, nor listen to its source, unmoved: but knew not how to do more, for she saw no positive consolation, and wished not to feed with uncertain hope, as a mere plaything, to dry the tear for a moment, and make it flow more copiously on finding delusion only had applied its balm.

The gentlemen soon joined the ladies, in the 'drawing-room; but increase of gloom came with them. Fitzroy, very shortly after tea was ended, went out to walk by moon-light; nor once attempted to gain a seat by Julia, who wondered why he should pay her less attention than he had done at Z.; and no longer anxiously sought opportunities to be near her. "But, alas!" sighed her saddened heart, "Fitzroy is grievously changed, since, dressed in smiles, and animated, attentive, winning cheerfulness, he fascinated every one at Z.!"

Not long after Fitzroy's departure, Lord St. Orville, suddenly awaking from a melancholy reverie, arose, with an intention to leave the room; but as he reached the

door, his eyes caught the anxious gaze of his attentive, afflicted mother;—instantly he smiled, with sweetness and assumed vivacity; returned, and took a seat beside her; and, with studied gaiety, entered into conversation with her, told her many entertaining adventures he had met with since they parted, and asked innumerable questions relative to his friends and connections in England, with every appearance of interest he could command. Julia saw, with admiring approbation, these amiable endeavours to lull his mother's painful suspicions; but saw, with pity, his cheerfulness played only on the surface, for his heart was full of grief. Lady Theodosia joined her mother' and brother's chit-chat party. Lady Selina and Sir Charles strolled out upon the lawn; and Julia, finding Lord Delamore and herself the only persons unemployed, with timid sweetness, ventured to challenge his lordship to a game at chess.

Julia, from the preceding day, had considered Lord Delamore as an object of her tenderest pity; and her last conversation with Lady Delamore, had added gratitude

to her other feelings for him ; so that she could not endure his peevish chilling manner to her : and, from the moment he appeared in the 'drawing room, she had, by every winning impulse of spontaneous kindness, strove to disarm his petulance ; but the graceful sweetness and affecting kindness of her inartificial attentions, only increased his feelings of regret, and added to the irritation of his temper, until she offered the balm of chess to him—a never-failing soother of his asperities. The magical board placed between them, Lord Delamore called his son :—

"Come hither, Alfred," he said, "and observe Miss De Clifford's play.—She is even a match for you ; and I will venture to affirm, she plays better than any other woman in existence."

"Oh ! not so, my lord," replied Julia, blushing ; "for I did from a woman learn ; and she surpassed me, as greatly much, for skill, as you do."

"You must have had innumerable lessons from her," said Lord Delamore.

"Alas ! not," she replied, sighing ; "for I had, not of opportunity. I was only, the

short two months, of my life (for quick in flight, is the hour for happiness!) in her society, my lord: never saw her before;—and, alas! never more since: and we could not spend, all, our time, for playing chess, you know."

"You proved yourself an apt scholar, however."

"I was indeed, apt, my lord, to make all, knowledge from her; for she had strong powers, I never saw surpassed;—so clear from the dulling dregs, of ignorance; so much intelligent, and so sweetly patient for me. I had not difficulty from comprehension, of what she explained: and very certainly, the pupil is quick to learn, when the heart makes rest, with the attention, upon the instructor."

"I wonder what old withered conventual this was, your heart rested on, Julia?" said Lady Theodosia, smiling.

"She was not, old conventual, Lady Theodosia, nor withered, I can make assurance for you; for she was young, and great deal beautiful;—and Lord Delamore, would say, she was much beautiful, for the resemblance, she strong has, for Lady De-

a more: so that your mother, did appear as no stranger for me; and my heart did receive her, as if she long had claim for place there."

"Oh! I know where you are now!" said Lady Theodosia; "and she, too, paved a broadway, and fitted up a temple, for a certain gentleman, in your heart:—nay, you need not blush so terribly, Julia; for it is true, you know, as well as the little path she dug, for me to creep in also."

"Indeed, for certainly, 'tis true," replied Julia; blushing, as frankly she said—"Had not Mr. Fitzroy, so strong resemblance borne to Lady Storamond, he had not, in so soon time, made impression on my affection."

"Lady Storamond resemble my Emily so strongly!" exclaimed Lord Delamore.—"Why, you never told me that, St. Orville.—Miss De Clifford! Alfred and Lord Storamond are attached friends; he has spent many months of the last three years of his life with him; and, having been lately at Gibraltar, can give you intelligence of your fair friend."

Julia now raised her eyes, in delighted

animation, to ask a hundred questions, of Lord St. Orville, about her beloved Cecilia, and beheld his lordship, pale, trembling in the most painful agitation, gazing intently at her: their eye met, and her speech was arrested; for her heart beat and bounded just as she described its sensations to Mr. Goodwin on her first interview with Fitzroy, when his look almost beguiled her into a belief that she beheld Lady Storamond. On her own part, she felt fluttered; but upon Lord St. Orville's, afflictedly amazed. On the instant, he precipitately retreated from the room; and Julia read, in every look and gesture, the cause of his mental misery in a calamitous passion for the wife of his friend. The shock was so severe, and she trembled with such agonising fears lest this most unfortunate attachment had proved mutual (and therefore destructive to the peace of Lady Storamond), that it was with the utmost difficulty she could command her firmness sufficiently to bear her part in the game; but, luckily for her, Lord Delamore was too much astonished at his son's rudeness, in retreating from her enquiries, to observe her emotion: and when

the party assembled again, at supper, Julia saw, with tender pity, and approving admiration, the arduous exertions and affectionate solicitude of Lord St. Orville, to conceal from his parents how deep were the woes of his heart.

The pillow of our heroine was this night deserted by "tired Nature's kind restorer." Pity for Lord St. Orville, and agonised apprehension lest the friend of her heart, too, was wretched, drew tears of sympathy and grief from her eyes. The fear of their being involved in guilt (even were their affection mutual, which, from Lady Storamond's well-known long attachment to her husband, she had every reason to hope it was not), she could not entertain; for, though short her intercourse with her inestimable Cecilia, she had evinced such purity of mind in all her words and actions, that Julia believed she could not err: and Lord St. Orville's character forbade suspicion of evil to glance at him. And in addition to the sorrow this discovery of Lord St. Orville's unfortunate passion awakened, was the most poignant disquietude at the inexplicable alteration in the conduct

of Fitzroy :—his pale, and almost haggard, look ; his downcast eyes ; his gloomy brow ; his unusual silence, and total cessation of every, even the most trifling, attention to her ;—all conspired to lead conjecture into a labyrinth of painful perplexities. She could find no clue to solve the mystery ; and all she could do was, to weep at the conviction of his being unhappy : and the morning found her fully determined to seek him out that day, and implore him to confide his secret grief in her sympathising bosom.

Julia found Lady Delamore as wan, languid, and spiritless, as herself. Lord St. Orville did not form one of their breakfast party ; he had made an early visit to his mother that morning, to excuse his non-attendance, having determined to ride over to Willow Grove, to breakfast with Mrs. Fermor, whom he had not yet seen, and whom he wished to charge with some little remembrances, he had brought from the Mediterranean, for Mary.

As soon as the departure of the attendants, after breakfast, left Lady Delamore and our heroine together, her ladyship

mournfully said—"Ah, Julia! I was but too just in my conjectures;—my Alfred is doomed to a life of wretchedness. I made the dreadful discovery, that confirmed my agonised apprehensions, last night:—and it is the wife of his friend, your fascinating Lady Storamond, he loves." The articulation of Lady Delamore was now lost in a passion of tears; and Julia could speak no comfort to her.

At length her ladyship continued:—"Well, well do I now remember the strong emotion St. Orville has ever evinced, when Lady Storamond has been accidentally mentioned before him: he always had some prompt excuse, founded on local circumstances, to account for his change of countenance, and I believed him; but now, alas! the real fatal cause is disclosed!—You, who have seen her, who knew her so well, dear Julia! tell me, if you think her affection to her husband can be shaken;—tell me, in pity, she is worthy your regard, and that, dreadful as the pang is, I shall have only to lament the destruction of my child's peace, and not his soul-harrowing lapse from rectitude."

Here, our willing heroine proved a ready, cordial comforter. She delineated every word, sentiment, and action, of this friend, whose every word, sentiment, and action, had stamped themselves indelibly upon her heart and memory ; and all bespoke such purity of thought, such a steadfastly religious mind, that the mother's agonised apprehensions, lest her son should be lured from the path of rectitude and honour, were hushed.

Again, and again, did Lady Delamore make Julia repeat every circumstance relative to Lady Storamond ; and not until the receipt of a message from Lord Delamore, requesting to see her ladyship in the library, was this interesting *tête-à-tête* terminated.

CHAPTER V.

And now Julia, eager to put her plan relative to Fitzroy in execution, set out in pursuit of him. She felt ashamed to make any enquiry for him, and, therefore, could only seek him where probability pointed as the most likely places to find him. After anxiously, and unsuccessfully, searching for him about the ground and castle, she bent her way to the music-room. The doors of this room were so constructed, to prevent noise during any performance, that they opened and shut without any sound whatever; so that our heroine now entered, without disturbing Lord St. Orville, who was sitting near a door which led into the grounds, at the opposite end, in an attitude, and with a countenance, of the most touching melancholy, quite lost in profound and painful meditation. Julia was instantly about to retire, when the appearance of Fitzroy arrested her steps:—he suddenly darted in at the door near where his lord-

ship was seated, with an open letter in his hand. But not more sudden dismay could have been evinced by either had the most ghastly spectre stood between them, than the cousins at this moment betrayed; and the effect was instantaneous: they started, as if appalled by secret horror, and both precipitately rushed by each other—Lord St. Orville into the grounds, and Fitzroy through an adjoining door which led to another part of the castle—leaving our heroine too much overpowered by amazement to exert her voice in recalling Fitzroy, could her voice have effected it, at that moment.

Julia now entered the room, and sunk into the first seat she came to, overwhelmed with amazement and concern at this inexplicable scene, which plainly evinced some great and dreadful enmity between these young men, whom Fitzroy himself had the preceding day told her had been attached friends from their earliest days: and as she sat in agitated sadness, grieving at what she had seen, and uncertain whether or not to continue her pursuit of Fitzroy, and strive to comfort his afflictions, she suddenly

beheld the letter, lying on the ground, which Fitzroy had held, and dropped in the moment of his consternation and retreat. Julia, conceiving it might be a letter of importance, resolved to preserve it from falling into improper hands. Immediately she approached the spot where it lay; and, as she stooped to pick it up, her eyes, without her intending it, took in the beginning line, which ran thus—

"me, deerest deer, belooved loove—" written in a very unformed female hand; and Julia now felt tempted to smile, believing Fitzroy had by accident, as well as herself, obtained a love-espistle belonging to one of the servant men; and turning to the superscription, to learn who had the happiness of claiming such an unequivocal proof of tenderness, saw it directed to Fitzroy himself! and great again were her anxiety and concern.

"Was it, could it be, possible, that Fitzroy was so depraved, as to enter into low amours?—or any—any at all? Alas! alas! Lady Delamore, then, had prophesied too truly; and from this dreadful source some of her inevitable unhappiness was to

spring." Some of the feelings of her heart now strongly prompted her to learn the signature to this letter ; but her nobler sensations sternly forbade so mean an action: and now, with averted eyes, lest she should take in more than she already knew, poor Julia, with tremulous hand, and weeping bitterly, hastily folded the letter up, and placed it carefully in her pocket. At this moment she heard an approaching footstep, and, ere she could effect a retreat, Lady Theodosia entered—

"Dear Julia !" she exclaimed, tenderly taking her hand, arresting her in her meditated flight, "I have been seeking you this half hour :—and how have I found you !—pale, trembling, and in tears ! Will you not confide in me, and tell me what portion of that unhappiness has fallen to your share, which seems to overwhelm every one in the castle ? Oh ! dear, dear Julia ! what wretched gloomy influence prevails, with which we are all infected more or less ! Ah ! how cruelly are my sweet airy castles overthrown ! Your giving a helping hand—by bestowing your affections upon Horatio—has turned out of no consequence ; since

my brother has brought home no heart to lose :—this was legibly told, in every line of his sadly altered countenance and dejected air, yesterday; but the evening disclosed the magnitude of his misery, by proclaiming the object of his unfortunate attachment.

"Oh, Julia! had you been looking at him while you were talking of Lady Storamond, had your heart been formed of adamant it must have melted in pity for him. —Oh! my brother! my brother! my amiable, my inestimable, brother! doomed to the misery of inauspicious love; torn with remorse, as well as disappointment :—for well I know his upright principles will ever direfully upbraid him for loving the wife of his friend.—Oh! my brother! my brother! my amiable, now wretched, brother!" and Lady Theodosia, with wringing hands and streaming eyes, walked up and down the room, in all the distraction of grief, for the misery of Lord St. Orville; until, at length, suddenly recollecting Julia's affliction, she flew to her, sat beside her, and, gently pressing her to her bosom, sobbing said—

"How selfish I have been!—absorbed in

my own grief, I had ceased to remember yours. I found you weeping, in painful agitation ; and, instead of striving to comfort you, I have been adding to your griefs the pangs of sympathy.—But, Julia, dear friend ! will you not confide your grief in me? Believe me, you never can find a more sincere or affectionate bosom to repose it in."

"Of that, I have the firm belief," replied Julia, her head still resting on the shoulder of her sympathising friend. "My grief is, in soon time told, Lady Theodosia.—Fitzroy is much unhappy ; and I the cause not know, at all. He reposes not confidence, in me. It is for me the affliction to see, the sad malady of grief, or care, make heavy oppression for his breast. Would he but tell for me, the cause, I should not know so great deal misery, as wild conjecture, makes for me."

"He had much better tell you all himself, than let Fame do it," replied her ladyship, tenderly kissing Julia's cheek.

"You—you, then, do know all!" exclaimed Julia, with eager quickness.

"I only guess."

"Oh! tell to me, tell to me, if you do love me, what you make guess for :—unless you have thought, that for me, it is improper, to make the question."

"I would tell you, Julia; only, knowing the purity of your mind so well, I fear to shock and grieve you.—Yet, you must hear it; and perhaps from those who would not strive to soften the terrible intelligence. ——Dear, dear Julia! look not so terrified. It is not so very bad, as you seem to apprehend.

"I have often hinted to you, my sweet friend! that Horatio's heart was not congenial to the purity of yours. He possesses many virtues: Nature created him with many more; but education, and pernicious example, have destroyed them; and he is now, I am grieved to tell you, a fashionable man, of dissipated morals—in fact, a libertine."

"Oh!" replied Julia, with a groan from her heart, "that I have, for time some, much painfully, suspected."

"If any one can be excused for such immoral conduct, I do think Horatio may," continued Lady Theodosia; "since the miscon-

duct of his parents has thrown him into the way of temptations, which few young men, I fear, could have possessed firmness enough to shun.—You know the visionary plan my grandfather Ashgrove marked out for the education of his daughters; and, by secluding them from all communication with the world, believed they would come forth from the nursery, when he found out suitable husbands for them, as immaculate in mind as the new-born babe. Implicit obedience to him was one of the lessons he had most carefully taught them; and they were all three brought out of the nursery to become wives—to men they cared not for. Lady Matilda and Lord De Lisle were united, because Lords Ashgrove and Ennerdale chose they should; nor then, nor since, caring for each other: and, both thoughtless and extravagant, they seemed to set out with a determination of trying which should be most absurdly fashionable, and most prodigal in their expenses. The consequence has been, that the husband (who soon after his marriage, by the death of his father, came into the family honours and estates) galloped full speed down the hill of dissipa-

tion; and is now so completely ruined in circumstances, that how he lives, is the wonder; and has cruelly cut off all the fair prospects of his amiable heir-apparent. For though, at Lord Ennerdale's decease, the estates must fall unencumbered to his heir, yet the principles of De Lisle are so equitable, he has determined to pay every shilling of his father's debts; and, to enable him so to do, without injury to his own heirs, has resolved to sacrifice the blessing of connubial happiness, and never to marry. While Lord Ennerdale spent his hours at the gaming-table, and in every other fashionable vice, my aunt dashed about, entering with avidity into every dissipation; and, the vainest of human beings, encouraging and collecting about her a train of admirers, her fair fame by miracle escaping stigma, whilst her prudence ever has been under the lash of censure.

"Louisa (in one year after her sister, was called from the nursery), at the age of seventeen; and, in obedience to the command of her father, bestowed her hand upon Sir William Stratton, the wealthiest commoner in England, but one of the most hideous

and disagreeable of mankind, and as old as my grandfather! This fatal and ill-sorted marriage was the cause of terrible affliction to all the family, for it entailed disgrace upon us. In about a month after Lady Louisa Stratton became a wife, the mutual attachment of Lord Horatio Fitzroy and herself commenced, and has continued, with increasing tenderness, even to this hour. Both young, thoughtless, and ardently in love, they only listened to the voice of love, and in about six weeks after the birth of poor Charles, they eloped together. My aunt was immediately divorced from Sir William, and married Lord Horatio..... Gracious Heaven! sweet Julia! why this terrible, this alarming agitation? Had you—had you never heard this circumstance before?"

"Never, at all," said Julia, sobbing convulsively, her spotless heart torn with grief and horror.—"Alas! alas! and for me is not the happiness, for to love, the mother of my husband?—Oh! Lady Theodosia!"

"Yes, but you will love her, Julia; my unfortunate aunt is one of the most fascinating women in existence."

"Ah! Lady Theodosia, I like not, fascination only, to make the captivation, of my heart. I like for Reason, to say—"'Esteem the being, whom your fancy, has admiration of, and your heart does love.' —Go on, dear friend! I do want to hear (although it is much terrible) the vindication for poor Horatio."

"Alas! Julia, how many stings has vice! —The misconduct of Lady Horatio had scarcely affixed its shame upon her family, by her public divorce, when Sir William broke his neck in a fox-chase; and in innocence, then, she might have been wife to the man she loved. Sir William's last testament opened, it was found he had bequeathed every shilling of his personal property, and all the estates but one entailed, away from the infant Charles, whom in this will he affirmed not to be his son. Heaven knows, how it was; but poor Charles was the victim to his mother's errors. The father the law had given him, almost disinherited him; and if Lord Horatio is indeed his parent (which, from his lordship's tender attachment to Charles, half the world believe), he is despoiled of all those great

honours and wealth a younger brother usurps from him: and, from his thoughtless extravagance, dissipating so rapidly the estate he inherited from Sir William (which, from his long minority, the care of his guardians, and Lord Horatio not allowing the expenses of his minority to fall on him, amounted at length to a very good property), compelling him to marry for money, must we not say his future life is devoted to misery?

"From the circumstance of my aunt being a divorced wife, she could not be received at the British court; and neither her feelings, nor those of her adoring husband, leading them to be quite comfortable in a country where they were disgracefully excluded from that privilege their rank entitled them to, they have resided principally abroad:—indeed, I may say entirely, except while Charles and Horatio were at college in this country. In dissipated foreign courts, Lord and Lady Horatio Fitzroy have chiefly lived, and (though tenderly attached) devoted to amusement, and therefore for ever surrounded by the gay, the thoughtless, and immoral; from whom

Fitzroy has naturally imbibed many pernicious sentiments, which have actuated his conduct, and perverted many of his principles. Added to this, his private tutor, an abbé, of the most hypocritically sanctified manners, deceived Lord and Lady Horatio by his plausible piety, and affected moral rectitude, whilst he indulged their son in every dissipation, and often led him into vices his own heart would not have precipitated him into. But so many are the virtues which still remain, that all who really love Fitzroy look forward to his union with you as the means devised by pitying Providence to save him from destruction. You are an idol, that can never admit a rival in his heart. You love him with tenderness, and will spare no effort to reclaim him. You will lead him . . . . ."

"Lead him!—lead, my husband! Oh, Lady Theodosia! why for him, alas! must be, that much humiliation, necessary?" said Julia, mournfully.

"Don't be fastidious, Julia!—Would you, would you not lead him—to heaven?"

"Oh! would I not?—For certainly I would!" exclaimed Julia, with the sweetest

smile of pious joy irradiating every line of her expressive countenance.

"There!" said Lady Theodosia, smiling, too, in kindness, "I knew you would!—And now I have warmed your heart in the sunbeam of gentle expected hope, you are prepared for the little chill I am compelled to give you.—My dear Julia! you witnessed, as well as myself, the unequivocally bold encouragement Mrs. Wellford overwhelmed Fitzroy with, the night of his absurd jealousy of Lord Lindore and Sir Robert Raymond; and you heard some subsequent malicious remarks of Selina's, to wound your peace; so that you are not quite unprepared for what I am about to tell, nor was I to hear what I this day did, at Sedley, from Ann Beaumont, for I knew, during the period of my mother's late indisposition, Fitzroy spent most of his time at Mrs. Wellford's nurse's house, in Sedley. ...... Julia! dear Julia! why so pale?..... So, so!—Oh! I must get you a glass of water."....

"Oh, no! I have not the occasion, of it—Pray, proceed."

"Mr. Beaumont made the discovery at

length of this terrible business, and sent off immediately for Mrs. Wellford's father;—her husband being in London, attending a lawsuit. The lady, by no means shocked at the discovery of her misconduct, braved the matter out, and carried it with a very high hand, telling the Beaumonts, 'they would soon change their tones, and be all respectful attention to her, when she became a duchess.'—

"For, it seems, this ignorant woman had got it into her head, that the man whom a woman is divorced for is compelled, by law, to marry her; and, from no bad idea of speculating ambition, thought it would be a good hit, to exchange her cross old country 'squire, but moderately rich, for a young handsome husband, presumptive heir to a dukedom.—So, with an air quite haughty enough for her expected elevation, she ordered her woman to pack up her clothes, and sent off a tender epistle to tell Fitzroy of the discovery, and that she was ready to elope with him: but Horatio, not being gallant enough to obey the summons, her notes fell very much from alt; and she found herself, most unwillingly, compelled

to accompany the enraged grazier, her father, home to-day, just before I went to Sedley.

"Fitzroy must have known all this yesterday; and this I naturally imagine to be the cause of his gloom, and evident inquietude. He must tremble at this affair being known to you, whose spotless purity he cannot but be convinced will recoil from such misconduct; nor can he feel very comfortable in the idea of having this disgraceful divorce brought before the public, at the moment of his breaking off an honourable engagement with one woman, and entering into one with another."

"That makes, not much of flattery for me, certainly," said Julia; "and deeply forms, wound for my affection:—but that is not the wound, which rankles direfully, and pains my heart, for deep-felt agony.—Oh! no, no! I had the thought, I had the fear, Fitzroy was the libertine; but did not, did not make imagination, that he would crime commit—the crime, so much for turpitude, that it is forbidden of commission, so expressly, by our much sacred religion's laws."

"I cannot vindicate him," replied Lady Theodosia, "if you lay your accusation before that sacred tribunal; but, accustomed to hear such trangressions talked of, and tried by worldly judges and jurors, if you could only think of the latitude men, and laws of their own making, have given them, I might say something in extenuation of this fault, by laying almost the whole censure upon the woman, as the tempter. And here, too, are not the common attendant calamities which add so terribly to the enormity of these reprehensible affairs:—here are no children, shamed by a mother's transgression, and bereft of her tender fostering care; no fondly attached husband, made wretched by the perfidy of her he loved;—no, here can be no compassion for a dotard of seventy, who married a low-born, illiterate woman, young enough to be his grandchild."

"Certainly," said Julia, "these extenuations, which you do make, take from the bad transgression, inhumanity; but still it is, for great crime. Murder, must still, be murder, whether it is of, the perpetration, of the one effectual stroke, or by, the linger-

ing torment:" and she now laid her head upon the elbow of the sopha she sat upon, and, covering her face with her handkerchief, wept most piteously; whilst Lady Theodosia, actuated by affection and feeling, urged every argument she could to comfort Julia.

"Any, any thing, but Fitzroy, to do crime, I could have borne, without such pain, for my heart," said our sobbing heroine; "which, while it makes the condemnation for him, clings to the fond attachment, that will not suffer it, to make estrangement, from him.——But, but he is not for callous, Lady Theodosia, since feel so much, he does!"

"Ah, Julia!" said Lady Theodosia, wishing to call our sadly-weeping heroine's thoughts from their present distressing theme, "we have all our griefs; and I am not without my share, and upon my own account too.—Somehow or another, I have contrived, also, to get into an awkward scrape."

"Oh! how I do grieve, to hear it!" exclaimed Julia, abstracting at once her thoughts from her own sorrows, to sympathise in her friend's.

"It is very true," said Lady Theodosia; "and I sought you, on purpose to confide in you;—but you must not look at me, while I make my confession......So, my dear Julia! the scrape I have got into is, I have fallen——in—love;—aye, as well as yourself, and all without intending it;—with that Mandeville, who I am sure is not an atom handsomer, or more captivating, than hundreds of men who have talked nonsense to me, and to whom I have listened with verily as much composure as I do to Beville, reading her medicine-books.—But I believe, upon recollection, it was because he did not talk nonsense to me, that has bewitched me by its novelty; and I listened to him, all the while, thinking no more harm would come of it than the child in its cradle; and so, you know, not aware of my danger, I slid all at once plump into the mischief:—and a pretty whirlpool I have got into! without even one of Dame Hope's straws to catch at. So, for the remainder of my hapless days, I am to figure about as a woe-begone, love-lorn damsel; and what I shall make of the character I cannot guess. I am afraid no one will like

me in it—not even myself. Heigho! I am in a most horrible dilemma. I cannot make an elopement of it; for that would so distress my dear mother, and my poor Alfred (now doubly dear to my affection, because he is unhappy): and my father will no more give his consent to my marrying Mandeville, than he would give the fraternal embrace to Bonaparte."

"Alas!" said Julia, "then is it, much unfortunate, affair."

"It was assuredly witchery that led me to listen to him, when I found how seducing the man's looks and conversation were, without enquiring into his family.—But his family! Ah, Julia! there's the rub—the scrape. Oh! why have people fathers, and grandfathers, who are not illustrious?—— There is money enough; for Mandeville is an only child—indeed the only child, to be found, amongst half a dozen rich brothers: so they estimate him as a natural curiosity— an inestimable gem, belonging to them all; and so they pamper and pet him, and promise him inexhaustible riches!——One uncle, who made his exit last year, left him an unencumbered estate of seven thou-

sand per annum.—But his genealogy, Julia!—Our spreading lofty tree will disdain a scion of the little scrubby shrub from which he sprung. . . . .Whisper, Julia; and let nothing hear the humiliating secret. . . . . His father, and his grandfather too (and further we had better not trace the business), are Gloucestershire manufacturers,—clothiers,—now rolling in wealth and luxuries. But my proud father, who never takes any one cordially to his bosom until he analyses their blood, and as he converses with a noble sees in his mind's eye his unadulterated rich stream of life meandring through his veins from the pure source of kings and princes, will start in recoiling horror on beholding the little lumps of wool, and the scarlet dye, which pollute the plebeian arteries of poor Mandeville.——Oh, Julia! dear Julia! tell me what to do; how to extricate myself from my horrid perplexity?—Tell me at once, were you me, would you resolve to be for ever wretched, or, pitying poor Mandeville, become at once undutiful?"

"My answer, shall give to you back, your own so sweet, and good advice, for

me," replied Julia, solemnly :—"If you do prize, your future peace, make confidence, in your mother."

"Oh! I cannot—dare not!"

"Then make, no confidence, in me; reveal nothing for me, you dare not, tell to her;—for I love you both, exceedingly too greatly, to conceal the secret, so bad, to militate against the peace for your mother, and your own, so precious feelings, for duty: and if in much earnest, my advice you ask, I do, firmly, say, give up Major Mandeville, and be not ever, disobedient child."

"Ah!" replied her ladyship, "I thought this would be the consolation you would give me!—But though I have got nothing by my confession, I yet am glad I have made it; for my heart seems lighter for it."

Julia again said every thing her heart and reason could dictate, to persuade Lady Theodosia to confide in her mother; but in vain: her ladyship declaring, that were Lady Delamore to make it her solemn request, that she should see Mandeville no more, her doom would then be fixed; for she would give up her lover, but her future

life would be wretched. Our heroine, therefore, knew not how she could urge her further, since it would be to make her wretched; and all she could gain from Lady Theodosia was, a promise, not to be precipitate in her determination.

CHAPTER VI.

All the inmates of Delamore castle assembled as usual at dinner this day; and scarcely was the repast ended, when an express arrived from the Duchess of Bridgetower, to Fitzroy, informing him, that the duke (who was at the point of death) earnestly entreated to see him, if possible, ere his fleeting life should terminate.

Fitzroy was sincerely affected, and precipitately left the table, to indulge his grief, and give orders for his immediate departure; and very shortly before that departure took place, he sent his brother to Julia, to request a parting interview; which she promptly granted, going instantly to the apartment where he waited for her.

"Julia, my kind, my adored Julia!" he exclaimed, wiping away the fast-rolling tears of sorrow, the moment she appeared, "I have not requested this interview, believe me, to plead again for our immediate union. Oh! no; the moment of grief for

my excellent, my revered uncle, is not the time to think of my own happiness. . . . . . You weep, my life! in sympathy for me; and can I doubt your gentle, kind, and affectionate heart, will lead you to comply with my present request?—I am going now to leave you, Julia; and fate alone can tell, if my painful separation from you is to be long, or otherwise; and I would entreat, implore you, should any tale to my disadvantage reach your ears during my sad absence, that you will suspend your judgment, nor decide against me, until the poor culprit returns to plead for mercy."

"Believe, Fitzroy," Julia replied, smiling most mournfully sweet through her tears, "you have, a very much partial jury, empannelled in my bosom; great deal slow for believing, your accusers—slower, in making condemnation, for you."

Fitzroy now caught her hands, in a transport of grateful tenderness, and pressed them with fervour to his lips.—"Oh! how," he said, "could I ever suspect the permanency of affection like this?—so pure, so sweet, so sacred, so tender! How could my savage, inexcusable, jealousy, lead me . . . .

and—and—once seeing you, how, how was it possible to . . . . . But, my Julia, my own, my destined wife! do I flatter myself, in thinking your promise to my present request is sweetly implied in your fascinating kindness?"

"Most assuredly; and with much faith, will I keep that promise, for you:—but surely, I shall hear not, of you the thing, I do not, already know, Horatio?" her voice now fell to a cadence so plaintive, so full of woe, it alarmed Fitzroy.

"What, what means the expressive pathos of that touching voice?" he exclaimed, with almost frensied eagerness.

"Oh!" she replied, wishing not to increase his present distress, by a knowledge that she was already a participator in his disgraceful secret, "you make infection, for me, of your own much sadness;—but we shall meet again, in the more cheering thoughts, for happiness, than we part."

"Oh! I fear not!" he replied, despondingly.

"Oh! do not fear at all:—but when we meet again, Fitzroy, whatever this tale,

for your disadvantage, may be, with which, you do threaten me, make assurance, for your consolation, that I shall be, lenient judge."

"Oh!" exclaimed Fitzroy, "could I be certain you would be even half so kind, when next we meet, as you now are, I should not feel the pang of parting so direfully! After such a sweet adieu, to think of our next meeting, almost rends my heart. Your melting voice, your affecting looks, your every thought, will be changed to me; for then, then my folly, my madness, my .....you will call it—crime, Julia .... will have reached your ears, and you will recoil in horror from me."

"Crime! Fitzroy, alas! fondly once, I did think, I never should have crime, for your committing, to weep for!" she replied, whilst tears of anguish trickled down her cheeks. "But you, too, have much mourned for it; and that for me, is sweet consolation. And if it is for you, the comfort, to know, how I shall make reception for you, when your return does come,—believe, with this parting, it will find accordance:

for I have not further to hear. The painful possession, of your dreadful secret, has been already for me—I know *all*, Fitzroy."

Fitzroy, now pale and trembling, staggered to a seat, into which he fell; and concealing his face with his hands, he, after an agonising pause, groaned from his heart, and wildly exclaimed—"You know *all!* and St. Orville told you!"

"Not so, Fitzroy. Lord St. Orville, would not make, information, to do for you, injury; or give for me, grief; I do very surely, think. No, Sedley is not of great distance from Delamore castle; and the news of evil, is not slow of travel."

Fitzroy seemed to recover a little of his firmness; and, though still trembling with agitation, he said—"You know that transgression, yet still are kind to me! Weep in pity, and do not upbraid me! Oh! my life! my Julia! sweet and sacred as innocence immaculate can make you! pardon, pardon my offence!" and he threw himself on his knees before her.

"Me pardon! Oh, Fitzroy! it is not me, so much insignificant, mortal, whom you have given, offence for.—Reserve, that pos-

ture for suppliant, to the sacred Power, you have done, insult to. Such transgressions, can be not offence to me, they can only be, for griefs, but they will be, griefs, ineffable."

"May I," he cried, with strongly marked emphasis—"May I experience the most direful misery, the fellest misfortune that can befal me—may I lose your affection, be hated, scorned, and spurned by you—if I ever voluntarily implant a grief in that bosom, so merciful, so kind, so tender!" He had now arisen, and taking her hand, with all the deference he found she merited, pressed it with fervour to his lips, while tears of gratitude and tenderness bedewed it.

"This subject cannot help, for to be, in much degree, distressing for you, Fitzroy; for me, not very painless: we therefore, will not make longer, dwell upon it; and it is of mine, the request, that we now, have dismiss of it, for ever:—but ere we make final drop, of it, let me return for you, this letter, as the last recurrence, to lead, to it. . . . . Nay, start not, Fitzroy; for, at all, I know not, its contents. I have only supposition, that from Mrs. Wellford, it came;

as even its signature, I have ignorance of. I found it, in the music-room; and did carefully make preservation of it, for you, as the superscription, did guide me:—but in stooping, to take it, from the ground, my eyes did, of involuntary chance, take in, the beginning address; and on my word, most sacred word, I read not further, but on moment I got to my own rooms, I made enclosure, and sealed as you now, find it."

"Oh! Julia De Clifford!" he rapturously exclaimed, "inestimable as lovely! you were surely born to weed my heart of all its failings, and lead me from every error by the magic of your virtues! How contemptible does your goodness make me appear, even in my own partial eyes! How unworthy am I of the affection of such an exalted being—transcendent in every perfection! . . . . But, Julia, if you wish to preserve me from evil—to make me, in any degree, deserving of your excellence—you must never let me leave you;—you must abide for ever with me as my guardian spirit. . . . . Oh, my Julia! had you allowed me to remain with you and Lady Gaythorn,

at the ball at Z., I had not fallen into the snares of Lady Enderfield: and had you not been so very scrupulous—had you permitted me to be more in your society—had you not so totally devoted yourself to the sick chamber of my aunt—I had escaped another more daring syren's wiles."

"You want not, of ingenuity, I do perceive," said Julia; "and was each mortal, chained to a vigilant keeper, gifted for prescience, why then, at all, no mortal would do error."

"Whilst with you, my adored Julia! my every thought centres in you; and then, contemplating nothing but virtues, I feel no propensity to err: but when absent from you . . . . ."

"You forget me!" said Julia, interrupting him, and attempting to smile. "Upon my word, that is much flattering, for me! While you are, where am I, you have recollection, that you are, what it is, called—in love; and then your heart in great glow, from this suddenly remembranced, affection, you make view, for my perfections, through the perspective, for great partiality: but the moment, I do my exit, my so bril-

liant attractions, and your much glow, of attachment, fade, fade, fade, into the distance, leaving open space, of every new object, for assailment of you; while poor Signora Julia, and her accompaniments, do sink beneath, the horizon, like for the setting sun, to make rise in splendour, another day. Ah! have I not the reason, much, for fear, the path I have made choice of, contains many, a concealed thorn? But though I have the apprehension, and tremble, so great deal, I will venture it with you, Fitzroy, if Lord Ashgrove, says not his negative; and I will only have, to make prize, of the blessings, I meet with doubly, because they will be chequered, with so great ills."

Fitzroy was about to answer, with many protestations; but our heroine stopped him: —"We shall have time, much, for many a *tête-à-tête*," said she, "when duty, has not its forcible call, another way. The carriage, must be for you ready. You ought to be gone; for the night will come too soon; and you will have to travel, in much darkness."

"But it is moonlight, my life!"

"Aye, but the moon, may be not kind; and make concealment, of her light, from you. So, pray be gone."

"Ah, Julia! I ought to hasten; but who can wonder at my reluctance to depart, when it is to leave you, and see my excellent, my revered, uncle die!"

"To see, the good man die, is for useful lesson. It will shew, that death for the righteous, has not sting. The scene will make pain, for your heart; but it will amend it, Fitzroy.—And now, do I must, that, which I see, you are much unwilling to perform, yourself—I must ring, for your carriage" (and she did so). "You have friends more, to bid adieu for; and I will leave you. Farewel! and may the blessing, from heaven, be for you, make your protection, and be for your consolation, in every trial!"

"And will you not give me one kiss—one parting kiss?" said Fitzroy, mournfully.

"I would," she replied, "could it be for your good; but the tender parting, would only make more deep, to feel, the pang, for separation."

"Ah! I plainly see your meaning, Julia;

—you think such indulgence, to your lover, wrong. I will not persist in my supplication, since it distresses you."

"Be satisfied, now, to have the knowledge, that much sensibly, I feel, this separation," Julia replied; "and that hope, I do, when we meet again, it may be, to part not, more."

"Ten thousand thousand blessings for that sweet wish!—Oh! it will cheer my dreary way, and gild my hours of absence!"

"Adieu," she cried, waving her hand affectionately to him, darted by Sir Charles (who, as the bell had been rung, entered to his brother), and retreated to her own apartments; where, after indulging in her first burst of feeling, she rallied the forces of her mind, and assumed sufficient composure to join the family in the 'drawing-room, after the departure of Fitzroy.

During this evening, Ladies Delamore and Theodosia, assisted by our heroine, found full employment in proceeding with the arrangements for the approaching *fête*; and ere Julia retired to rest, Lady Theodosia took an opportunity of desiring her not to sleep too long in the morning,

though her dreams might be of Fitzroy, as she meant to take her to Lyme, to breakfast with Mary, as Lady Delamore had given them permission.

At seven o'clock next morning, these two young friends were in a chaise and four, charged with a thousand tender remembrances from Lady Delamore to Mary, for whom the chaise was now filled, in every direction, with all sorts of flowers, fruits, sweetmeats, cakes; beside more valuable offerings, from Lady Delamore and her younger daughter; and a pot of conserve of roses, and a box of Dawson's lozenges, from Beville.

When the two fair travellers alit at Mrs. Spencer's, Lady Theodosia soon was welcomed by the encircling arms of Mary. After their joyful, affectionate greetings, Julia was introduced to Mary, in whom she beheld the "softened image" of Lord Delamore—"alive his every look, his every feature"—but with a countenance so sweet, so interesting, that our heroine, at one glance, found herself impelled to love her. But the beauty of Miss Mildmay (the name Lady Delamore had given her, as it

was on a fine day in May, Mary was presented to her) was not of the simply alluring cast;—it commanded instant, and everlasting, admiration. In her, nothing of rustic descent could be traced. Her every thought and expression were dignified and noble. Her figure was exquisitely formed, in majestic symmetry; and every look and movement seemed to declare she was the offspring of grandeur, sprung from the race of kings, or ancient emperors.

Innumerable were the tender enquiries Mary made for her benefactress, as she feelingly called Lady Delamore, and for Lord St. Orville; spoke with grateful raptures of the beautiful remembrances she had the preceding evening received, through the hands of Mrs. Fermor, from him; then again anxiously enquired, how he did?—how he looked?—and hoped he was now in his native charming spirits, as all was harmony at the castle.

"I cannot give a very flattering account of poor St. Orville, in any way," said Lady Theodosia, sighing.

Mary looked all anxious alarm; and Lady Theodosia, ashamed of her inadvertence,

and blushing at her thus creating unavailing uneasiness, cast a speaking look at our heroine, to extricate her from this error. Julia coloured too, in pity, for Mary's unnecessarily wounded feelings of affection; and Mary, observing their interchange of glances, and mutual blush, misconceiving their import, a flush of animated joy at once irradiated her fine countenance; and she softly said, to Lady Theodosia—

"Oh! I perceive your meaning—the cause of Lord St. Orville's present maladies. And if the gems contained within, are worthy of the casket, Lord St. Orville has found his counterpart."

Lady Theodosia, happy to be extricated from the effect of her inadvertence, and to have Mary's heart left at rest relative to Lord St. Orville, made no attempt to destroy this idea, so that, from the impression on Mary's mind of his having fallen in love with our heroine, Julia became the object of her instant esteem, and attentive observation; and the more she regarded her, the more firmly she became convinced Lord St Orville could no-where find a more fascinating wife.

Lady Theodosia now told Mary of the *fête* Lord Delamore was going to give, on the anniversary of her brother's birth; and Mary was delighted at the intelligence— "Oh!" she said, "such a compliment as that, from Lord Delamore, promises more than even hope had ever dared to expect; and must be hailed as the herald of domestic peace and happiness. But how I do long to make one of the gay group!—not to partake in the festivity, but only to have once more the happiness of beholding my benefactress, and catch a smile of affection from her. Oh! it is such a painful length of time since I saw her, that were I not so well known by many of the tenantry, and less fearful of Lady Selina's penetrating eye, I would solicit Mrs. Fermor's leave to assume the disguise of a peasant—or rather, I ought to say, to reassume my place amongst them—and join the throng, just to make my heart glad, by seeing Lady Delamore and Lord St. Orville."

"And me, too, dear Mary! or I shall be jealous."

"Oh! I see you now: you are sometimes

allowed to come and see me, Lady Theodosia, though not half so often as I wish."

"Ah! if it were not for that nasty lynx-eyed Selina, we might really manage some disguise for you," said Lady Theodosia.—"But there is Miss De Clifford can prove an able auxiliary. She can manage all most happily; for if she sets about it, she can obtain my father's permission for your being there."

"Indeed!—Can Miss De Clifford?" said Mary, colouring with surprise, hope, and joy, and with a beseeching look at Julia.

"With great deal, of pleasure, I would undertake it," replied Julia, "could I do it, with at all propriety:—but how, Lady Theodosia, could I ask from Lord Delamore, permission, and not betray, I was great deal more, in the secret, for his domestic transactions, than much certainly, he would think, I ought to be?"

"Alas! that is too reasonable an objection to be overcome," said Mary, sighing; "and I must only be contented still to live in the fond hope, that, though banished from my dear, dear benefactress, she will not cease to love me."

"Oh! you need not, have fear, at all, Miss Mildmay," Julia replied. "And this, I will make much ready, promise for:—should the opportunity, afford me, means, for doing it, with good prospect, I will exert, of my little influence all, with Lord Delamore, to make the gratification, for your wish."

Mary was all gratitude; and Lady Theodosia, smiling, said—"I admire your modesty prodigiously, Julia, to call your influence, 'little!'—Why, Mary, it is actually so great, that I had serious fears his lordship was in love with her, and had naughty designs in his head;—and Selina's fears for the morality of her father, were even more deplorable than mine: but matters seem now to have taken a different turn; and by some incantation, comprised, I believe, in my father's last serious illness, he is a new man—and all, I verily think, to call my veracity in question!—for I described him, to Miss De Clifford, what you have seen him, Mary;—when, lo! he assumes the form quite amiable! . . . . . But, instead of being in love with this fascinator, the curious

fact is, that I shrewdly suspect he either is already enamoured, or is going, for the second time in his life, to fall in love, with my mother!—Now it is 'Emily' every minute; and I catch him looking at her, with such delight and tenderness, and the tones of his voice are so soft when he speaks to her, it is quite infectious:—and then, he has for the last two days been up at five o'clock in the morning, unknown to any one in the castle but Holt (who told it to me), engaged with his lawyers, making a new disposition of all his unentailed property;—so, who knows but I may turn out a great fortune, at last!——And instead of his lordship spending two-thirds of his time at Mrs. Monk's, he is perpetually at home; and either sending every moment for my mother to go to his library, on pretence of consulting her upon business, or else his lordship wanders to her *boudoir*, to read some new publication to her: and I yesterday actually caught him mending a pen for her!".....

A summon to breakfast now introduced Julia to Mrs. Spencer and her unmarried

daughter, whom, as well as Mary, she found to be very elegant, accomplished, pleasing, and highly informed, women.

As our heroine had never before been at Lyme, Mrs. Spencer and Mary thought it necessary to shew her the beauties, and principal curiosity, of the place. For this purpose, they sallied out soon after breakfast; and, on their way to the cobbe, they were joined by Major Mandeville.

Lady Theodosia, colouring highly, said to him, with a smile of timid pleasure—"Although I told you, yesterday, we were coming here, it was with no expectation that you would take the trouble of coming hither to meet us."

"Who," he replied, "ever considered contributing to their own happiness trouble?"

Major Mandeville was one of those lovers who, even in the society of the beloved object, could be lively, entertaining, and attentive to others; so that the whole party considered him as a pleasing addition: and on their return from their ramble, to Mrs. Spencer's, that lady politely invited him to partake of a collation, laid out for her female visitors, who were not permitted to

stay dinner. Major Mandeville readily accepted her obliging invitation ; and his horses being ordered at the same time the carriage was, when they took leave of Mary (which they did with infinite regret), he escorted Lady Theodosia and her lovely friend from Lyme to the lodge of Delamore park.

The ride home was not to Julia productive of much pleasurable contemplations : she saw, in the mutual tenderness of Lady Theodosia and Major Mandeville, a source of infinite inquietude for them both, should Lord Delamore disapprove of their union, and Lady Theodosia adhere to her principles of duty, which our heroine tremblingly feared she would not, by her rash imprudence in giving so much encouragement to a man not yet sanctioned by her parents as an accepted lover ; for, beside their telltale glances, and the tender tone of their voices to each other, Julia learned by their conversation, of their daily meetings, by well-arranged designing chance, at Mr. Beaumont's, Mrs. How's, Mrs. Vampwell's, the Sedley library, in Lady Theodosia's rides, and every place of her morning's re-

sort, except in her father's house, where only as a formal visitor, of necessary ceremony, had he yet appeared.

In the course of conversation, after dinner, this day, Julia found, with pleasure, that their expedition to Lyme was not even meant to be a secret to Lord Delamore; she therefore talked of the parts of the country she had passed through in terms of admiration.

"Aye, but, Julia," said Lady Theodosia, "if you would but ride on horseback, I would gallop off with you into Devonshire, and shew you many beautiful prospects."

"Never having, opportunity any, of riding on horse's back, I do look upon a horse, for a much formidable animal. I think, I would so soon, venture upon a flying dragon, as one mount," Julia replied.

Lady Theodosia laughed at her fears; and wanted her to try her mare, next morning.

"Indeed, Miss De Clifford shall do no such thing, Theodosia," said Lord St. Orville, with quickness, and colouring highly. "Your mare answers extremely well for you, who vaulted out of your cradle upon a saddle; but Miss De Clifford, unused to

guide a horse, would find your steed infinitely too spirited for her management."

"Miss De Clifford shall try Swiftsure," said Lord Delamore. Every one was in amazement; as Swiftsure was the favourite, and most beautiful, of all his lordship's stud; and so prized, that no one was ever permitted to mount him but his own appropriate groom, and Lord Delamore himself. Pleasure mingled in the astonishment of Lady Delamore, her son, and younger daughter; but rage and spite overpowering Lady Selina, she broke through all restraint, burst into a frenzy of tears, and lamented, with convulsive sobs—

"What a miserable creature she was become!—deprived of her father's regard by a stranger who had, by some means, best known to herself, estranged his affections from those who only sincerely loved him: for great must that influence be—pretty, pretty potent indeed!—which could induce her father to lend a horse to her, which he had peremptorily refused to herself, though she had set her heart on riding it."

Julia was sensibly shocked, and distressed; and, with a glowing cheek, said—"I can-

not, at all, make acceptance, of your much kind, offer, Lord Delamore; since I do see, what your very good compassion of my timidity, inspired, would give infliction of pain, to any of your family."

"I certainly offered Swiftsure to you, Miss De Clifford, because he is perfectly safe—as gentle as yourself, and as easily guided; and I also offered him, because I can have few greater pleasures than in obliging you: and I trust you will not hurt me by a refusal;" replied Lord Delamore, not seeming to attend to Lady Selina's insinuations, or lamentation.—"And now," he continued, "your trying Swiftsure being a matter settled, tell me what you think of Miss Mildmay?"

Lady Selina's tears were now suddenly arrested by consternation; and she became all eager, sound-devouring, attention.

"I think of her, as one of the most of interest, and fascination, among all, the young women, I have met with ever," said Julia.

"But, who do you think she resembles?" asked his lordship. Julia blushed, and

hesitated. "Nay, proceed," continued he; "though that eloquent look declares the inexplicable resemblance struck you."

"I think her resemblance, for your lordship, much visible; and did strike me, as being great deal so, indeed."

"She has been tutored to say so; for Mary Dungate is not, cannot be, like you;" said Lady Selina, with furious emphasis.

"Lady Selina Southerland," replied Julia, with mild, impressive, dignity, "I know tutor none, but Truth."

"And *Politesse*, Mildness, Sweetness, Innocence, fascinating Artlessness, with many more such tutors; who have combined to form you, and my Emily, superior to all other females;" said Lord Delamore, with energy.

"Excepting me, my lord," said Lady Theodosia, smiling archly; "for I am sure I am very mild, and sweet, and fascinating."

"You certainly possess not one particle of envy, or meanness, or malice, in your whimsical composition," replied Lord Delamore, smiling with pleasure at her.—"But really, Miss De Clifford, this resem-

blance in *Miss Mildmay* to me, is as forci-ble as it is extraordinary; for there exists no reason, under heaven, why she should resemble me."

Lady Delamore now, as usual when her elder daughter was exhibiting the deformities of her disposition, hastened the departure of the ladies to the drawing-room.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

CHAPTER VII.

NEXT morning, Swiftsure was brought, by his groom, upon the lawn, for Julia to try her equestrian skill; who, with no great relish for the business, mounted with a palpitating heart. Lord Delamore, perceiving her fears, ordered the groom to lead the horse; and Lord St. Orville (who had placed the reins in her hand, and directed her how to manage them) walked by her side: and Lord Delamore declared, "Swiftsure had now got a rider equal to himself in grace and exquisite symmetry."

Julia, finding she could contrive to keep her seat, and that she had gone once round the lawn without breaking her neck, acquired something approaching to courage, and requested the groom to let her go alone. This was complied with; and she ventured several rounds, patted Swiftsure's head, and let him go out of a snail's creep; but perceiving Lord St. Orville still attended her, and fearing to fatigue him by such

rapid walking, dismounted, saying, "The first time Lord Delamore would have the goodness to lend her Swiftsure, she would find courage to take a little excursion, attended by a careful servant."

"You cannot have more careful equeries than St. Orville and myself; and we will attend you to-morrow;" said Lord Delamore.

Julia gracefully expressed her thanks. Lord Delamore set out upon his morning's ride; and Lady Theodosia, with her brother, and our heroine, went into the saloon, where the two ladies were going to proceed with some ornamental arrangements for the *fête;* when, to their no great gratification, they found Lady Selina and Mrs. Crabtree already seated there.

Mrs. Crabtree arose, with a distortion of countenance, which she meant to be an amiable, seducing smile, the moment they entered; and courtsied profoundly to Lord St. Orville, to whom she announced her visit to be.—

"Not," said she, "that I think ladies visiting gentlemen is exceeding decorous; but where young gentlemen are so extreme

correct, so excessive amiable, as your lordship, one cannot be censured for paying a particular compliment."

"Thus, ever, is virtue secure of its reward!" said Lady Theodosia, with ludicrous gravity, that dreadfully tickled the muscles of poor Julia's mouth, and nearly excited the risibility even of the melancholy Lord St. Orville. "And I am sure, this honour alone will prove a sufficient stimulus for my brother rigidly to continue in the path of rectitude; that he may, from time to time, be so flatteringly distinguished—have such a glorious recompence for his merit's meed!"

Lady Theodosia had now totally put it out of her brother's power to venture more than a profound bow, expressive of his gratitude for the high honour Mrs. Crabtree conferred upon him; and *that* lady now rapidly proceeded to ask many questions, relative to the approaching *fête.*—

"Though," said she, with an air of consequence, "I shall see it all, as Lady Selina has been so excessive kind to invite me. It will be an exceeding mortification to some of my neighbours, not to be here, for they fully expected it;—but now, after what has

happened, they must be disappointed, for they never can be noticed again by this family."

"Who do you allude to?" said Lady Selina, yawning.

"Why, the Beaumonts.—Ah! every one's turn will come, some time or another!—They have been long enough the idols of the neighbourhood; and they had got exceeding proud, of late. Some people, indeed, pretend to take their part in this extreme infamous affair; but that is not me, for I think (though I am always so excessive lenient)—I think it was scandalous in them to ask that exceeding bold young woman to their house, who could contrive, in such a minute, to captivate so eternally that extreme profligate young man, Mr. Fitzroy."

Julia's trembling fingers could no longer hold the ribbon she was making into bows; and she would have given worlds to effect her escape from the room without observation. But the moment the sentence "profligate young man, Mr. Fitzroy," escaped Mrs. Crabtree's lips, Lord St. Orville, perfectly ungrateful for the honour she had

conferred upon him; with indignant fire flashing from his eyes, exclaimed—

"Fitzroy is not a profligate, madam. He possesses ten thousand virtues: and although, in this one instance, he may be culpable, who, which of us, can say we never erred? Of this I am convinced, he possesses more good, more estimable qualities, than those fastidious people who most severely censure him."

"Well, I am astonished!" wheezed out Mrs. Crabtree.—"Lord St. Orville an advocate for wicked amours!"

"And I am astonished," exclaimed Lady Selina, "to hear you, brother, make such a fuss about a man you hate;—whom you have quarrelled with;—do not even speak to;—and whom you called 'your *perfidious friend.*'"

Lord St. Orville now was pale as death, and trembled every limb; he could no longer stand, but sunk down into a seat. One moment only found him thus overpowered; for in the next, every exertion was in action.—

"Selina," he said, with energy, "this

charge is cruel as unfounded! You know, I loved Fitzroy from my earliest days, and that we have long been friends. If we now have any coolness, it amounts not to enmity. I may be the aggressor, as well as he;—in fact, I doubt not that I am: and when next we meet, you shall see we meet as friends."

"This is prettily said, however!" replied Lady Selina, with a malicious laugh; "and you will affirm, I doubt not, that you did not call him '*perfidious friend!*' when you rushed from him, in the wood, the morning after your arrival."

Again Lord St. Orville was infinitely disturbed; but again he successfully rallied his self-possession.—"Do you, then, believe the reports of contemptible eaves-droppers, Lady Selina? Do you consider the words which fall from passion, just, true, or proof, against those they are aimed at? If such a sentence escaped me, I was unjust:—it was I, who was perfidious; and my friend, an injured man."

All this had proved too much for Julia to hear with any appearance of composure; her blanched cheeks, quick pulsation, and

anguish of mind, all were visible to Lady Theodosia; who, wishing to get her out of the room, without giving fresh food for the malice of the invidious Mrs. Crabtree, adroitly pulled down Julia's veil and her own, snatched our heroine's arm, and, jumping up, archly said—

"Really, since Miss Crabtree is become so indecorous, as to start libertine subjects, and openly talk of *wicked amours*, I am so much shocked, and so much ashamed, that I can no longer suffer myself or my friend to remain in her corrupt society:" and away she hurried Julia into the grounds, and upon the first seat they came to, they both sat down.

In a moment, they were joined by Lord St. Orville.—"I entreat you, Miss De Clifford," he exclaimed, "not to credit a syllable of what these invidious women have been saying. I grieve to be obliged to own, my sister is malicious: she loves me not; and is ever ingeniously finding out things to wound my feelings:—and most eminently has she succeeded in her present attempt! But let not her unkindness affect you; for, believe me—oh! believe, I con-

jure you—Fitzroy is worthy of your esteem; that he possesses innumerable virtues; that he is not '*perfidious;*' that he is still my friend; and that, when next you see us together, you shall find I do not deceive you—that I estimate him highly—that I consider him worthy of my friendship."

"This, I am very much, certain of," said Julia, bursting into tears, "if he is deserving not, of your friendship, he has not merit's claim, for the estimation, from any one."

"Dear Miss De Clifford! I again implore you, suffer not any thing to enter your mind topoor Horatio'sdisadvantage.—You have been alarmed by your little ride," said Lord St. Orville, kindly taking her hand with his most tremulous one, "and you are a little nervous, therefore easily affected. Come, come, cheer up. I am Fitzroy's champion: I throw down my gage; and challenge any man to single combat, who dares affirm that St. Orville is not Fitzroy's zealous friend. . . . Shall I get any thing from Beville, for you? Shall I send her to you? Dear Miss De Clifford! let me get something for you.—I cannot,

cannot bear to see you so disturbed." . . . . His faltering voice told that he was indeed grieved, and tears trembled in his speaking eyes.

Julia thanked his lordship, as well as those feelings of sensibility he had so powerfully touched would permit her; declined having any thing from Mrs. Beville; but said "she would go to her own room, and soon recover herself."

"Indeed, you shall do no such thing!" exclaimed Lady Theodosia. "I have an infallible nostrum for you. Come with me to the carpenters, who want our orders; and employment is the best specific, if you are nervous."

Julia, in compliance with Lady Theodosia's advice, accompanied her to the workmen, and strove to find amusement in this new occupation; yet, yet was her heart sad, and full of fears. The meeting of Lord St. Orville and Fitzroy in the music-room, too forcibly sanctioned Lady Selina's affirmation; and much she apprehended that Fitzroy had, by some of his libertine transgressions, forfeited the friendship of Lord St. Orville, whom generosity to Fitz-

roy, and pity to herself, had led to dissimulate, and vindicate his cousin; and this belief now sunk to the bottom of her heart, there to mourn in secret, unconfided even to Fitzroy himself.

In the course of this day, Julia mentioned to Lady Delamore the censure of Mrs. Crabtree against the Beaumonts; and expressed her wish, if they were calumniated, and had not, as she believed, connived at, or encouraged, the attention of Fitzroy to Mrs. Wellford, that they might be invited to the *fête*. When her ladyship informed her, she had already investigated the whole business, and found the Beaumonts totally blameless; and, since she had no objection to meeting them, they should be invited.

The next morning, according to appointment, Julia rode out with Lords Delamore and St.Orville; and, during their excursion, the latter stopping to speak to a gentleman they met, Lord Delamore said to our heroine—

"Alas! Miss De Clifford, what a grievous dissappointment has it proved to me, your not being destined to form the happiness of my son!—but you will be happy, I

trust. I flattered myself, that I should call you—daughter; and that I should have for my child the only person who for years approached me with liberal, generous feelings, teaching you to form your own judgment, and to be merciful to many failings, where you discover some good propensities: and I fondly thought—and delighted to dwell upon the illusion—that when my Emily and myself were gathered to our forefathers, I should leave, in you, a Lady Delamore even worthy to succeed the present one.—But the appointments of man are vain! the dispensations of Providence must prevail! Had not your attachment to Fitzroy overthrown my airy fabrics, Alfred himself would have destroyed them; for, alas! I see he is a prey to unpropitious love. —I see, with grief unutterable, that Emily perceives it too, and is most unhappy. I cannot bear to see her afflicted; nor to have my boy so wretched. I would do any thing to give peace to their hearts, but let him marry Mary Dungate;—but that, that —the scum of the earth, the lowest dregs of the people—I cannot. No, I had rather follow Alfred to the tomb of his ancestors,

proud as I am of him, and dear as he has ever been to my disappointed heart, than submit to such a degradation. I dare not question Emily, or Alfred, upon the distressing subject; lest I should have the horror of hearing I was not deceived, and that a mutual attachment subsists between St. Orville and Mary."

"My heart, is very able, to make estimation, of the great honour, your lordship's so flattering opinion, is for me; and grateful, for all time to come, must I be, for so much partiality;" replied Julia. "That Lord St. Orville, is great deal unhappy, I have been, sorry sensibly, to see. The cause, can for me, be, only the conjecture; but of this, I am certain, very much, that no attachment, which you can fear for, has subsistence, between, Lord St. Orville, and Miss Mildmay."

"No!" exclaimed Lord Delamore.—"Oh! surely you were born to give me comfort! Tell me, what has convinced you that there is not?"

Julia mentioned her observations upon the calm tranquillity of Lord St. Orville's manner when he sent his kind regards to

Mary by Lady Theodosia, evincing more the affection of a brother, or a friend, than the tenderness of a man who loved to such excess as, from Lord St. Orville's dejection, every one must suspect he did; and candidly related the mistake of Mary, in supposing she was the object of Lord St. Orville's passion. "And Miss Mildmay, must be very much bad, hypocrite, Lord Delamore," she said, "could she, at all, evince so animated pleasure, so like the feel of nature, when she did take in her thought, your son had love, for me."

"I do not think the poor girl has any hypocrisy in her composition," replied Lord Delamore. "I wish I could see them together, Miss De Clifford, that I might make my observations too."

"Not more golden opportunity, could you have," said Julia, anxiously, "than the *fête* makes for you, Lord Delamore. You might be very much cunning, observer then, when they, not making supposition, you could in such busy scene, find thought for them; and so off guard, you could decide, much fairly."

Lord Delamore paused: at length, he

said—"I have for some time meant (could my fears of this attachment be removed) to indulge my Emily, by recalling to her presence this child of her bounty and affection; but not until the marriage and departure of Selina had taken place; because, before that period, it would only be productive of new reports, new worry, and inquietude to all:—but to the *fête* Mary shall come. I will request Mrs. Fermor to bring and take her back again that night; and entreat her, as I now do you, to keep the matter secret from every one, as I shall then have the advantage of observing how surprise, in unexpectedly beholding her, may operate upon St. Orville."

Julia, in sincere delight at this happy prospect for Lady Delamore and Mary, readily promised secresy; well convinced that surprise could have no effect upon Lord St. Orville, but to convince his father his suspicions were unfounded.

"Do not believe, my dear Miss De Clifford!" said Lord Delamore, "from my repugnance to my son's marrying so much beneath his rank, that I am an arrogant noble, who look with unwarrantable con-

tempt on all below me. Far be it from me, not to appreciate merit, wherever found. I can believe, the meanest peasant's heart may be as replete with virtues, as the greatest king's; and in the last day, that the labouring hind may bring as many noble deeds before the Great Tribunal, as the loftiest of us all. The moral and religious virtues, I know, are not appropriate to any class; but indiscriminately open to mankind: and honour is honour—integrity, integrity—whether they warm the bosom of an emperor, or glow in the heart of humble Crispin. But what I would have, is to keep up those distinctions which Providence ordained; not for the high and low to assimilate, doing each other mutual injury. Let every class herd with its own order: nor let the low, by mixing, or uniting, with the great, acquire pride, insolence, luxury, and supineness; nor the great, by mingling with the low, lose their own dignity, and degenerate from that ancient state of grandeur, which, by elevating their minds, withheld them from mean vices, and taught them they were, in their exalted situation, looked up to as beings from whom, as much

was given to, much would be expected; that power was lent them, not to be degraded or abused, but to diffuse comfort and protection to those who looked up to them for support and patronage. The unfortunate levelling of distinctions has been the cause of more real mischief, in the ......" Here Lord St. Orville galloped up to them; and Julia, with a sigh, believed the consent of Lord Delamore to Lady Theodosia's union with a manufacturer's son, would never be obtained.

On our heroine's return from her ride, she found three most welcome letters awaiting her arrival—from Mrs. Goodwin, Doctor Sydenham, and Fitzroy: and friendship here was compelled to give way to love; for Fitzroy's letter was first opened, and read over at least half a dozen times before the seals of the others were broken.

Fitzroy's letter was a cordial of the most renovating kind to the heart of Julia: she had never even hoped to receive such a one from him; and she welcomed it as a treasure most precious. Every sentiment it breathed, vibrated on the sensibilities of her heart,

With candour he spoke of his late transgression: reprobated his own conduct with no reservation of self-directed mercy: pourtrayed his contrition so feelingly, so touchingly; entreated her pardon with so much respect, tenderness, and fervency; and promised, with so much force of apparent sincerity, never to transgress the bounds of religious or moral duties more;—that Julia, convinced he was sincere, wept tears of hope and joy. His uncle, he told her, was "still alive; but, though much easier than when the duchess sent for him, there was no expectation of his recovery."

The letter of Mrs. Goodwin breathed the most animated joy and gratitude. The restoration of Julia's happiness, in the renewal of her brilliant prospects with Fitzroy, and the blessing of having her dearest child left in the kingdom with her, were by turns the subject of her letter; all mentioned in the glowing language her affectionate, ardent heart dictated. "The joy of Mr. Goodwin," he said, "on finding he was not to be bereft of his darling Charles, had almost proved too much for him to sus-

tain; and fully evinced how great had been the pangs he had secretly endured. That Charles and George were both nearly at their wit's end with joy, at having their wishes for their future prospects so unexpectedly, so fully, gratified;—for George was as wild to go to India, as Charles was anxious for the church." And many, and touching, were the expressions of her fervent gratitude to Julia.

Doctor Sydenham's letter was very unlike Mrs. Goodwin's, except in friendship and affection. It spoke no wild enthusiasm of joy, for the restoration of Fitzroy's vows to Julia. It breathed the most solemn and affecting aspirations for her happiness; but with an air that seemed to say, he wished it, rather than he expected it. He gave her a most pleasing account of the arrangements he had made (as her voluntary agent) for the completion of the education of Charles Goodwin; whom he told her, "to his great surprise, he found already as well versed in the classics, and all the lore of schools, as the generality of boys at his age were who had received uninterrupted

instruction ; and as he certainly possessed uncommon abilities, great perseverance, and was intent upon doing honour to her patronage, she had every reason to form good expectations of his success."

CHAPTER VIII.

Nothing essential to our little history occurred during the few days which intervened between this period and the anniversary of Lord St. Orville's birth; preparations for the celebration of which were such as affluence, correct taste, and the anxiety of both his parents to evince their affection for him, promoted. These present arrangements, were in a different style from those displayed on Lady Selina's birth-day. Then, every thing was sumptuously magnificent; now, all was rural simplicity, and ancient; English hospitality,—better suited to the taste of the tenants and peasantry, to whom the *fête* was given.

It had ever been the custom of Lady Theodosia, to make a present to her mother of something of her own work, upon Lady Delamore's birth-day, and upon Lord St. Orville's; and on this morning her ladyship was as early as our heroine in her mo-

ther's apartments, with her gift—a most elegant work-box, beautifully painted by her own hand; and this accepted, and sufficiently admired, Lady Theodosia demanded—"where was Julia's offering?"

Julia, blushing, replied, "she must reserve hers, until Lord St. Orville's next birth-day; as there had not been sufficient time to complete it, since she had formed the design."

"But there is so much of one done, Julia, you may, at least, shew it to my mother."

"I may, for certainly, shew it; but it is too much melancholy, subject, for birth-day present, Lady Theodosia, without its great deal, joyful companion.—After we take breakfast, I will shew my attempt, since you do wish it."

They now sat down to breakfast; and Julia remarked, and saw it with a tender pity that almost beguiled her of tears, the more than even usual aspect of sorrow Lord St. Orville displayed:—his fine face, pale with care; his air, more saddened by increased dejection; and his melodious voice, more touchingly toned with woe's most melting

sounds, than she had yet heard it:—but though his exterior was thus affectingly stamped with the secret grief of his heart, he was all sweet affection and attentive urbanity to those about him.

Breakfast ended, on being reminded of her promise, Julia brought a water-colour drawing, and blushed in timid sweetness while exhibiting her own work; which, though not nearly completed, yet what was done was so exquisitely executed, so forcible, so high wrought, in design so happily grouped, so full of the truth and spirit of superior genius, that Lady Delamore, with a half-repressed shriek of horror, placed her hands before her eyes, to shut out the, to her, though past, still terrific scene.

"Oh! I told you," said Julia, mournfully, "it would be not joyful offering, for Lady Delamore."

"No, no, she will delight in it presently. —Come, dear mother, do not be simple! St. Orville is standing safe beside you; and what can you fear?" said Lady Theodosia.

Lady Delamore recovered herself, and looked, and looked, until she was, indeed, delighted; though still the mother trem-

bled at the dangers her son had braved; for Julia's drawing represented the going-out of Lord St. Orville, to save the poor fishermen. The objects, though small, were beautifully pourtrayed. The likeness to Lord St. Orville was strikingly correct: his attitude, and the expression of pity and heroism so feelingly and forcibly delineated in his countenance—one of the happiest efforts of this creative art. The period represented, was the moment the boat was putting-out to sea. The only figures in the skiff whose faces were in view, were Lord St. Orville and the distracted father; and never were youth and age more strikingly contrasted, nor expression more forcibly varied. In the old man, you, indeed, beheld a parent, whose every thought was despair, while hope actuated every muscle to exertion. The action she had given to each of the mariners, whose faces were turned to the horizon, was so admirable, that you wanted not their countenances to proclaim they were agitated and resolved. On the beach were seen the aged mother, the fainting wife, the weeping, praying, children, all dispersed in the most affecting groups

The old man and woman had sat to Julia for their portraits; and the likenesses were most just and animated.—The companion, which she had not yet even sketched, she meant to represent the moment of the boat's return, with the rescued men; and the principal objects she intended should sit for their portraits.

Lord St. Orville, with glowing cheeks and humid eyes, looked on the picture, and the lovely artist, until, subdued by his feelings, he was compelled to make a precipitate retreat.

"Alas! alas!" said Lady Delamore, in tears of sorrow, "how is every nerve of my Alfred unstrung! Time was, when such a compliment as this, even indifferently executed, and by even an uninteresting artist, would have called forth a sweet and gracious effusion of his sensibility; but when such a work as this, performed by such a hand, could not call him forth, could not rally his spirits, well may I say my Alfred is undone!—My child! my child! is wretched!" and now, in grief ineffable, she wept.

"Oh!" said Julia, sorrowfully, "I do wish, this grief to awaken drawing, was made fire of!"

"Oh! no, no, no!" exclaimed Lady Delamore, throwing her arms around Julia's neck, and kissing her with tenderness and gratitude: "you will finish it, and give it to me, with its more joyful companion, as a tribute to my Alfred's humanity, even worthy of it."

In compliment to Lord and Lady Delamore, as well as to her benefactor, and Lord St. Orville, our heroine attired herself this day for dinner in a completely new and most beautiful dress, as elegant and expensive as the nature of the evening's entertainment would admit of her appearing in with propriety; and Lucy was presented with an entirely new and very handsome dress, by her lovely mistress, for the occasion: and not only in Julia's dressing-room, but throughout the castle, were these extraordinary attentions to dress going forward; for every individual belonging to the castle appeared in new and handsome clothes, for the joyful commemoration, except Lady Selina, whose inattention to appearance attracted Lord Delamore's observation, and drew from him so severe a rebuke, that gladly she made her escape from the dining-room, and flying to her toilet,

made ample amends, by loading on all the magnificence her person could contain.

The grand avenues in the park, and the open lawn before the castle, were to be the principal scenes of the evening's action; although the great hall, where, in feudal times, the ancient barons assembled, with their vassals, to the banquet, was superbly illuminated, and filled with abundance of good cheer. It being impossible, without danger to those employed to do it, to light the lofty trees of the avenues to their summit, which branched together in cathedral architecture, wreaths of variegated lamps were wound round the bole of each tree, and then thrown across in groups, forming canopies, at equal distances, at a height from the ground sufficient for a good effect. The castle, the grand object from the lawn, was splendidly illuminated with coloured lamps. Through every vista, a Chinese pagoda, temple of the sun, fairy palace, or naïads grotto, was seen in finely executed transparencies, glittering in varied lights. Every avenue had a grand and beautiful termination; and diversity of entertain-

ments were every-where dispersed. Fire-works, of the most expensive kind, were in one place exhibited; a mountebank, with tumblers, and all his merry appendages, in another. Here, was a grand spectacle of a puppet-show; there, eminent rope-dancers. Here, were the pupils of Breslaw, astonishing the crowd; there, a fair was held, where toys, ribbons, gloves, and various wares, were bestowed, gratis, on those who sought a fairing.

In one avenue was a platform, of inconceivable length, erected for the dancers, secured on each side by posts and ropes; while bars for refreshments were conveniently arranged, and plentifully stored. The supper was placed in another of the avenues, with a booth erected completely along the exterior, on each side, securing the viands from marauders, and shutting out the breeze of night. Every tree was inclosed; and, by fanciful management, the place appeared like an extent of narrow valley, lying between two chains of shelving rocks; at the termination of which appeared, in well-arranged perspective, a natural cascade, beautifully illuminated from

its summit to its base: and the rays of light, playing on the particles of the foaming water, though secured from its humidity, had the most brilliant effect. The cascade fell into a bubbling stream, which ran far from the valley, where such numerous flocks were to be fed. The supper was whimsically, yet conveniently, placed upon the artificial rocks; which were of a composition that glittered like gems: and every seat was formed as a fragment of rock, and still in perfect unison with comfort. The illuminations, too, of this range of rocks, were judiciously managed, displaying the glittering brilliancy of the numerous fossils and spar, which were abundantly dispersed.

The supper itself, according to Lord Delamore's order, was composed of no foreign luxuries; and boasted only of old English simple fare. A baron of beef; hams, tongues, chickens, collars, pigeon and veal pies; lobsters, prawns; sallads; jellies; fruit pies; rich cakes; fruits of only the natural growth of the garden; with cider, perry, and every kind of malt liquor to be obtained;—were the viands prepared

for the tenants and peasantry: while in the castle, for the higher orders, who might choose not to sup with those to whom the *fête* was given, every luxury of the table was provided. Music of every description, all excellent, were judiciously dispersed about the grounds.

As more time had been allowed for the arrangement of this *fête* than could be attached to the preceding one, fancy had greater scope; and the most eminent of the artists accustomed to such undertakings, were brought from London: and, as no trouble or cost was to be spared, every thing was completed to perfection.

The tenantry and peasants—from an idea of their own, considering it would be more respectful to go up in a body, or kind of procession, to the castle, than to go individually, and give trouble of a reception for each—at an appointed hour, assembled in the market-place, at Sedley, all decked in their best array. As the invitations were issued to the tenants and peasantry, all the shopkeepers in Sedley and the neighbouring villages chose to enrol themselves amongst the peasantry for the evening; so that no

house in the neighbourhood retained an individual who could, by any means, contrive to go to the castle; and at an early hour, in the evening, they sallied forth to the goal of all their wishes.

The fishermen and mariners belonging to that part of the coast led the van, in compliment to Lord St. Orville's predilection for the navy, bearing the before-mentioned frigate—a most complete and highly-furnished model, now brought in great triumphal state, as an offering to Lady Delamore, who was nearly as much beloved as her son.

The sound of the town band, which preceded the procession, playing, in their discordant measure, "See the conquering Hero comes!" announcing the approach of the multitude, Lord Delamore, in evident perturbation, arose to go upon the lawn to receive them, desiring his family to accompany him. Lord St. Orville, too, in the trepidation of genuine sensibility, and sentimental timidity, knowing those heart-directed compliments he was about to receive from honest nature, through some sudden and undefinable impulse, flew to

his father, and took his arm, to proceed with him.

This was the first time in Lord St. Orville's life, he had attempted so great a liberty with his father. Often had his arm been dutifully offered in support of Lord Delamore; but Lord Delamore's never taken by him, in the cordial ease of friendship and affection. The liveliest glow of crimson instantly diffused itself over Lord Delamore's countenance; his eyes were lit up, at once, by rays of sublimated fire; whilst in them trembled tears, which tender delight surprised into them: a smile of spontaneous pleasure played sweetly round his mouth; whilst, with a grasp of almost convulsive transport, he caught the hand of Lord St. Orville which held his arm, and pressed it with fervor to his throbbing heart; then, turning to Mr. Temple, said—

"I must go with my boy; therefore, will you conduct Emily?—and you, Theodosia, take care of Miss De Clifford;" and on he hurried, with every nerve new strung:—joy on his brow, with renovated youth, smoothing the wrinkles which care and sullen gloom had prematurely placed there;

philanthropy in his now engaging smile; courtesy in every movement—in his eyes, his voice, his every word and thought: and during the whole evening, so light was his bosom, relieved from that self-wooed misery nurtured by artful misrepresentation of his son's loving him not, that, treading on air, he seemed a new Lord Delamore, born many years after the late peevish, lofty, repelling one. Now he was all active, attentive, cordial, hospitality to his guests; kind and conciliating to every one; and all the tenants, and poor, but happy, revellers, found, to their amazement, Lord Delamore had a heart: while his equally astonished and delighted wife gazed after him, in wondering admiration, wherever her eyes could catch a view of him; and still mentally sighing—"Ah! had he been ever thus, or even half so amiable, my affections had been fondly his; nor my chilled heart, straying from its duty, have formed for me years of sorrow. Oh! no; attached to its liege lord, it had been his irrevocably, and happiness had not been frighted from our then peaceful dwelling."

When the Delamore family appeared

upon the lawn, to receive their humble guests, it is impossible for our feeble pen to pourtray the effusions of joy that burst forth in all the varieties of eloquent nature, on seeing Lord St. Orville once more at the castle, and so evidently in the favour and affection of his father. The offering of the frigate, so flattering, yet so just, a tribute to her son's excellence, cost Lady Delamore all the pleasurable pains of maternal, exulting, grateful sensibility. All who had any feeling were affected; and none looked so graceful, blushing at the compliments his own merits had called forth, as Lord St. Orville himself; nor could have received all with more winning sweetness—with unaffected, retiring, modesty—with a heart gratified by the affection now evinced by all: conscious of his own claimsto general esteem, yet believing partiality gave more than was his due, he paid, in gratitude, the overplus.

Lord Delamore, with ineffable grace, and infinite feeling, spoke for Lady Delamore her thankful acceptance of so highly gratifying a present.—"But," he said, "as a frigate was useless without hands, her lady-

ship requested to have the St. Orville manned by those who had brought it thither; and that on the morrow her steward should deliver her bounty to the gallant crew."

The frigate now, amid joyful acclamations, was borne, in triumph, to the great hall of the castle, where all the achievements of the ancient heroes of the family were preserved; and where now, laid on a table in the centre, it was, from its own beauty, and the magnificent illuminations of the hall prepared for its reception, one of the grand spectacles of the night.

Lord Delamore contrived to detain his son with him until after the arrival of Mrs. Fermor, who, to the amazement of all, the delight of some, was accompanied by the beautiful Mary; who, never forgetful of her humble origin, and knowing the guests of the evening were to be principally from her own class in society, forbore to appear in a dress which the occasion might have sanctioned, yet still could have called forth criticism or censure; but, unornamented, and attired with unaffected simplicity, she looked even unusually beautiful and attractive.

The moment Lord St. Orville perceived her, he promptly said to his attentive father, "See, who accompanies Mrs. Fermor, my lord!—Surely, it must be with my father's approbation!"

Lord Delamore, with a scrutinising glance at his son, replied in the affirmative.

"Oh! how gratifying is this to my heart!" exclaimed Lord St. Orville, affectionately pressing his father's hand.—"It tells me, you believe in my veracity—you confide in my honour. What, what delight will this prove to my mother!"

"Then go to her, with Miss Mildmay," replied his now happy father, every fear removed by his accurate observation of Lord St. Orville; "and tell my Emily, I sent you:" then advancing to Mary, Lord Delamore kindly took her hand—"Welcome, once more, to Delamore castle!" he said. "And now go, with your adopted brother, to Emily; and tell her still to love you, for the inexplicable resemblance you bear."

Lord Delamore now giving his arm to Mrs. Fermor, led her round this fairy land; and Lord St. Orville and Mary, in mutual joy at meeting, and charmed at the gra-

cious sanction to it, proceeded to search out Lady Delamore, whom they at length found, in the saloon, surrounded by guests of the higher order, who feared to encounter the night breezes.

Julia, who was with Lady Delamore, quickly espied Mary, and hastened to apprise her ladyship of it, who instantly sprang forward, and, careless of the gaze of innumerable spectators, clasped Mary in her arms with maternal fervor, kissing and re-kissing her, and calling her by every tender and endearing appellation; but so overpowered was her ladyship by this unexpected happiness, and so agitated was poor Mary with her joy and gratitude, that they judiciously retired to a more private room, to indulge their feelings unobserved, and where they were soon joined by Lady Theodosia, eager to embrace once more, in Delamore castle, the sister of her affection.

Lord St. Orville opened the ball, with his mother's venerable nurse, and faithful, humble friend, Mrs. Beville; and had his partner been the most lovely young woman at the ball (which, without partiality, we may affirm was incontestibly Julia De

Clifford), he could not have paid her more respectful attention.

Lord Delamore, actuated by his favourite opinion, would have no indiscriminate mingling of various ranks at this ball. Lord St. Orville only, was allowed to dance among the humble guests; whom Lord Delamore also thought would be much happier, and more at their ease, if unawed by any innovators claiming respect, and disturbing their joyous equality. For the higher orders, there was a band stationed in the castle ball-room; but, all engaged by the novelty of the scene abroad, none of the young people felt inclined to avail themselves of it, until after supper, when a few reels were danced.

During this whole evening, Julia's chief female companion was Mary; as Major Mandeville seemed exclusively to monopolise Lady Theodosia to himself, which caused our heroine much concern, and awakened suspicion, for the first time, in Lady Delamore's breast, of a growing attachment. Frequently she called her daughter to herself, to detach her from the fascinating major; and as often her

daughter found means to elude her mother's vigilance, and again to ramble with Major Mandeville, listening to the magic of his conversation.

Julia and Mary had innumerable knights and 'squires attending them about; but their most entertaining and constant one, was Sir Robert Raymond; in no love-making mood, for that he saw would not answer for the present, but in a very amusing vein—not too satirical, but full of whim, wit, and eccentricity. Lord St. Orville often joined their group, and, in despite of the woe of his heart (which even the efforts for gaiety the hilarity of the evening called for could not hide), Sir Robert sometimes beguiled him of a smile.

Feelings of pained sensibility pervaded the frame of our heroine, on the arrival of Mr. Beaumont, his eight younger daughters, and Mr. George; but sedulously she conquered them, gave the Beaumonts every requisite attention, often asking some of them to join in her ramble. Lady Delamore too, paid this family every respect and marked civility, to hush the voice of envenomed slander; remembering well

it was not hers nor their fault, that she had a libertine, they a frail, relation.

It was when the evening was pretty far advanced, and that some of the men, entering warmly into the business of dancing, had stripped their coats off, to labour away more comfortably in the amusement, that Julia, Mary, and Sir Robert, were diverting themselves looking at those indefatigable sons of industry, toiling even in their acquirement of pleasure, when a very good-looking young fisherman, one of the most zealous votaries of Terpsichore, suddenly turning from the tint of the damask to the white rose, reeled from the set, and falteringly entreated Lady Selina (the person nearest to him) to have the humanity to allow him to take her seat for a few moments.

Lady Selina, all indignant haughtiness, reprimanded him for his insolent request, and kept her seat. Julia and Mary saw his unaffected indisposition, and heard his entreaty, and its refusal; and, as if actuated by the same impulse, they at the same instant started from their seat, ran towards him, and hurried him to the form they had

arisen from, and seating him there, kindly fanned him, whilst Sir Robert went for some exhilarating beverage, to revive him and recruit his spirits. Lord St. Orville now came to their assistance; every thing was done, and at length with success, for the recovery of the young man, who looked as well as said he was grateful.

The bustle this incident occasioned, drew Lord Delamore to them; and after the man's recovery, his lordship still stood talking to the little group; when, in some sudden turn of Mary's countenance, Lord Delamore was himself startled at the resemblance she bore to him, and could not forbear expressing his astonishment, and saying, "how singular it was!"

Julia remarked, "that it was not an unprecedented piece of singularity, for she bore a strong resemblance to her father's first wife, to whom she was no relation; and once made a gentleman, an utter stranger, faint, in the Vatican at Rome, from her likeness to a daughter he had recently lost: and nothing could be more forcible"—and she looked cautiously around, to be convinced Lord St. Orville was not near, be-

fore she said this—" than the likeness which all of the Ashgrove family she had ever seen, Lady Delamore and Lord St. Orville beyond the rest, bore to the dearest friend of her heart, Lady Storamond."

A deep-drawn sigh now electrified Julia; she quickly turned, in alarm, and beheld Lord St. Orville close behind her, where she had not thought of looking for him. Instantly, and precipitately, he now retreated into a close wood, behind this festive scene. Julia's bosom heaved a responsive sigh; and Mary whispered an entreaty, " that she would never again call any one, but Lord St. Orville, the dearest friend of her heart. —For if you had seen, as I did," she said, " how miserable it made him, and how it agitated him, I know you would not, could not, have the cruelty to say it."

Mary, by Lord Delamore's desire, quitted the castle, with Mrs. Fermor, that night, made happy by a promise of being recalled after the approaching wedding. The revelling multitude did not retire until the sun had arisen to light them home; and when Julia went to her chamber, she gave free indulgence to the reproaches of her

heart, for suffering her so often, during the late scene of hilarity, to be betrayed into mirth, while Fitzroy was still a prey to the pangs of remorse for his late transgression, and was, perhaps, while she was gay and smiling, weeping over the corse of a respected friend, or, at best, attending with anxious care the death-bed of his uncle.

CHAPTER IX.

The next day brought a letter from Fitzroy to Julia, more tender and affecting, if possible, than the former; and praying her earnestly to write to him, as "the only solace his present situation would admit of, duringhis painful absence from her, and afflicting attendance upon his uncle, who was suffering much, with unexampled fortitude, and whose physicians feared might linger on, in his present state, for many weeks."

Julia's heart prompted compliance with the request of her lover; but thinking it right to consult Lady Delamore, as to the propriety of it, her ladyship gave her sanction; and our heroine dispatched to Fitzroy the sweet, kind, consoling epistle, of an affectionate sister. Each post now brought her the most ardent love-compositions from him; but her answers still conveyed to him the effusions only of tender friendship, deeply interested in his happiness.

As Major Mandeville went the day after the anniversary of Lord St. Orville's birth, into Gloucestershire, Lady Delamore's fears were, for the present, hushed; and Lady Theodosia spent most of her time with her mother and Julia; but Lord St. Orville seldom, when he had any fair excuse for avoiding it, joined their party. His haunts were now generally (unless humanity had calls upon him) the most solitary, unfrequented paths; and from his lone and melancholy excursions, he returned to do violence to his feelings, by the utmost exertions of his firmness to appear composed and cheerful, or, at least, to conceal the poignancy of his sorrows.

Julia daily continued her equestrian attempts, sometimes attended by Lord St. Orville, with either Lord Delamore or Mr. Temple; and she benefited so much by their instructions, that she soon lost all her fears, and became so good a horse-woman, that Lady Theodosia, at length, obtained permission from her father to join the party; from which she had been excluded, lest her dauntless pranks might terrify the timid Julia.

One most lovely and inviting morning, Lady Theodosia, Julia, and Lord St. Orville, with their attendants, were returning, after an unusually extended ride, when entering on the downs, upon the summit of the cliffs, near Delamore castle, their ears were suddenly assailed by the full cry of a pack of hounds, and the shouts of the huntsmen, halloing to them, as if at fault. They were lord Delamore's hounds, taken down to the beach to bathe; and the dogs not liking the business, they, with their attendants, made a violent uproar, as if in full chase.

Swiftsure was unfortunately the most famous hunter in Lord Delamore's stud; perfectly well he knew the voices of the hounds and huntsmen; and out at full speed he darted, to the verge of the precipice, following the direction of the cry of the hounds. Julia's companions, with the attendants, saw with dismay the imminence of her peril, nay, the inevitablity of her destruction. To follow her, with a hope of overtaking, and reining-in, the high-mettled courser, would have only been to

accelerate her doom. They saw her firmly keep her seat; but without power to curb her steed. Lord St. Orville, ever collected in the moment of danger, and mounted on a horse nearly two hands higher than Swiftsure, darted like the forked lightning's flash to an angle from Julia; and then, with an exertion scarcely human, to the point he saw Swiftsure making for. Only in time he arrived to snatch at the bridle: the check was sufficient; but in doing it, the exertion was so great, as to pull Lord St. Orville off his own horse, and to strain every muscle in his arm. With almost frantic rapidity, he snatched our heroine from her saddle, and only tottered with her a few paces from the verge, when the coved bank on which Swiftsure stood (now in submissive meekness), fell in, and the underwood beneath, entangling his bridle and mane, only saved him from destruction.

Terror at her impending danger, and joy and gratitude at her almost miraculous rescue, deprived Julia of every power of articulation; and, pale as death, from which she had just, by one hair's breadth, escaped, she remained, trembling, in the supporting

arms of Lord St. Orville, who stood gazing at his almost senseless charge in agitation which foils our feeble ability to describe, and with as little power to speak as she had; but, like a true woman, her faculties of speech resumed their function first, and softly she said—

"Oh, Lord St. Orville! but for Heaven and you".... Her oppressed sensibility allowed her to add no more, for an abundant flow of tears suspended her power of articulation; but, even in this short sentence, her voice recalled his amazed senses, and restored his utterance.

"You—you, are safe!" he exclaimed.

"Safe, and unhurt," she said.

One of the sweetest smiles that ever animated the face of mortal, now diffused itself over the countenance of Lord St. Orville, as he fell at the feet of Julia, in a death-like swoon.

The almost distracted Lady Theodosia, with the terrified attendants, now assembled round the shrieking Julia, who had instantaneously sunk on the ground beside her preserver, taken off his hat, and applied her salts to his nose. His not less agitated

sister now kneeling by him, opened his waistcoat, snatched off his neckcloth, and hastening to unbutton the collar of his shirt, she, in her trepidation, twitched out of his bosom a black ribbon, to which was suspended, and now made its unbidden appearance, a gold heart.—Had a viper darted from his breast, it could not have more appalled, or amazed, our heroine.

This misshapen and clumsy locket, the only trinket our heroine then possessed, she had given, with a lock of her hair, to Lady Storamond; first engraving, with the point of her scissars, "*Julia . . . Adelaide,*" upon it. The ill-formed heart, the singular beading round it, with her own well-remembered performance, left her no room to doubt its identity; and that Lady Storamond had given him this, her little pledge of friendship (which she had received with a countenance so expressive of genuine pleasure, and had, unsolicitedly, promised to retain for ever, as one of her heart's most fondly cherished treasures), now pained her bosom with the most poignant pang she had ever experienced, and filled her heart with anguish, in the conviction this gift present-

ed, that Lord St. Orville was beloved by Lady Storamond, and that her hitherto immaculate friend was, perhaps—oh! horror of horrors!—a faithless wife!

Tears now ran in torrents down poor Julia's cheeks; and convulsive sobs agitated her heaving bosom. Lord St. Orville's groom had brought his hatfull of water from a neighbouring spring; and Swiftsure's groom had summoned the huntsmen, with several fishermen, who, accustomed to clambering the cliffs, fastened cables round the poor panting, almost exhausted, animal's body, and at length succeeded in drawing him up, safe, and scarcely hurt.

At length Lord St. Orville evinced symptoms of returning respiration; and, to the joy of all who surrounded him, in a few moments more opened his eyes, when the first object they rested upon was—Julia: and, though still so faint as to be scarcely able to articulate, he eagerly demanded the cause of her tears.

"Oh!" said Lady Theodosia, "it is your illness; for that has frightened and affected her more than her own danger."

"But I am now well, quite well," ex-

claimed his lordship, a bright tint of vermillion flushing his before pallid countenance; and he made an effort to rise: but the attempt was vain; his right arm could afford him no assistance; and the torture he unwarily put it to, in his endeavour to rise, made him shrink and change colour.

"Oh! no, no, no!" sobbed out Julia, "you are not, at all, well. You are severely, much hurt. Your arm is . . . . . O Heaven! what to your arm, has happened? —Alas! alas! and I am the cause, of such great pain, for you!"

"Oh! speak! speak, Alfred!" exclaimed Lady Theodosia, in new-raised terror.— "Tell me, are you hurt?—what, what ails your arm? is any thing broken? where is the mischief?"

"In my heart," he replied, in a tone of despondence, so touching, it vibrated through every chord of pity; still gazing at Julia, as if unconscious of what he had articulated, o of any thing but mental misery.

"He is delirious!" said Lady Theodosia, bursting into tears; which aroused her brother.—"What ails my sister?" he demanded, tenderly.

"Oh, Alfred!" she replied, "you talk wildly, and tell me not where you are hurt. —I know your arm is fractured."

"My dear Theodosia! do not so unnecessarily alarm yourself.—My arm is strained a little, I perceive; but no bone is broken, be assured."

"Then, then, to Heaven, may I make, my best thanks, for escape, so miraculous; since it has not, too dear, been purchased, by the great misery, of inflicting calamity, for you;" said Julia, raising her streaming eyes to heaven, with one of the sweetest looks that pious gratitude ever wore: and Lord St. Orville, with quickness, threw his unhurt arm around his sister's neck. She heard a deep sigh break from his bosom; and, as he kissed her, in almost convulsive agitation, she felt his tears bedew her cheek.—

"Oh, St. Orville! you are severly hurt, I fear!" she exclaimed, in a tone of affectionate solicitude.

"Alas!" cried Julia, starting to her feet, "and nothing we do, for striving, to make, relief." She now, once more, made a sling of a silk handkerchief; which she gently

tied around his lordship's neck; when, turning pale as death, and shuddering, she exclaimed—"Alas! I did hurt you! though all my possible I did, to gently tie it. I did hope, to make ease of your pain; but I did not, for I felt you to shrink, from my touch, and tremble beneath, my hand, though so light, it was."

"Oh!" softly articulated Lord St. Orville, "this is too, too much, to bear!"

Lady Theodosia gave a shriek of sympathy, exclaiming—"What can be done!" And Julia looked upon him with the tearful eye of tender pity, and painfully wounded gratitude.

Lord St. Orville now seemed, by one great struggle for firmness, to have regained it. He smiled benignly, entreated them to compose themselves:—"The pain of my arm is trifling;—indeed it is!" he said. "The terror Miss De Clifford's danger naturally created, has affected my spirits, and made a very coward of me: and though it is possible I may appear subdued all day, believe not the pain of my arm occasions it."

The men, who were now all gathered round

him, to know how they could be serviceable, were anxious to go for a surgeon, and a carriage; but this, Lord St. Orville would not hear of. "The latter," he said, "would only create alarm at the castle; and Beville would be surgeon sufficient for his case."

His lordship now, leaning on the arm of his groom, set forward to the castle; attended by his sister, and our heroine, whose sensations of gratitude were as powerful as the magnitude of her danger had been, and the imminence of the peril her gallant deliverer had exposed himself to for her preservation.

From Lord St. Orville's sprain, it was impossible to avoid disclosing the cause of it; and, though cautiously told, it dreadfully agitated both Lord and Lady Delamore. The former vehemently swore—"Swiftsure should be shot, for it!" and instantly sent expresses round the country, to summon every surgeon within twenty miles of the castle, to come and prescribe for Lord St. Orville's arm.

Julia, Lord St. Orville, and the almost-weeping groom, pleaded so effectually for

poor Swiftsure, that his lord forgave and reinstated him in his favour.

Whether it was, that too many doctors could do as much mischief as too many cooks, Lord St. Orville had a most restless night; and for the first few hours after he retired to bed, was quite delirious, full of direful fancies, awakened by the occurrence of the day:—one moment believing Julia had been dashed to pieces, down the cliffs, and raving of precipitating himself after her; the next, in piteous cadences, murmuring something unintelligible to all around him (except poor Leslie) about Julia, Lady Storamond, and Fitzroy; often declaring, with vehemence, no *perfidious friend* should wrest his locket from him; which, in these moments, he held fast grasped in his hand, and kissed incessantly. His afflicted mother, seated by his pillow, heard all this; and the frequent mention of Lady Storamond, and the *perfidious friend,* whom she concluded to be Lord Storamond, spoke daggers of conviction to her maternal feelings of her son's happiness being gone for ever.

Julia did not pass her night in delirium, but in tears, for a newly-awakened grief, in addition to that her gratitude to Lord St. Orville inspired for his sufferings.—Her youthful heart had consecrated an idol of perfection in its inmost recesses, which all the virtues of her bosom had long devoutly worshipped, and every feeling of her mind had led her on to emulate; and this idol, she feared, alas! was frail. And now, more bitter were her tears of grief, more poignant her sighs, then even the sad transgression of Fitzroy had occasioned; until, as she dwelt on the torturing belief, Hope took from her affliction, by whispering to her heart, "that the locket was no gift, but purloined, by the secret lover, merely because it was Cecilia's;" for sure, and still more sure, she was, from every new recollection of her friend, that Lady Storamond could not err.

The day after Julia's providential escape, Lord St. Orville became, from the decrease of his fever, gradually better; and in a few days more, was able to go into his mother's *boudoir*, where she entreated our heroine to

be as much as possible with her, and to aid her in amusing St. Orville.—

"Alas!" said Lady Delamore, "how is time changed, when I dread nothing more than being left alone with my darling child!—my heart is then on my lips, and I am ready, each moment, to question him relative to his mental misery; but I know it would pain him, and therefore I am anxious to forbear."

Julia, in compliance with Lady Delamore's wishes, and actuated by her own gratitude, spent most of her time in her ladyship's *boudoir*, exerting her various talents for the amusement of Lord St. Orville, attending to him like an affectionate sister: but, to her utter grief and mortification, she found her exertions all were vain; for the more she rallied her powers to entertain his lordship, the more touchingly melancholy he became; and Julia felt convinced, at length, that it was her known friendship for Lady Storamond, by awakening tender remembrances, that caused such gloomy effects.

One day, as Julia was left alone with this most amiable and interesting young

man, he handed her a letter, and said, whilst his frame and countenance evinced powerful agitation—

"This, I fervently hope, Miss De Clifford, will totally contradict the calumny of Lady Selina; and convince you, that Fitzroy and I, still, are friends. He reverts, with too much feeling, to our late little coolness; and appreciates too highly my seeking a reconciliation;—but, as the aggressor"—here Lord St. Orville's pale countenance was suddenly diffused with the brightest tint of crimson, and his voice became more unsteady—" it was my duty to do so: and when you read, you must believe it is the generosity of his heart that leads him thus to estimate my nothing more than negative merit."

With heartfelt pleasure, Julia read a letter, which convinced her that Fitzroy had done nothing perfidious, nothing dishonourable, or he would not thus be retaken to the friendship of Lord St. Orville; and in despite of his lordship's depreciating what he had done, in seeking the reconciliation, she saw Fitzroy considered himself as the aggressor, and was grateful, in a

high degree, for Lord St. Orville's restored friendship. With a blush and smile, she returned the letter to his lordship, who received it with a hand so tremulous, that it both surprised and grieved her.

Lord Delamore, Lady Theodosia, and Mr. Temple, were constant and attentive visitors in Lady Delamore's *boudoir*, during Lord St. Orville's confinement there; and Sir Charles Stratton was as kind as the duty of a lover permitted him to be:—Lady Selina exacted great and unremitting attendance; and never once went near her brother: and poor Sir Charles, as the time drew nearer for his nuptials, became every hour more sad and wretched; for bitterly now he repented those follies which had precipitated him into this detested alliance.

CHAPTER X.

The first day Lord St. Orville went out airing, he was accompanied, in a barouche, by his mother and Julia. They staid out about two hours; and on their return beheld Major Mandeville driving his curricle most furiously down the park, along the road which led to Sedley, in a different direction from that which they were in.

"Good Heaven! is not that Major Mandeville?" exclaimed Lady Delamore, in alarm. "Why, I thought that man was safe in Gloucestershire."

Julia sighed, and coloured; and Lord St. Orville said—"Major Mandeville appeared to be an uncommonly pleasing man."

"Too pleasing, I much fear!" replied Lady Delamore; "for I have serious apprehensions that Theodosia listens to him with too much attention."

"My dear mother! she can mean nothing serious; for surely we know whither the partiality of her heart long has pointed."

"Ah, Alfred! that hope of yours and mine has long, to me, known its disappointment:—her giddiness has destroyed the airy castles you and I were fond of raising."

"Oh! do not, do not tell me so, my dear mother! when I know De Lisle fondly loves her; although the derangement of his father's affairs, leading him to the resolution of never marrying, taught him ever sedulously to conceal his attachment from her: but my dear and generous uncle Ashgrove, not enduring the idea, that De Lisle should be doomed to the misery of inauspicious love, sent by me a letter of welcome intelligence to De Lisle, telling him, he would leave him sufficient to be happy with the woman of his heart, and therefore to win her and wed her."

Tears of approving sensibility, and new-caused affection for her benefactor, trembled in Julia's eyes, while they gushed from Lady Delamore's.—

"Oh! my generous, feeling-hearted brother!" she exclaimed; "then will he still ever be doomed, not only to endure the misery of inauspicious love himself, but to witness it in those he most fondly loves!"

Lady Delamore, now recollecting she had betrayed her suspicions of Lord St. Orville's mental malady, quickly added—" But why do I say so, when convinced De Lisle no longer regards your sister!—for Theodosia (merely, I believe, from pique, at her failing to inspire him with any sympathy for her growing partiality) has seemed to make it her business to impress him with a belief that she hated domestic life, and only existed in those fashionable dissipated circles he recoils from."

"I trust you are mistaken," replied Lord St. Orville; "for I am certain, by De Lisle's letters, he is still attached to her:—and that he means to come here, after Selina's nuptials, I know."

They now arrived at the castle, when Holt met them in the hall, and, in visible agitation, delivered a message from Lord Delamore, desiring to see Lady Delamore and Lord St. Orville immediately. Julia now hastened to her own apartments, where she remained undisturbed until Lucy came to dress her for dinner, who instantly began, with a respectful courtesy, but with a countenance of dismay—

"Lauk! Miss De Clifford! there has been such doings, as never was, *surelie*:—Poor dear Lady Theodosia! . . . . . My lord —oh! la, ma'am!—he had the cruelty to refuse her to that fine, handsome, Major Mandeville, who came to ask for her this morning, offering to settle ten thousand a-year upon her, so he did; but upon my lord asking what family he was of, it came out he was of no family at all, ma'am; so the passion my lord then flew into, was fit to break his heart-strings, and he raved, and ranted, and ordered the poor, handsome, major, to get out of the house.—It is all very true, ma'am; for Lady Selina; told it all to Mrs. Ward, who has been bellowing it about, to every cat and dog about the castle, ever since.—To be sure, ma'am, it was in an evil hour the major came; for my lord was but just returned from Mrs. Monk's, where Lady Selina took him this morning, pretending that vile viper was very ill:—I wish she was, and dead into the bargain; for I warrant they filled his head with mischief, and shut his heart up from all good. So, ma'am, Lady Selina, the moment the major went, slips into the li-

brary, and takes her station there; and when my lady and Lord St. Orville arrived, she kept aggravating, and aggravating, her father and undoing all the good my poor dear lady and my young lord were striving to do: and so, at last, my lady quitted the room, in tears; and Lord St. Orville followed her; and then Lady Selina kept a helping, and a helping, the lame dog over the stile, till she worked my lord into a madman;—and what does he go for to do, ma'am, but rages off to Lady Theodosia's room, where the poor dear martyred young lady was, and double-locked her in, where he says she shall remain until her upstart major leaves the county. Then, ma'am, down he ranted to the *lib'ry*; and there began to fight with the things, breaking ever so many of the light chairs, and smashing the images, and the globes, and throwing all the books which lay about, on the tables, into the fire, which, from some maggot, he had lit this morning;—but now, I am sure, he is hot enough without it!—and then, ma'am, because James, who happened to be there mending the fire, did not take the books out of the fire as fast as t'other

chucked them in, my lord makes no more ado, but seized James by the nape of the neck, and chucks him out of the room, just as one would serve a kitten—for my lord is desperate strong.—To be sure it was like a crazy man, for all the world, and not like himself!—Well, ma'am, James, in his turn, raved and ranted in the servants'-hall; and scraped poor Joseph's shins, and gave little Molly two black eyes, in his clumsy flourishes, throwing the heavy chairs about, swearing all the time he would take the law of my lord."....

Julia was sensibly affected by this intelligence; she felt alarmed lest Lady Selina, working upon the sensitive feelings of her father, should again close up that kindness of heart he was of late so unequivocally evincing for Lady Theodosia: and, sympathising in the affliction this untoward circumstance would give to so many individuals whom she regarded, she wept incessantly, until the last dinner-bell rang, when Lady Delamore entered the room, and threw herself into Julia's arms.—

"Ah!" she exclaimed, sobbing, "I see by your tears, sweet girl! that you have

heard of the misery I have now added to my other griefs.—Oh! how could Theodosia be so mad, so undutiful, as to give this man encouragement, and permit his application to her father, when she knew my lord's deep-rooted prejudices against unequal marriages! or, when she imprudently gave away her affection, why not wait a more favourable opportunity of winning her father's assent? Why, misguided girl! not delay this application, until her sister had left the castle?—Oh, Theodosia! I little thought you would ever, voluntarily, have increased my sorrows!"

Lady Delamore, remembering she must now hasten to appear before her lord, struggled to conquer her tears, and entreated Julia to suppress hers. After a little conflict, they both succeeded; and, arm in arm, they proceeded to the 'drawing-room. This was the first day of Lord St. Orville's dining with the family since his illness; and a most wretched meal it proved to him. Every one, distressed for Lady Theodosia, and infected by the gloom of Lord Delamore's brow, was uncomfortable and spiritless—except Lady Selina, who alone

was in high glee, and was the orator of the table, talking all, and, like a parrot, running her own changes, without one responsive sound.

Dull and melancholy was the remainder of the day; and Julia, for the first time, trembled at Lord Delamore. All that she had distinguished of feeling and goodness in him, seemed now obscured by sullen, scowling moroseness; and glad was she, when the moment arrived, in which she was permitted to retire for the night.

The instant Julia entered her dressing-room, Lucy began.—"La, ma'am! poor dear Lady Theodosia has not tasted a morsel of victuals since breakfast!—one would think she must be hungry by this time."

"Surely, surely," exclaimed Julia, shuddering, "my lord, cannot be so much barbarous, as to deprive her, from food?"

"Oh! no, ma'am; she had plenty sent to her, but she has *lost her stomach.*—— And only think, ma'am! now my lord has got into his litigious humours, but he sends for old blinking Hannah, out of Sedley work-house, to wait on the dear young lady; and all because the old wench is deaf

and dumb, and so can do no more than fetch and carry: and she is to be dep[illegible]y to Mrs. Ward—and that's a sly, ill-natured puss, as ever lived, ma'am, who is to be head turnkey upon this cruel occasion. I am sure, I have almost cried my eyes out, about this sad business, so I have."

"Take, take, that gown, I did wear for dinner, yesterday, Lucy," said Julia, sobbing; "you thought, it much pretty, and I shall like to see you in it, greatly more, than myself."

Lucy smiled through her tears of genuine sympathy, thanked her kind lady for such a beautiful present, and then resumed her lamentation.—

"I am sure, it is very hard-hearted in my lord, to be so cruel as to part true lovers! I am sure, ma'am, when Mr. Fitzroy returns, should his gentleman make any more love to me, and that I should happen to be overtaken in love, and that aunt or father should object to my marrying him, I should be fit to break my heart. And should Lady Theodosia die now, on account of it, my lord might sorely repent his barbarity; for he would have a fine time of it,—not able

to rest in his bed, for my young lady's ghost!—and a fine portly apparition she would make!..... Heaven preserve us! but, indeed, I have often heard, that folks who die for being crossed in love, have a troubled spirit that walks."

Julia had often seen Fitzroy's valet, Mr. Franks—a very handsome, dashing young man; and now, fearing for that simplicity which had led Lucy to betray her artless partiality, hastily, but in a voice of sweet encouragement, demanded—"if Mr. Franks had professed love for her?"

"Yes, ma'am," Lucy replied, courtesying, and blushing, "a good deal, latterally Mrs. Ward, and he, used to be great flirts; and she got out of him all about Mr. Fitzroy's violent love for you, ma'am, at Z.; and all about the fine romping and riotty work there was at Springcourt, amongst the quality; and how he did not like Lady Enderfield at all, as a wife for his master, for she was not a bit better than she should be, and that his master knew well enough; and so, ma'am, Mr. Franks could not abear that his master should demean himself by marrying such a one as she was;—which I

thought, ma'am, was very pretty, and delicate, in Mr. Franks;—and so, ma'am, after, when he found out Mrs. Ward was your watch, and hated you, why then he would not keep her company any longer; and so, ma'am.... and so.... then he began to make his love to me, by praising you, ma'am, and saying what a fine beautiful couple you and his master would make; and that he should not leave his master, if you were to be his wife, for then he should be proud of his lady, and not ashamed of her: and the only time we were ever fit to quarrel, ma'am, was, when—when Mr. Fitzroy was not so often at the castle as he ought to be; and I said you were a great deal too good for him, and that my young lord was the only man you ought to marry, as being your equal in goodness."....

Julia had never before given Lucy (whom she early saw was simply voluble) encouragement to tell her any of the proceedings of the family; and now her communications added considerably to her inquietude. The distressing situation of her beloved Lady Theodosia, filled her mind with sympathising sorrow; and she could not find her-

self very comfortable, in the idea of her having a terrestrial 'watch.' That she had a heavenly Observer, had ever been one of the greatest comforts of her life; for by it she had derived consequence, that saved her from despondence, from thinking "her Creator considered her worthy His observation;" and from that conviction, she had guided every thought, word, and action, as well as mortal powers could do it; that the Eye which regarded her might not recoil from her, but look with paternal mercy on a being who humbly hoped she presented only purity of thought and action to His omnipresence.

"It was from Mr. Franks, through Mrs. Ward and Lady Selina, that Fitzroy's attentions to her at Z. had travelled to Lord Delamore, and not through the plain, undeviating road of truth, she doubted not. But the great affliction of all was, the assertion of Fitzroy's being at Springcourt, no stranger to the depravity of Lady Enderfield, and yet was infatuated enough to intend making her his wife. His very servant had delicacy of mind to condemn him for it: and could the virtues of that heart

be genuine and pure, that could lead its possessor to take as the wife of his bosom, whom he must swear to love and cherish at the sacred altar of Heaven, a profligate woman? Alas! was this all true, the virtues of Fitzroy, of which his friends so much boasted, all were counterfeit—not of sterling value, but most basely alloyed! Alas! could it be true?—Oh! no, no, no! it was calumny, mistake, misrepresentation. No, it could not, it certainly was not true. Servants could only judge by observation made at intervals; perhaps, too, when circumstances wore the most unfavourable appearances; and not knowing all—all that was amiable, all that could prove innocence immaculate, might be hid from their view; and fame might be sacrificed to the reports of vague, inaccurate observation:" and Julia smiled, in joy, at this conviction her heart had formed, to pacify her feelings.

In the morning, our heroine found Lady Delamore very, very sad. Lord St. Orville partook of his father's breakfast:—he went to him, with all the tenderest feelings of a brother animating his heart, to plead for his sister. All he could obtain (and great

was the influence which could obtain even that) was permission to go to Lady Theodosia, to offer her freedom, with a perfect restoration to her father's favour, on condition that, in the most decided unequivocal manner, she was to pledge herself to give up every idea of Major Mandeville for ever. But though her beloved brother wound round her heart, tortured, and made it thrill with the most tender sensations of duty to her parents, and grief for making her mother so unhappy, yet he could not, with all his fascinating eloquence, his melting, affectionate tenderness, subdue her firmness; for resolutely she refused her freedom, her restoration to her mother's presence, her father's favour, upon the terms proposed: and Lord St. Orville quitted her in grief unutterable: and his mother's distress was complete; for, since her brother failed to influence Lady Theodosia, all hope she now saw was lost, and her beloved daughter was to be from henceforth an alien to her father's heart.

Lord Delamore, though lured from his violence, and sullen gloom, by his son's gentle, resistless pleadings, yet his resent-

ment continued as inexorable, his resolution as steady, as when Lady Selina worked him up to his severity of conduct; and which now led him to arrange, that Lady Theodosia should continue in confinement until her coming of age should prevent his longer exercising such tyrannical authority over her, by which time, he doubted not, but her attachment would be subdued, or her upstart inamorato married to some other charmer: and he now issued orders, "that Lady Theodosia's name should never be mentioned to him, except by those who had the care of her; that she was to seem forgotten by all around him; that cheerfulness was to sit upon the faces of the family; and that the preparations for the approaching nuptials should go on with spirit, as he would not have the marriage of Lady Selina delayed an hour, upon her disobedient, degenerate, sister's account."

This latter decree was received with joy by all who wished for the departure of Lady Selina; but some of his commands were rather too arbitrary, to be easily complied with.—Hard, very hard, did Lady Delamore, Julia, and Lord St. Orville, find

it, to wear a face of cheerfulness while their hearts were grieved.

The day subsequent to Lady Theodosia's banishment, an express arrived from Fitzroy, now Marquis of Penmorva, to announce the death of the Duke of Bridgetower. To Julia was a short epistle, tender as grief and love could make it. He told her, "that for some time to come he should be detained from her, immersed in business, being left sole executor, and residuary legatee, to immense personal property; and that, unless any thing should occasion his brother's nuptials to be postponed, it would be impossible for him to attend them."

Ten days now dragged gloomily on, without any incident to mark them; Lady Theodosia still in confinement, and the recent death (though only a connection), with the approaching marriage, preventing the family from entering much into society: but each day brought to Julia, in defiance of business, a tender epistle from the new marquis, often entreating her advice upon many delicate questions.—The dowager duchess had been left only her jointure, which, though ample, the Marquis of Penmorva thought

insufficient, where so great a property had been left, and bequeathed to another branch, and not lineal descendants. Something handsome, he thought, ought to be hers, that she might have the power of bequeathing: and this, he earnestly consulted Julia upon; "as knowing her generosity, and delicacy of sentiment, so well," he said, "he felt that she would teach him how to act in the way most congenial to those her native feelings."—Then, many of the old domestics, he thought, had been left insufficient provisions, considering the increasing expenses of the time; many of the legatees, inadequate bequests; and, above all, the donations to charitable uses he considered, for such a sacred purpose, much too trifling, for so good, so great, and rich, a man to bequeath.

Julia was charmed to enthusiasm by these incontrovertible proofs of her lover's goodness of heart. Mrs. Wellford, Lady Enderfield, all, every shade, was lost, in this bright glow of virtue's colouring; and our young heroine, who so lately had been raised from the sorrows, the mortifications, of adversity, felt more joy, more pride, in

the excellences the heart of her lover now displayed, than in all the brilliant prospects opened to her view.

A few days prior to Lady Selina's nuptials, as Julia one morning was returning from a walk upon the beach with Mr. Temple, in crossing the high road to get into the park, she heard the sounds of violent sobbing near; when instantly, with her humane companion, she went to seek from whom they issued; and found an uncommonly beautiful little boy, sitting on the trunk of a felled tree, looking pale and exhausted, and weeping piteously. The moment our heroine accosted him, he seemed rejoiced, and attempted to rise, but could not.—

"I cannot stand, lady," said he, "and can go no farther."

"Where to go, would you, my pretty, poor, little boy?" asked Julia.

"To mammy, now."

"Where she, is?" said Julia.

"Up in heaven, the neighbours told me," he replied, his tears now flowing with increased violence.

"Alas! the poor babe!" said Julia.

"Have you no friends, my boy?" demanded Mr. Temple.

"I never had any friend, but mammy, sir."

"Oh! poor lamb!—How long time, I had friend none, but my dear, father!" exclaimed Julia, in a tone of sympathy, most forcibly awakened.—"You, you shall have one, much friend, in me, if you tell for me, where your home is, and I will carry you, to it."

"Oh! no, no, no, dear Lady! do not take poor Neddy home!—dad would kill me, for running away from him."

"What!" said Mr. Temple, "have you been so wicked, as to run away from your father?"

"Indeed, I have; but I did not run all the way, sir, for I could not—I was so weary."

"Where does your father live?"

"At W—d, sir."

"Why, that is at least six miles from this!" exclaimed Mr. Temple.

"'T is a long way, indeed; and that makes me so tired:—and am very hungry, too. I had no bread, all, and ever since, yesterday."

"Oh! poor innocent!" said Julia.—"But tell to me, why for, you left, you father?"

"Ah! sweet pretty lady! when you know you will not—will you now?—take me home. Dad is so cross, and so is Molly Thorn, they lick me every day, and give me nasty victuals; while they sit down to eat what's good, and smoaking, and clean:—and then Molly wears mammy's pretty clothes; and that quite breaks my heart, for I can't abear to see any thing that was mammy's now. But Molly was always naughty. When mammy was alive, Molly used to spend all dad's money for him, and send him home to lick poor mammy and Neddy. But mammy died: so Molly Thorn came home to live with dad; and then she said, 'I must go, and be a sweep:' and they found, oh! such a black and ugly sweep, to take me, he'd frighten you out of your very wits! So I screamed, and brought the neighbours in; and Molly and dad were so mad, they licked me sadly, and locked me into the cellar, where all the rats were: and so I heard old Sam Simonds say to dad, 'It

was a shame, for the boy was too young to be a weep-chimney; and,' says he, 'you'll make the boy run away from you, if you use him so.' And that it was, put it in my head; and so I crept out of the cellar window, as soon as light came, this morning, and so I walked, and ran, until I could go no farther. My shoes have not been mended since mammy died; and now they let the stones cut my feet until they bleed:——and so, I do n't know what to do!"

"Alas! what a much, piteous story, to make grief for one's very heart!" said Julia. "Come with me, poor fellow! and I will take you, not to your home, but mine; where I will give to you shoes, and bread, and all what you want, if good boy you are;" and she sat down by him, on the wood, and placed his head in her lap.

"Will you, will you, dear sweet lady? —Oh! I'll be very good;—and so you'll say, if you are kind to me. Mammy was always kind to me; and I did what she bid me, and would. But dad could never get me to do any thing.—Locking me in the cellar only made me stubborn.—Had he

patted my head, and said, 'Neddy, my good boy, go with the sweep,' I would have gone, though I trembled and cried all the way."

"Oh!" said Julia, looking expressively at Mr. Temple, "how I do wish, much, Lord Delamore was here!"

"What commands would Miss De Clifford, then, honour Lord Delamore with?" exclaimed his lordship, now coming up close to the little group. He had been walking on the cliffs, where there was a view down this lane; and, attracted by Mr. Temple and our heroine in conference with a child, he came down to join them, and, unperceived, arrived just in time to hear Julia's wish.

Our heroine was painfully embarrassed; she blushed, and grew pale, alternately; she trembled visibly; and her eyes sought the ground.

"What is the matter, with my sweet friend?" said his lordship, kindly taking her hand, and sitting down beside her.—"Surely my ears did not deceive me, and I heard you wish for my presence?"

"Very assuredly, you did, Lord Dela-

more; and my wish, and your so great deal, unexpected presence, coming as if for magic, have thrown me into, much awkward, situation: but distressing as it is, for me, I cannot, at all, make the prevarication;—and why for, should I seek, evasion? I ought not to feel shame, for the motive, that actuated, my wish. I may offend you; and that will be, for me, much grief, Lord Delamore.—I did wish for you, to hear what did say, this innocent; because I did very well feel, it would make effect, upon you."

"What were you saying to this lady, my pretty little boy?" said Lord Delamore, kindly, to Neddy.

"There!" exclaimed the boy, "if dad had spoken so to me, and looked so, I had gone with the sweep, though my heart might have broke for it:—but to lick me, and lock me up, was not the way to make me good, and do as he would have me.—— You don't lock up your little boys, to make them good, sir; for you know better. And beside, you don't know naughty Molly Thorn, to bid you do it."

Lord Delamore changed colour, and seemed considerably agitated; but still he kept

Julia's hand, whilst he asked the poor little sufferer several questions, which drew from him the same narrative he had given to Julia, with the following addition:—

"Mammy was poorly a great long time, and coughed very bad, and ate no victuals; and the bones grew sharp in her skin; and it was hard matter for her to crawl about, her side did ache so; and dad would not buy doctor's stuff for her, but made her go out to work, in rain or shine; and that used to make her cry so sadly, for she was not used to do it.—Oh! it made me cry too, because she did so!—At last, one day, mammy said, 'she could not go, for she was not able.' So dad licked her; and she went to field, and took me with her, to lean upon: and she tottered, and tottered, for all the world like a tipsy body; and she took up some wheat to bind; and all at once she caught me by the hand, sunk down upon the sheaf, pressed me close to her bosom, and in a minute she was dead:—'quite dead,' the women said, and left no one, in all the world, to cry for her, but Neddy! .... Oh! pretty lady! do you cry for mammy?"

"Indeed, I do, poor Neddy!"

The child instantly wiped his mouth very clean with his pinafort, caught Julia fast round the neck, and kissed her in a transport of gratitude.

"Poor babe!" said Lord Delamore, much affected, "yours is the first kindness he has ever experienced, except his unfortunate mother's. He has a grateful, feeling, heart, and shall not want protection."

"I did promise, to him, protection," said Julia. "But now, faint he is, for hunger, and fatigue.—May I not, take him to the castle, my lord?"

"Assuredly. And he shall be put into the orphan-school; for surely we must consider him as one. His father I shall see after to-morrow, and severely punish."

The child instantly caught Lord Delamore by the arm; his pale face at once tinted with the brightest flush of crimsons. —"Oh! no, no, no!" he exclaimed, "do not punish dad! for mammy loved him; and so would I, if he would let me: though Molly Thorn said, 'no, we hated him, and wished him dead.' It was Molly Thorn

who made him a bad man, and so unkind to mammy :—lick, lick her well ; but not poor dad !"

"O Heaven !" exclaimed Lord Delamore, starting from his seat, and walking a few paces in hurried motion.

"Come, boy, dear," said Julia, rising.

Neddy attempted again to rise, but could not.—"Oh, lady !" he cried, "and will you leave me ? I cannot follow you, my feet are so cut, for want of shoes ; or I would run after you, until I dropped, as mammy did."

"Leave you !" said Julia, tenderly clasping him in her arms : "indeed, not so cruel, am I. Come, I will carry you."

Lord Delamore at this moment, returning, snatched him from Julia.

"Let me carry him," exclaimed Mr. Temple, who had been infinitely affected by the poor babe's misfortunes.

"Why, so you may, Temple, for he is but a light burthen, though laden with so many sorrows.—Take him to Beville ; tell her, he is a child of Miss De Clifford's and mine," he continued, smiling, "whom we mean to vie with each other in kindness to.

Tell her, to give him food; to do something for his poor feet; and to have him made clean and neat against his parents arrive:—for I shall detain his lovely fostering mother in a lengthened walk, as I wish for a little uninterrupted conversation with her:—and tell my Emily, Temple, the boy is mine; and she will cherish him."

Lord Delamore now gave the child to Mr. Temple, and taking Julia's hand, drew it through his arm, and turned into a separate path from that which Mr. Temple took with his interesting little charge, who seemed quite in grief at leaving our heroine, until she promised he should see her very soon.

CHAPTER XI.

"How happens it, Miss De Clifford," said Lord Delamore, after they had walked a few paces in total silence, "that you, who are so inexperienced in the mazes of the world, both from your youth and seclusion from it, should possess powers almost supernatural to decipher the human heart, and have discovered in mine what the community at large, or the dearest relatives I have, cannot perceive:—that it possesses feeling—feeling most promptly to be worked upon, even to good purposes?"

"And how you know, Lord Delamore, this discovery has not been made, for others?" asked our heroine.

"Oh!" he replied, mournfully, "is not that most fatally proved to me? Does not the world despise me; and those I most fondly love shut their hearts against me, and only wound my peace with the continual performance of the chilling dictates

of duty? Infinitely more supportable would the mental sufferings of my life have been, had they opposed me in every thing;—had they followed their own inclinations in all things: then, if under the constant guidance of their own will, had they shewn me any kindness, I would gladly—oh! how gladly!—have welcomed it as a tribute of the heart, not the chilling ceremony of this frigid duty."

"I had, much hope, Lord Delamore, that all these, gloomy, sad, self-tormenting, great deal horrid, ideas, were gone, from your mind; and that now, you did look, with the unprejudiced eyes, you saw, you had for wife, for son, for daughter, those who would, much fondly love you, if you would permit it, for them. On the birth-day, of your dear son, when unclouded was your mind from those bad foes, for your peace,—who looked, and was so great deal happy, as Lord Delamore?—who conciliation made, with so resistless beneficence, giving to all, around him, gladness, as the now, choose-to-be-wretched, Lord Delamore? Who had wife, to look after him, whichsoever way he turned, with eyes so

filled, with the sweet approving, affectionate delight, as had, Lord Delamore?"

"Oh, Miss De Clifford! that was all a sweet delusion, that deceived you. The affections of Lady Delamore are not, never were, for me!—It was affection for her son, that irradiated her fascinating eyes; and if she cast an approving glance at me, it was because I was evincing tenderness for that son, who had risked my eternal displeasure for her sake: since, placing no confidence in my affection for his mother, St. Orville thought I should leave her with the paltry pittance of her jointure; when, Heaven is my witness, the moment I became possessed of my uncle's property, I made a will in favour of my Emily, bequeathing her a hundred thousand pounds, to be disposed of as her own inclination should dictate; and that testament I never did, I never will, revoke. Stung to the quick, at my adored son's suspicions of my love and generosity, I quarrelled with him, and, too indignant, too severely wounded, I sent him from me, without undeceiving him."....

"And left him, to believe, his bad sus-

picions, were of good, foundation," replied Julia, tears glistening in her eyes. "Oh, Lord Delamore! how great deal unjust, for yourself! how much cruel, for Lord St. Orville! Why deprive, of the estimation of the worthy, yourself, by concealment, of your much noble, generous soul, under the bad disguise, of unkind husband—the tyrannic father? When, had you, unveiled yourself, for his delighted view, with what of exulting, rapturous transport, would his heart, have made hail of his father!—with what, much great joyfulness, his arms expand, to clasp you, to his own, throbbing breast!—had not the shame, and contrition, for making suspicion, of you, overwhelmed him with sorrow, and withheld him."

"It would then, my dear Miss De Clifford! have been only what I had done, that would have touched his heart, not affection for me.—I would be loved for myself, and not my actions."

"What!" said Julia, "Lord Delamore, for your much frail, mortal clay? For my consideration, that self, the mind, which formation makes, of all our words, and

deeds, can give the inspiration only, for that affection, great deal worthy, of estimation."

"I am an unfortunate, disappointed man; and, from long habit, dwelling only on my miseries, I cannot now, I fear, be happy, even were happiness within my reach. I wish to be loved, independent of duty—of any adventitious circumstances. My children should have loved me instinctively: my wife should have loved me, faults and all!"

"For your faults, she, much certainly, does; as for your virtnes, she scarcely can, you take such exertion, to hide them for her. But why for, do you take up, all these bad thoughts again, to do great mischief, for your peace, when you had made stray, at last, into the very sure path, to lead you, for your happiness, Lord Delamore?"

"Oh! I have sad causes enough, to know, that, since my last illness, I have been deceiving myself into a belief that I might yet be happy:—that illness, solely brought on by hearing too unguardedly, from Selina, that my Emily's life was despaired of by her physicians! I made the vain attempt to go to her; but grief and

despair overpowered me, and at Dorchester I fell ill, was conveyed home insensible—oh! that I had remained so!—but it matters not; all I suffered, no one felt for me; and . . . . . But I wander from my purpose. That illness was so near proving fatal to me, that it made me think more seriously than I had ever in my life done before. I called myself severely to account, for all my actions; and felt convinced I merited the miseries I had suffered.—The life I have led has long, long been hateful to me. From the hour I married, I panted for domestic happiness; but that ever, ever shunned me! But when I believed myself deceived in the ardent affection Selina had ever before evinced for me—that she would not quit the path of pleasure to come to me, when I required her care; but that Theodosia, whom I ever conceived detested me, readily came, and quitted her own sick chamber, to be a tender nurse to me—I naturally thought I might have been deceived in all my associates, and that affection was where I had believed cold indifference dwelt, and that duplicity resided where long I had fancied love and friendship were

only to be found. But, that you may better comprehend all this, I will give you a candid history of my life, drawn up, in my thoughts, when I firmly believed myself upon the bed of death, therefore you may suppose it is impartial.—

"It was my misfortune, to be deprived of both my parents at an early age. My guardians thought they scrupulously fulfilled their duty, by providing for my education according to the most established modes, and by rigidly taking the best care of my property. My choice of companions was left to my own inclinations, and my moral conduct, to the chapter of accidents. In my juvenile days, I had a character of generosity; for then, the poor and needy flocked to my standard, drawing the ready contribution from my open heart, and ample means. By them—to whom, having nothing of interest to sway me, the undisguised sentiments of my bosom were ever open—it was soon discovered, that the first wish of my heart was, to be loved by all around me; and, to convince me that wish was gratified by them, they yielded to me in every thing, and flattered me so judi-

ciously, that I at length lost all recollection of the possibility of my erring. I had now no curb to my impetuosities; and all I said and did was extolled by my satellites, until I believed myself a demi-god, and that, 'the world was made for Cæsar.'

"In the midst of my wild career (in which, before I became of age, I had, by the aid of money-negociators, materially injured my paternal inheritance) I became acquainted with a most lovely, and—surely I may say—a most inestimable young woman (for she was then a very young woman, though some years older than myself), who had unfortunately been seduced by a villain, who basely deserted her, and left her a prey to poverty and repentance. Many men of rank and fortune had offered her protection; but she rejected all, resolving heroically to brave even poverty, and return to virtue and honest industry; until I happened to be introduced to her, when she became suddenly and violently attached to me, and her firm resolution of penitence was overthrown by her ardent affection for me: and so infinite was her tenderness, and so great her ascendancy over me, that my family

feared I should be so madly infatuated as to marry her.

"'But that they need not have apprehended. 'I had too much native pride, to give my coronet to a woman who had—however betrayed—forfeited her place among the honourable of her sex, or to degrade the blood of my ancestors by wedding a plebeian. However, they knew not my inflexible pride; and they, with a view of withdrawing my rapidly increasing partiality from Mrs. Monk, introduced me to my Emily.—Oh! it was magic, surely, operated on my heart!—one glance of her meek eyes, beautiful and timid, rivetted my soul for ever to her. Mrs. Monk, all, and every thing the world contained, but Emily, were erased from my heart. I offered myself, almost immediately, to her father, for her; never once conceiving any thing, but that, as Lady Emily had seen me, she must love me. I was as instantly accepted, by her father, for her. She made no objection, as *duty* called upon her to bestow her hand. We were united; and I vainly thought myself the happiest of the happy. But soon, alas! I was most cruelly undeceived! I soon

suspected my Emily's heart was cold to me; and, in terror, I asked her, 'if she did not love me better than any other being in existence ?'

"'No, indeed,' was her dreadful reply : 'I always exceedingly disliked strangers ; and I love my mother, my brother, my sisters, my old governess, my nurse, and even my father, though I so much fear him, all a great—great deal better than I do you, Lord Delamore.'

"'Then, why did you marry me, Emily ?' I asked her, in an agony of grief.

"'Oh! because it was my duty to obey my father.'

"Miss De Clifford, you, who love, can perhaps conceive something of the misery I suffered. Perhaps I was wrong ; and that I ought to have tried, by every tender assiduity, to win her young and guileless heart : but no, my mighty majesty was offended ; and, full of indignation, and wounded to the quick, I treated her with scorn, whilst my own heart was bursting. I had, as well as a haughty soul, the most ungovernable flow of animal spirits. To hide my wounded feelings, I gave them full

scope; and I rattled about, and dashed in and out of my angel wife's presence, with a degree of violence and volatility that terrified my gentle Emily; and, afraid of me, she would hide herself from me for hours together, like a frightened child, as she then was.

"In the bitterness of my disappointment, I flew to poor Monk (whom I had made a provision for, adequate to her merits; and had parted from, as I believed, for ever), and she evinced herself my attached and steady friend. My griefs were hers; and, interested only for me, and shocked and afflicted at my disappointment, and consequent wretchedness, her ardent affection led her on to hate my Emily, for inflicting misery upon me.—Oh! what floods of agonising tears has that excellent woman shed for my misfortunes! and how has all her life been devoted to exertions for the restoration of my happiness! She has been my confidential friend, my sole adviser: but, generally, she has proved an unfortunate counsellor; for what she has thought most likely to promote my happiness, has almost invariably had a contrary effect."

"So, I should, have supposition," said Julia; "since the woman, who had hate, for Lady Delamore, was not much likely, to make the promotion, of your happiness, with her."

"But it was not enmity to Emily, but love for me, which caused that hatred. For a length of time, I believed my Emily had been born without a heart: but the birth of Selina proved the contrary; her maternal affections burst forth, with the most beautiful and resplendent lustre. Never was there a more tender or adoring parent. Emily was too delicate in her own health, to allow me to suffer her to suckle our babe:—but better if I had; for she never rested, night or day, in anxiety, lest the nurse should not perform her duty. At this period, the late Lord Ashgrove was seized with his last illness. We were summoned to attend him; and, of course, the little nursling was left behind. Lord Ashgrove had scarcely been conveyed to the tomb of his progenitors, when an express arrived to call us to our child. Selina was in a dreadful scarlet fever. Nothing could keep Emily from the bedside of her child;

she watched by her night and day; and her tenderness and care brought her infant through it: but, alas! she caught the malady herself. I thought I should then have lost my Emily; and, though she loved me not, I was almost distracted.

"From this period, Selina, who had been before an uncommonly healthy, beautiful child, became comparatively plain, weak, and sickly, and unremitting was Emily's tender care of her.—Oh! I shall never, never forget, her sweet, affecting, maternal solicitude!"

"But Lady Selina has!" said Julia. This was her spontaneous thought; and she articulated it ere she was aware of doing so: she blushed, and felt conscious of an impropriety.

"She has!" replied Lord Delamore; "nor has her ingratitude been lost upon me. But this discovery of my Emily's sensibility, by so preciously enhancing her value to me, only increased my anguish in not being beloved by her. Poor Monk, ever feeling forcibly for my distress, now sought, with zeal, the cause which could withhold my wife's affections from me; and at length

—misguided woman!—unfortunately, in her fervent zeal for me, intimated, that she had heard 'Lady Delamore's heart was devoted to another.'—Oh, Miss De Clifford! how often have I impiously wished, that I had died in the long and obstinate swoon this dire intelligence threw me into! My former misery was happiness to my present anguish; and now—oh! now—I became a brute to Emily; and no frantic barbarian, who hated a wife, could treat her more unkindly than I did my Emily, whom I adored. But she bore all with submissive, uncomplaining meekness;—because duty told her so to do. But, in all my Argus-eyed tyranny, I could discover no favoured lover, though well convinced my wife was unhappy; and, from about the period she was nineteen, fatally believing it was unpropitious love that made her so.

"I say fatally, because that conviction induced me to adopt one of Monk's unfortunate projects;—which was, openly to forsake my Emily, and make the tour of Italy with her. This scheme was, with a view of bringing to certainty my suspicion of her secret love; for when left to herself, Monk

said, she would be off her guard, and a discovery of the favoured man most probably the consequence:—and my immaculate-hearted Emily was surrounded by spies! Whilst, on the other hand, Monk believed, were our suspicions unfounded, and that she had any dormant affection for me, this open dereliction of her, by arousing her jealousy, would inevitably call it forth. But, in every way, this project failed; and only overwhelmed me in still greater misery.

"The moment I abandoned my wife and children, Emily, from well knowing my long series of unfounded jealousy, perceiving the delicacy of her deserted situation, went with her babes to Black-tower abbey, and placed herself under the protection of my sister, Lady Frances Harcourt, one of the most rigid women in existence; and there secured herself from every censure: for, under the protection of her own indulgent mother, she believed she should not escape the suspicions of my jealousy.

"This proof of delicacy, and wisdom, in my wife, only increased my adoration, and misery; while my dereliction of her, was conviction to her that she had lost all hold

upon my affections; and, from this fatally mistaken belief, her every wish, her every effort, to return my love, ceased for ever. And now, mutually convinced of the frigid indifference of each, to the other, all hope of connubial love was lost, and my anguished heart consigned to everlasting despair.

"And now, Miss De Clifford, in the frensy of my anguish, I plunged again into my former dissipated courses; and while disgusted with the society, and recoiling from the pursuits, this led me into, I still persevered, hoping that in this detested path the pure image of my spotless Emily, dismayed at all that was thus ungenial to it, would forsake its station in my bosom; but—weak visionary that I was!—the image of Emily was interwoven with the very stamina of my heart, where, until life ceases, it must still remain.

"As my children grew up, to walk, and speak, I found they loved me not;—would scream, in despite of their mother's efforts to prevent them, at my appearance, and run even to the most hideous stranger, away from me. This I communicated to Monk, as fresh cause of affliction to me; and this,

she promptly undertook to remedy. Their attendants, she thought, through Lady Delamore's abhorrence of me, hated me in their turn, and taught my children their prejudices. Selina, and then St. Orville, at her earnest entreaty, I took to see her; and she strove, with her fascinating powers, to weed their minds of their dislike to me. With St. Orville, she never could succeed even to gain his favour for herself:—he early learned she was his mother's foe; and he scorned, detested her, and spurned her favours. Nor could all the methods she devised, and strongly urged me to pursue, to win, or frighten, him to her purpose, prevail: my noble boy was firm; and even cruelty (for, alas! I tried it) could not subdue him.

"With Selina, Monk was eminently successful:—she taught her young mind to believe me the first of human beings. She secured the affection of one of my children for me! and though with pain I saw she was not amiable, yet, through gratitude, I could not but overlook, or at least be lenient to, her many—alas! how many! and glaring!—faults, when she tenderly loved

me. My wife, my son, and Theodosia, loved me not:—those on whom my heart most fondly rested, had no affection for me: and how could I avoid being kind, and often, perhaps, too indulgent, to her, who seemed to consider my affection as her greatest blessing?

"In defiance of my mental sufferings, I enjoyed . . . . . No, I cannot say—enjoyed, for I had no joy through life: misery has been my portion! . . . . . . But I had excellent, uninterrupted health; until about two years ago, when, in consequence of his dreadful risk to save the fishermen, I nearly lost my Alfred:—then, then my constitution suffered. My heart first chilled with horror at the danger he had braved; then was tortured with the apprehension of losing him by illness. I beheld the anguish of my Emily; but she considered me not the partner of her sorrows;—I was not to aim at soothing them, nor was considered their participator. I saw the grief, and despair, of every one; but I was left, to feel my own. I had no commiseration;—no one, to unburthen my anguish to:——I had no friend! Selina was from home during her brother's illness: Holt was gone into

Suffolk, to attend the death and burial of his father: and even to ease my agonised heart, by unloading its burthen in the faithful bosom of Monk, I quitted not the castle, lest my child should expire in my absence, and I should lose the sad consolation of breathing that air which inhaled his last sigh.—O G—d in heaven! what misery was mine! yet no bosom felt compassion for me. Like the aggressor Cain, I wandered up and down, detested, abhorred, by all. My pillow I sought not; but paced my gloomy chamber, each night, in distracted anguish, until my child, the pride of my sorrow-stricken heart, was pronounced out of danger.—Then, oh! then, I received no congratulations!—no one believed they would be cordials to me. In grief, or in joy—all, all alike!—I had no one to sympathise with me!

"From the effect of misery, agitation, and fatigue (for innumerable were the miles I must have walked, in my anguish, though I never quitted the house), I fell ill—very ill. Selina was then returned, and was my careful nurse; but Emily came not near me! —she, she whom I had seen, in distracted,

tender, affection, watching bythe pillow of her child, came not near her sick husband! —but that husband she abhorred!....Well, well, it pleased Heaven, that I should annoy the world a little longer with my hated life. I recovered that illness; and had mistress puss escaped from death, it could not have been borne more philosophically than mine was by my family. Even Lady Delamore, on our first meeting (though I was a spectre, to move compassion), received me with a frigid, stately air, as if I had given her some recent heinous offence. It was not like my Emily:—but *I* was the object of this reception!.....

"This is the history of my wretched life: and now to bring you, once more, to what I thought its termination—my last illness. ——From the time Theodosia came, and evinced, what I fondly thought was, real affection for me, my bosom entertained the most ungenerous suspicions of poor Monk; whom I hastened to upbraid, the moment I was able to call upon her. Then, then she told me, what I already mentioned to you, of Theodosia's fear of losing much of her pomp and consequence by my death actu-

ating her sorrow, and attentive care of me. But though this intelligence fretted me, and irritated my nerves to a violent degree, making me peevish and unamiable to Theodosia, I was not thoroughly convinced of its truth ; and what you said, upon the subject, was cordial joy to me : and from the day of St. Orville's arrival, until the one of that insolent Mandeville's insulting proposal, I have been a deluded visionary, looking for happiness, and believing I everywhere saw its welcome approach.——But, oh, Miss De Clifford ! what a terrible drawback have I received ! How can I still flatter myself that Alfred loves me—that my Emily does not still abhor me—when Theodosia, she whom I thought so guileless, could play such an artful part ?

"When the express arrived in town, to announce my dangerous illness (which was delayed, until I no longer had power to order Holt not to send it), Selina was gone, with her mother, to Hampstead; when that subtile Lady Ennerdale advised Theodosia to avail herself of her sister's absence, and come down herself, in Selina's place, to be

my nurse, stamping on my mind the impression of my elder daughter's unkindness, and my younger's duty and affection, that I might be induced to add a codicil to my will in favour of Theodosia. She came to me, as you know; acted her part to a miracle; and my poor Selina, whilst I was reprobating her conduct, was, by being with her mother, from whom it was judged necessary then to conceal my illness, in total ignorance of it; and when she discovered it, her aunt so touchingly pleaded for her not to betray her sister, that she was lured into compliance, and bore all my reproaches and my coolness to her in silence, regarding her promise as sacred, until she feared the final loss of my affection; and that alone induced her, through the persuasion of poor Monk (who, from my having omitted to call upon since the return of my son, grieved herself into a fit of illness), to confess the truth to me;—and whilst I was smarting under the agony this intelligence, of the duplicity of my child, was the moment in which Lady Theodosia sent her plebeian lover to make his *flattering* proposals for her."....

Julia, who was sensibly affected by Lord Delamore's distressing narrative, now timidly said—

"Why for, if Lady Delamore so abhors you, was there fear, at all, to tell to her, you were sick, to die, Lord Delamore?"

"For the love of Heaven!" exclaimed Lord Delamore, now absolutely shaking with agitation, "raise not any thing like hope in my bosom of my Emily's affection for me; since it is nothing, nothing but delusion, to make me feel the anguish of disappointment still more direfully.——Oh! no, no, no! she regards me not;—her so retarding her return to me, too plainly evinced it!"

"But, dear, my lord! I did once before, tell you, Lady Delamore, was not retarder, of our journey. I did, myself, help that mischief, by staying too long, to weep my adieus, in Russel-street. But Lady Delamore, the impatient one, was, to get to Delamore castle: she said, 'you would, expectation have, for her to come, at one particular hour, and'. . . ."

"Would not disappoint me!—Ah! that

was duty—freezing, rigid duty!" said Lord Delamore, deeply sighing.

"Who, but Lord Delamore," replied Julia, reproachfully, "would deem it for grief, to have, the dutiful wife?"

"Duty, Miss De Clifford, is not to be found, I affirm, in the vocabulary of equalised affection. Duty speaks inferiority:—submission from man, to the Deity; from us, to our king, to our laws; from the low, to the high: but from the wife of my bosom, the chosen of my heart, I cannot, cannot bear it! The impulse of affection is ever prompt to perform its part, ere formal duty can find out the most conscientious method of proceeding."

"Oh!" exclaimed Julia, with feeling equal to Lord Delamore's, "that you would permit for me, to tell to Lady Delamore, all your sufferings!"

"Never, never, I conjure you!" said Lord Delamore, with impressive solemnity: "for then the *duty* of humanity would lead her to pity, and be all that is tender and kind: but that would be no cordial to my heart—it would not be the impulse of affection."

"Alas!" cried Julia, tears flowing faster down her cheeks, "you must be born again, lose half, your much sensitive feelings, ere you can be, more happy. But I do wish, you had not told for me, this so sad, story, of your sorrows, when thus, in bad purpose determined, to retain them. Indeed, are you, fastidious man; and you are much selfish too: you make encouragement, of this refinement of feeling, until you make wretched, others too. Think you Lady Delamore, has not feeling?"

"No feeling of tenderness for me!"

"Then, why for, she shed so many, much of tears, when she talked of, the estrangement, of your affection; or taught for her, such touching eloquence, when paint she did for me, the feeling, and much virtues, of that heart, Mrs. Monk had captivation made, from her?—Oh! Lord Delamore, when I was admitted, for inmate, in your family, Lady Delamore knew, how much for impossibility, it was, that I should not see, and make remarks great many; and perhaps to hear, from those who might not deal, with the good candour, of you, all secrets, much painful, of the family; so she

did tell to me, of her misery herself: and your own Emily, Lord Delamore, it was, who led for me, not to fear, or hate you; but to esteem, and wish, you loved, your wife. Oh! I could tell you, something, of what she said; would not, my so much bad English, mar its good purpose. But, think for yourself, all, that was beautiful, for language;—all that was sweet, and kind, and partial, from the heart, and told with feeling, all of such impression, it called my tears, to hear it;—and that was what, your Emily said, of you, Lord Delamore."

Agitation, now almost too painful to sustain, pervaded the whole frame of Lord Delamore: he was compelled to catch at a tree, to support himself from falling: and it was many minutes ere he could rally his firmness, or acquire the power of articulation: at length, tremulously, he said—

"What you have said, comes so like truth from you, that I cannot doubt it.—Oh! what, what could have actuated Emily, to speak so kindly of me?"

"How I do wish," said Julia, with touching energy, "I was magician, for once!—I would with you, and Lady Delamore, Lord

St. Orville, and Lady Theodosia, run away to my impregnable castle; where I would seclude you, of every thing, but each other. There, no one should come, with the bad purpose, to make, perversion, for your judgment; and soon you would find affection, was for you, and happiness, and every blessing."

"Oh! would to Heaven," exclaimed Lord Delamore, "that you were one of those blessings, by belonging to my family!—that your heart was Alfred's, and Alfred's, yours; and that you two were one!—and that you could take my Emily and me, with you and Alfred, to this enchanted castle, in which, was my apartment a dungeon, could I find there the affection of my wife and son, it would be heaven to me!"

"But why for, my dear Lord Delamore," said Julia, mournfully, "you do make exclusion, of poor Lady Theodosia?"

"Because, my dear Miss De Clifford, that Lady Theodosia has done every thing in her power to shut my heart against her."

"Oh! not say so, my lord!"

"What think you, my amiable young friend!" said Lord Delamore, taking from

a pocket-book a card, on which was sketched a frightful and ill-executed likeness of himself—"What think you, in addition to that mean duplicity I have just recounted, of her caricaturing her father, for the pastime of Lord Ennerdale's table, where I am always scoffed at and ridiculed?—Exerted her pencil in this amiable way, for the amusement of a large company! Emily was not present; but Selina was, who was near fainting, so infinitely was she shocked; however, she had sufficient self-possession to slip the card into her pocket, and saved her father from further ridicule.

"Can you, after all this, consider my conduct cruel towards her; or, that what passion first dictated, I should, since apprised of this amiable performance, persevere in? No, Miss De Clifford, a child who could caricature her own parent, for the ridicule of strangers, has not such a mind as our little *protegée*. Hers cannot be that generosity of soul, that would turn indignantly from severity, and bend at the slightest touch of kindness."

"Lady Theodosia does draw, in style very exquisite," said Julia.

"Oh! yes; and how vain was I of her excellence!—little conceiving she would so degrade her talents."

"You think this, for the performance, of good artist?"

"Why, certainly, it is very vilely done; not—not as Theodosia usually sketches, even in her worst way."

"Lady Theodosia has wit, humour, and whim, for every thing, for ridiculous, to strike her, with much force; but here, not wit, nor humour is. All the whim, and genius of her mind, has, at one time, so cruelly forsaken her. For in my thought, would have been, to look for, in the caricature, made by Lady Theodosia, action of force, for the figure; and wit, and whim, and meaning, for the design."

"It is very evident, Miss De Clifford, that you are convinced of this not being the performance of Theodosia; and your reasons are so conclusive, they almost convince me:—but, lo! we are arrived at the castle, and Temple's coming out to meet us. ———I believe, I have been wrong in my conduct towards Theodosia. That interesting child, as you expected, has strangely

affected me; and you have staggered a belief, that was firm before, as conviction could make it. I will now retire to my closet, and commune with my own thoughts; and if I feel convinced I have been too harsh, you shall know it."

Mr. Temple now approached, and told our heroine "he had left her *protegée* in Mrs. Seabright's room, in the care of Mrs. Beville, and that he was all-anxious impatience to see her."

Julia now took leave of Lord Delamore, who proceeded to his private closet; and she hastened to the housekeeper's room, where she found her *protegée* in great state, seated in Lord St. Orville's lap, one arm (quite unconscious of distinction) around his lordship's neck, telling his artless tale of sorrow, to his kind, tender, and sympathising supporter. The moment Julia appeared, joy illumined the languid eyes of the child, and called its rosy blush into his pale cheeks; he attempted to run to meet her, but could not.

"No," said Mrs. Beville, "I told you, you must not stand for a day or two, until your feet get well."

Lord St. Orville took him on his knee again; and Julia sat down beside them, when, finding the little fellow had not yet been able, from his excess of joy at meeting so much kindness, to eat any of the very nice food Mrs. Seabright had provided for him, she drew the table on which it was laid before her, and half playfully, and half by winning persuasions, got the poor exhausted child to eat some chicken, and drink a little wine, which Mrs. Beville prescribed for him as a renovating cordial.

Whilst Julia was, with sweet seducing tenderness, beguiling this poor babe into taking nourishment, and Neddy prattling his innocent remarks and thanks to her, she suddenly raised her eyes, and beheld Lord St. Orville intently gazing at her, with an expression in his countenance that infinitely surprised her.—

"What can this mingled look, of melting tenderness and deep dejection, mean, thus glanced at me?" she thought. "Oh! for surely, it is because, as her much friend, I give him painful remembrance, of Cecilia." In averting her eyes from Lord St. Orville she observed the mutually significant lan-

guage of Mrs. Bèville's and Mrs. Seabright's eyes, as they looked from his lordship to each other, with a wise shake of the head, as if they had made, at that moment, a painful discovery. Julia deeply blushed, for she instantly perceived the nature of their thoughts; and she felt grieved and shocked, at such an idea, even though, in her own mind, she had the firm conviction that their belief was totally without foundation; and so much did this unpleasant suggestion agitate and disconcert her, that she felt most happy at the relief Lucy came now to afford her, in a summon to go and dress for dinner.

CHAPTER XII.

At dinner, Julia perceived, with infinite pleasure, that though Lord Delamore was grave, his seriousness was unmingled with sullenness; and that the tone of his voice was sweeter, and his manner more benign to every one around him, than they had been since the unfortunate application of Major Mandeville.

With the dessert, Neddy (now rigged from the repository, and refreshed by food and two hours' sleep), at the desire of Lord Delamore, was carried in by Holt, to be introduced to Lady Delamore, who had been prevented from making him an intended visit before dinner, by his profound slumber.

The beauty of the child, his premature understanding, his interesting and engaging manners, so far above what his birth and situation naturally sanctioned, so absolutely fascinated every one (except Lady Selina,

who liked nothing artless, or unlike herself), that all seemed contending for the gratification of his notice; and he now appeared in the high-road to become spoiled, as the plaything and pet of a great house. Julia, whom he called his "pretty, pretty, dear, sweet, lady," was incontestibly his prime favourite; but Lord St. Orville, anxious in an evident degree to fondle and please him, seemed to promise fair to be her rival; and Lord Delamore, as being one of the first who shewed him kindness, was particularly distinguished by the grateful boy; who, as he sat in his lordship's lap, unrestrainedly bestowing his infantine caresses, he frequently, as he stroked his lordship's cheek, told him, "he would love him dearly, if he would not punish dad."

The innocent caresses of this child of Nature, Julia saw, with infinite pleasure, sensibly affected Lord Delamore. They were unquestionably the guileless effusions of growing affection; and they touched his lordship, softening in his heart the gloomy torturing belief, that no one, but Lady Selina and Mrs. Monk, could love him.

When the gentlemen appeared in the 'drawing-room, after dinner, Lord Delamore sat down between Lady Delamore (who had now the happy Master Neddy on her knee) and our heroine, and entering into a playful and lively conversation with them, made Julia heave a mental sigh, that a man who could so sweetly unbend, and possessed such fascinating graces, should ever play the tyrant; and suffer sensitive feeling to conquer reason, and lead him from that happiness he was so anxious to obtain. Lady Delamore listened to him in amazed delight; and had her two deservedly favourite children been now happy, she would have considered this one of the sweetest hours of her life.

Edward (as his protectors now chose to call him), too, seemed inspired, like Lord Delamore, with a wish to please; and, determined to exert all his little powers to succeed, told Lady Delamore, "he would sing her such a pretty song, as she had never heard the like of; which his uncle William, the sailor, had taught him." Upon receiving encouragement, he instantly be-

gan, and sung, with wonderful melody and correctness—

'*There liv'd a jolly miller once,*' &c. &c.'

And the burden of the miller's song seemed Edward's too; for, over and over again, he repeated—

'*I'll care for nobody; no, not I:—*
'*If nobody cares for me.*'.....

"'But now," said the boy, suddenly ceasing, "Neddy cares for every body; since every body cares for Neddy."

"'That miller was a good philosopher," said Sir Charles.

"Of the sect of Zeno, I think," replied Lady Delamore.

"My dear aunt!" returned Sir Charles, "I do not think his maxim argued a want of feeling;—at least, I hope not, as it has been pretty much my maxim too.. Indeed, I think it totally impossible to love any one (at least, for more than a short flight of fancy) who loves you not in return."

"Oh!" said Lady Delamore, with a half-repressed sigh, but in a tone that spoke the testimony of the heart, "how enviable is your disposition, Charles, to enable you to meet indifference with indifference! But, still, I think it singular, to meet such stoicism in a feeling mind."

"Well!" replied Sir Charles, "I am certain I possess feelings:—and yet, I acknowledge myself a stoic in this respect: and happy that I am so; for nothing, surely, is greater misery, than to love where one is not beloved again."

"It is wretchedness!" said Lord Delamore, in a tone of such impressive pathos, it plainly told it was the voice of deeply-wounded experience that spoke. Lady Delamore was sensibly affected, and looked with tender solicitude upon her lord; a tear of sympathy increased the radiancy of Julia's eyes for him, and for Lord St. Orville, who precipitately retreated into the grounds, through an open door near which he sat, and, by hastily averting his face, attempted to hide the visible emotion of his ever-speaking countenance.

"Oh!" said Edward to Lord Delamore,

who had, the moment he uttered his last sad sentence, snatched the child from Lady Delamore to his bosom, to hide his own emotion by caressing Edward—"Oh! what do you cry for?—'Tis only tiny boys that cry, not big men. Fie upon you! you wet my cheek, with such a great tear—and another—and another! Fie! that's like a little boy—like me, when I had nobody to love me."

"My dear Theodosius!" said Lady Delamore, with affectionate anxiety, and tenderly taking his hand.

The tenderness of Lady Delamore's voice and action; the expression of interest conveyed in her short sentence; the calling him by his christian name, an appellation he remembered not to have ever fallen from her before;—inspired such sudden hope and joy, they almost overwhelmed him. His feelings were too powerful to give way to in that moment; nor would he, without more certainty to build his hopes on: and fearing even to speak one word, lest it should betray him before witnesses he wished not to confide in, he suddenly started from his seat, leaving Lady Delamore to

sigh with regret, that now, as ever, the confidence of her lord was not for her; and was about to make his escape, too, into the grounds, when Lady Selina prevented him, by asking his permission to attend him in his walk, having something to consult with him upon.

"I am not in a humour now, for private consultations, Lady Selina," he replied, in an agitated voice. "What you have to say, need not, surely, be kept secret from the party assembled."

Julia instantly arose, to leave the room; and so did Mr. Temple: but Lord Delamore would not permit their departure; and Lady Selina, enraged and disappointed, literally burst into a passion of tears; while Sir Charles, ashamed of his choice, and disgusted more and more with her conduct, secured a retreat into the grounds.

"It is very hard, I must say, that my father should refuse to his own child, what he granted to the fascinating Miss De Clifford this morning—a *tête-à-tête* walk;" sobbed out Lady Selina.

"I am in no humour for unpleasant com-

munications," replied Lord Delamore; "if yours are otherwise, speak them here; for I am sure it will give your mother satisfaction, to hear any thing pleasing from you."

Lady Selina, still more offended, the effervescence of her rage was visible; and convulsively she sobbed out—"It was very hard, to be compelled to speak of her concerns, before the public:—but that was not *all* she had to complain of; for she must say, it was peculiarly cruel to force her, just upon the point of taking the most important step of her life, with her mind naturally occupied by serious, and—she was not ashamed to own it—pious reflections, to think of every trivial matter relative to the approaching ceremony. There were people whom natural affection ought to lead to arrange every thing; but not having such affection, it was strange that common humanity, or even a regard for the opinion of the world, did not operate; and not to compel her, with so much weighty matter to oppress her, to think of who, of her own sex, were to attend her to church. It was

by mere accident she thought at all of it; and now it was almost too late to procure her bridemaids."

"You glance at me, Selina, I perceive, in your oblique reproaches," said Lady Delamore, with much emotion; "yet I do not think I quite merit them. When the period was fixed for your marriage, I did not forget I was your mother; but, with all the kindness that character could inspire, I requested to know from you what arrangements I could make for your nuptials, most congenial to your wishes?—Your reply made too deep an impression on my mind, easily to be forgotten. You told me—'Not to trouble myself in your concerns; for the arrangements for your nuptials would be more to your satisfaction, if free from my interference.' After such a chilling repulse from my child, given with a repellant coldness that wrung my heart, who can censure me for being passive?" . . . . and the tears, which Lord Delamore's agitated distress had brought into her eyes, no longer to be restrained, trickled down her cheeks. Lord Delamore silently resumed his seat beside

her, took her in his arms, and wiped away her tears.

Our heroine perceived, with the most heartfelt satisfaction, the deep impression the tender interest Lord and Lady Delamore had suffered to escape them for each other, had made upon both; and, eager for some happy explanation, which she thought the moment favourable for, was just about to ask Mr. Temple to assist her in carrying her *protegée* to Lucy, when Lady Selina prevented her further wish to depart, by interrupting the tender and auspicious meditations of her father. She, too, had made her observations, but with a malignant eye; and, dreading any consequences inimical to her selfish policy, she requested to know, from his lordship, "whom he should most approve of, in the neighbourhood, for her bridemaids?"

"Your bridemaids are surely too obvious, Lady Selina," he replied, in rather a peevish tone—his anger at her insolent and unkind repulse to his Emily, increased by her now interrupting his bright visions of hope's creation—"to require any consultation up-

on the subject.—Miss De Clifford, the ward of your inestimable and gallant uncle Ashgrove, the inmate of your father's house, and who is so shortly to become your relative, by her marriage with your husband's brother, is surely the person first marked out, of all the world, for . . . . . ."

"But, my lord," exclaimed Lady Selina, boiling with vexation, "I thought, upon such occasions, it was always a friend who was selected?"

"Have you a friend?" her father asked, with stern severity.

"Certainly I have not," she replied, bursting into a new agony of indignation's tears, "since I have lost the regard of a once kind, affectionate, and indulgent father!"

"I have been, certainly, a most indulgent father to you," Lord Delamore replied, with impressive feeling; "and by that infatuated indulgence, I fear, I have nourished those failings in you, which now burst forth too conspicuous for me longer to throw the veil of partiality over them, or strive against conviction, to hide them from my view. I have been wilfully, not absolutely, blind to

them. It was not the natural feeling of my heart, that led me on to select you as my favoured child; as, from your earliest days, I saw, with pain and grief unutterable, the manifold defects in your disposition—so ungenial to the mind of your mother, your brother, and, I trust I may add, my own. But you were the only one, alas! of my children, who regarded me; and, grateful to you for that abundant share of affection you cherished for me, I was partial to excess. I forbore to correct your manifest plebeian propensities: I eagerly gratified your every wish. I laid no restraint upon you; nay, such ascendancy you acquired over me, that for many a year you almost led me; and, unconscious to myself, I weakly suffered your inclinations to govern mine: and so infatuated was I by the flattering endearments of my child, I saw nothing of self-interest in your actions—until one hour before dinner, this very day..... You start in terror, Lady Selina; and so did I in horror, upon the introduction of suspicion into my mind.......You precipitately forced your way into my retirement, the moment after the writings of your mar-

riage settlements arrived. Too eagerly you put to me the question of—What your portion was to be? Too unequivocal was the look of chagrin and disappointment you evinced, when you learned how infinitely short of the whole of my personal property was the part secured to you. I made no comment on the moment, Lady Selina;—but all was noted in my heart.

"My suspicions once awakened, beware how you proceed. I have a scrutinising eye upon you:—I will hear no insinuations against that incomparable mother, you have deserved not to be blessed with; whom, in the moment of maternal kindness, you so irreverently, and unfeelingly, insulted. I will have no reflections cast upon those I favour. I will listen to no mean, artful, plebeian inuendoes;—nothing that savours of the wily serpent. I will have Lady Selina Southerland, and Lady Selina Stratton, candid, honourable; above malice, or insidious designs; or—she becomes an alien to her father's heart.

"To the point you have now consulted me upon, my answer is—Miss De Clifford, and your sister, are your bridemaids."

"My sister! my lord!" exclaimed the dismayed and amazed Lady Selina, scarcely repressing a scream of terror.

"Yes, madam," his lordship replied, with stern emphasis; "Miss De Clifford, and Lady Theodosia Southerland, are your bridemaids; or—Lord Delamore is not your father."

"My lord, your will is mine," faltered out Lady Selina, pale, and trembling in alarm and vexation.

The tear of pity had trickled down the cheeks of Lady Delamore, for her unworthy daughter's humiliation; but one of joy came from her heart, and sweetly mingled with it in its course, on the unexpected intimation of Lady Theodosia's liberation being thus implied.

Our heroine was no unmoved hearer of the justly severe rebuke of Lord Delamore to his elder daughter, and his implied forgiveness of the younger. The moment she perceived the nature of his address to Lady Selina, she made another effort to depart, in delicate consideration for her; but Lord Delamore, hastily catching her hand, detained her, a most unwilling captive; and

the moment Lady Selina had murmured out her acquiescence, he addressed Julia :—

"Miss De Clifford," said his lordship, "you, and our interesting little *protegée*, are evidently of opinion, that it is bad policy to exact obedience. You think, the generous mind, recoiling from severity, becomes firm to its own will ; but to kindness it bows submissively, and will yield up even happiness to the voice of gentleness. We will put this opinion to the test. Will you have the goodness to take this key (which I am grieved to think I ever used against the liberty of my child), and give freedom to your friend ? Tell her, 'that henceforth her will she is to consider as unconfined as her person ;—she acts, in future, for herself: —but that, by her actions, I shall learn, how she prizes the favour, the affection, the last blessing, of her father.'"

Julia had taken the key, and risen from her seat, with a heart thrilling with joy ; but the solemn conclusion of Lord Delamore, struck her with awe, and made her tremble with apprehension of Lady Theodosia not possessing firmness and duty sufficient to give her lover up for ever. And

Julia's heart was full of grief, at having (though she was to give her friend the blessing—liberty) to communicate the dreadful alternative, that doomed her to the misery of disappointed love, or to the horror of being an alien to her father's heart and blessing.

A mutual glance of sympathetic feeling was painfully interchanged from the humid eyes of Lady Delamore and Julia: the latter bowed her compliance with his lordship's request, and silently quitted the room, to go with the mingled speed and tardiness the half-pleasurable, half-painful, import of her embassy awakened; and fervently she wished Lord St. Orville had been deputed by his father to go alone on this mission, or to have been the companion in it. She thought the resistless sweetness of his manner, would beguile the unpleasant part of the intelligence of half its bitterness; his tender affection, the magic—the fascination of his voice, his words, his own example, would lure his sister on to duty, and rob the sacrifice of half its poignancy. Just as these ideas and wishes were passing in her mind, she met Lord St. Orville in

the gallery, which led alike to Lady Theodosia's apartments and his own, whither he had flown, as to a sacred sanctuary, to indulge his grief in, on the appearance of Sir Charles Stratton in the very part of the lonely wood she had retired to.

The moment Julia beheld his lordship, she started, blushed with satisfaction, and raised her humid eyes, now emanating rays of timid joy. Lord St. Orville coloured too; his eyes beamed with resplendent radiance. Julia's looks were now cast down: his lordship grew pale; his eyes, losing their sudden flash of animation, sunk in languid sadness, and to articulate more than a sigh, he found impossible.

Julia hastily chased her momentary embarrassment, or rather surprise, at the unexpected appearance of Lord St. Orville, with a countenance lit up so brilliantly; and communicated to him the painful embassy she was engaged in, and requested his assistance. Together, now, they proceeded to the door of Lady Theodosia's dressing-room: they paused a few moments, both equally agitated, and anxious not to affect the lonely prisoner with too sudden a sur-

prise; at length they gently tapped at the door, and Lady Theodosia demanded, "Who was there?"

"Your friends," Julia replied.

"Julia De Clifford! my sweet, beloved, Julia De Clifford!—Heaven is kind to me! —Oh! I thought I was never, never to hear that voice again!" exclaimed her ladyship, in a tone of almost frantic joy.

"My much, dear, Lady Theodosia, pray make moderation, for your feeling, or I will go away; for very sure I am, if my voice, can so great deal affect you, you will not, at all, bear the surprise, for seeing me."

"Seeing you!—Gracious Providence!— When? Where?—Speak! oh, speak!"

"Here, in not long time.—Even now, if you will have calmness."

"Oh! for pity sake, remove this hateful barrier, and let me, let me embrace you!" exclaimed Lady Theodosia, impetuously shaking the door, which Lord St. Orville now hastily opened, and his sister flew into his arms. Julia next shared her affectionate embrace; and every painful thought was, for some time, lost in the joy of meeting.

At length our heroine warily began, and

was affectionately assisted by Lord St. Orville, in communicating her mission to Lady Theodosia; who heard them, kindly and tenderly, announce her father's message, with down-cast looks, a bosom heaved with agitation, and a countenance pale with grief and despair; and it required all the soothing eloquence of her brother, the gentle pleadings of Julia, to calm her agonised feelings, and persuade her to quit her prison, on such dreadful terms. But go, or remain in it, the alternative was still the same; for there, as at large, her own will was to guide her: and still they hoped, her altered, dejected appearance, would affect Lord Delamore, and induce him, at length, to make her happy.

Lady Theodosia, subdued by their affectionate persuasions, at last yielded; and for one moment appeared happy, at the idea of being restored to her mother's presence; but in the next, her reluctance returned, and seemed for a time invincible.

"To-morrow—to-morrow," she said, "she would leave her room; her spirits would then be more equal to it: now, overpowered by surprise, and a decree so dreadful, she

had not firmness enough to meet the embraces of her mother, to encounter the stern glances of her father; and any allusion to her late confinement, or to her attachment, would kill her quite."

Lord St. Orville now undertook to arrange it with her parents, that they were to meet her without bestowing any particular mark of attention on her, no more than if they had parted the last hour. Lord and Lady Delamore readily and gladly assented to this request, which their son made as his own; and after some further difficulties and scruples to overcome, Lord St. Orville and Julia conducted the terribly-agitated Lady Theodosia into the presence of her parents. With downcast looks, the poor enlarged prisoner took the first seat she came to, nor dared to raise her eyes; had she done so, she would have been subdued by the agitation, the sympathising feeling, her father, as well as her mother, evinced upon her entrance.

Julia again found little Edward a most ufeful auxiliary. She introduced him to Lady Theodosia, telling his story, with the omission of those parts she thought would

affect Lord Delamore. She shewed off all his entertaining talents, and her own sweet, kind, and considerate ones; by contriving, as if by the aid of imperceptible magic, to draw the father, mother, son, daughter, into conversation with herself, upon matters of no importance, yet of sufficient interest to answer her purpose. And the ice once broken, Julia hoped the chill of embarrassment and reserve would gradually melt away; but with ineffable grief of heart she perceived Lady Theodosia did not converse so aptly as the others, for she was pensive, melancholy, and became sadder and sadder, and more abstracted, every passing moment; and when the hour of separation for the night arrived, she retired to her apartments, if possible, more agitated and dejected than she had quitted them.

The succeeding day brought with it no increase of gaiety;—all was sombre sadness. The laughing loves and graces had totally forsaken Lady Theodosia, whose lately blooming countenance was now pale with care; her bosom heaved the frequent sighs of painful thought, and her mournful voice,

and agitated manner, told a mind that was full of deep inquietude.

Lady Delamore had now to grieve for the lost happiness of her two most deserving children, and to mourn for the degeneracy of the other; while the too-apparent sorrow of her lord, added to the anguish of her bosom.

The dejection of Lord St. Orville scarcely admitted of increase; yet sympathy for his beloved sister's sorrows most certainly augmented it: and the increase was visible to an accurate observer; which the gratitude of Julia to the preserver of her life, had taught her to become with anxious, tender, pity.

The nuptials of Sir Charles were one day nearer; and his augmented melancholy was the natural consequence. Mr. Temple felt for all; but he was a man of quiet manners, who could participate in cheerfulness, but never promote it.

Julia, deeply interested for all, grieved at their distress, and, shocked to observe every one indulging in such profound melancholy, now, from kindness to all, rallied

her own sympathising spirits, and, with a view to cheer them, became—what Nature made her, but what cruelty and misfortune had early damped—lively and playful to a fascinating degree. Now she thought the case was desperate, she exerted herself to the utmost extension of her powers to be entertaining, and to beguile her companions from the contemplation of their sorrows. Her feeling, kind, solicitude, aided her natural powers, and she became most eminently successful.

Without seeming to obtrude her conversation upon any one, she attracted the attention of all. The sweetness, and unaffected *naïveté*, of her manner, gave interest to all she said and did. Innumerable were her lively and whimsical sallies, and playful freaks, with little Edward;—still inimitable grace accompanied every action. No air of confidence attended even her happiest efforts to entertain; therefore the effect was always pleasing, and the distortions of affectation she never knew. She now entered more minutely than she had ever before done upon the itinerant life she had led with Mrs. St. Clair. She accurately, and with

the glowing touches of an enthusiastic, able artist, painted, and brought before the vision, each beautiful landscape she had viewed; humorously described the strange and motley characters she had been doomed to mix among; and introduced her attentive auditors to the different monasteries she had been resident in: recounting numberless interesting, several ludicrous, some extraordinary, and many affecting, anecdotes and incidents she had heard of and witnessed in each. Every one almost, now, seemed to hang on Julia's accents, as the talismanic power that was to save them from the misery of reflection; and every one encouraged her to goon, eagerly entreating her to tell more, and still more: and she, happy, most happy, to lull the pangs of grief, with glowing cheeks, and eyes sparkling in the mild radiance of philanthropy, complied, still with increased effect, according with her amiable wishes.

Lord and Lady Delamore listened in delight, and trembled for the hour of separation, when painful, melancholy thought, no longer fascinated, would recur, with all its tortures; felt more sensibly, after being

so beguiled. Sir Charles Stratton now thought of nothing upon the earth's wide surface, but Julia De Clifford. Lady Theodosia was often charmed from her sad reflections; was sometimes interested; often entertained; and more than once Julia robbed her of a smile. Lord St. Orville lost not a word, or action, of our heroine's; his undeviating attention was rivetted on her: yet she had the pain to find, that now, as ever, her most animated exertions to amuse him, and steal him from his griefs, had the contrary effect, and seemed only to increase the sadness of his heart.

When the hour for separation, so dreaded by many of the party, arrived, Lady Theodosia, whose dejection, as the evening advanced, had been mingled with evident agitation, arose to say—good-night: her eyes encountered her mother's for the first time since her disgrace; and she saw them beaming with maternal tenderness uponher; she could support no more; but fell, totally senseless, into the arms of her brother. Lady Delamore, almost franticly, flew to her daughter; and Lord Delamore, almost as franticly, clasped her to his breast, and

carried her to another part of the room, exclaiming—

"My Emily! my life! what would you do? It is excess of feeling that has overpowered our child; and your caresses now, would kill her quite." Lady Delamore threw her arms around her husband's neck; and, for the first time in her life, wept upon his sympathising bosom.

Mrs. Beville was hastily summoned, with North, Lady Theodosia's woman. Her ladyship was immediately conveyed to her room; and, quickly undressed, was laid in bed. Her swoon had been but of short duration; and upon her recovery from it, she burst into an abundant flow of tears, which relieved every alarm upon her account. Julia whispered to her, how much her father, as well as mother, had been affected by her fainting; and why the latter was not at her bed-side.

"Go to them, dear Julia! and tell them, I am now quite well," said the weeping Lady Theodosia. "My dear father was right;—my mother's caresses, now, would surely kill me. Julia, dear friend! good-night;—return not to me, for I will en-

deavour to sleep, as I feel quite exhausted. But tell my beloved parents, I shall remember them, in gratitude, in my prayers to-night; and humbly hope, they will bless me in theirs."

In compliance with her friend's request, Julia bade her adieu; and went back to the dining-room, where she found only Lord Delamore, his son, and Sir Charles Stratton, all bearing in their countenances and manner evident marks of recent agitation; for during the short absence of our heroine, much consternation had there prevailed, through the artful manœuvring of Lady Selina.

This wary woman, alarmed at finding she had awakened suspicion in the mind of Lord Delamore, of the disinterestedness of her affection for him; and terrified at the little effusions of tenderness for him, which the incidents of the day had called forth from the bosom of his Emily, so inimical to her selfish policy; sat ruminating upon how she could contrive to withdraw her mother from the tenderly supporting arms of her father, lest such a softening situation should

lead to the mutual understanding of each other's sentiments, and teach Lord Delamore to know the affection of his bosom had its responsive feeling in the heart of his wife: when, in the midst of her puzzling cogitations, and soon after Lady Theodosia had been borne away to her apartment, Lord Delamore said, whilst tenderly wiping away the tears of his Emily—

"I cannot bear to see you so afflicted, Emily; nor to behold poor Theodosia so unhappy; and I must do what I can to comfort you both. To-morrow, Emily, you shall tell Theodosia, it is my request, that she gives her own and Major Mandeville's affection the test of one year's fair trial; and then, should she be convinced she can only know happiness by an union with him, I will do for my child what I yesterday thought, to save the souls of half mankind, I could not be brought to.—I will consent to their marriage, provided Mandeville assents to forego his own name, assumes that of Southerland, and bears the ancient arms of it. To give this a plea, part of Theodosia's marriage portion shall be my

uncle Alfred's estate in Kent; which no one can hold, who bears not the name and arms of Southerland."

The joy and gratitude of Lady Delamore were about to ebulliate from her heart, in the most unequivocal looks and language of affection, when Lady Selina, perceiving this, and fully aware that the first sentence of tenderness which now should pass her mother's lips would subvert, at once, all her long-laid train of selfish politics, instantly made one bold and hazardous attempt to save her own interest from final overthrow. She wore a drapery, or veil, of white lace, of the thinnest and most delicate texture; flowing, from becomingly adorning her head, until it almost swept the ground: and this now, by an expert manœuvre, she brought in too close contact with a candle, and set it in a blaze, assured that the consternation this must occasion would destroy for the present all tender explanation, and give her time for some new scheme against her parents' peace; whilst of her own personal safety she felt secure, as she knew her brother would extinguish the flames, and preserve her, even at the peril of his own life.

Every thing succeeded according to her expectation; except that, all her drapery being formed of combustible materials, the flames spread most rapidly, and gave her a complete sensation of terror, and burnt off a great quantity of her hair, before her brother and Sir Charles could extinguish the fire, which they did by the aid of a hearth-rug.

Lady Selina, though now trembling in dismay at the danger she had braved, found it expedient to affect even more agitation than she really felt, to call all the attention of Lord and Lady Delamore to herself; and although the latter was almost subdued by horror, she struggled to suppress her own perturbed feelings, and, with the most amiable, maternal solicitude, attended her unworthy daughter to her chamber, to assure herself she had sustained no material injury from the terror-inspiring accident, and to administer every necessary composing medicine to her.

While Julia was hearing an account of this alarming incident, Mrs. Ward appeared, to announce Lady Selina having sustained no injury, but the burning of her hair; and

to say, that her ladyship was now tolerably composed;—but that Lady Delamore had retired to her own apartments, a little overcome by her agitation, and requested not to see any one that night, but Lord St. Orville, and Mrs. Beville, as she was not equal to seeing any body else.

Lord Delamore became pale, from the anguish of his heart; snatched up a candle; bade Julia, his son, and Sir Charles, good-night, in a hurried voice; and hastened to his own apartments, groaning in despair, from the full conviction, that had the breast of his wife cherished one particle of affection for him, she would not, in the moment of agitated feeling, have forbidden his presence, but have desired to see him, as well as her beloved son.

Julia, hurt at being prohibited from seeing Lady Delamore that night, now retired to her chamber, full of sympathy for the distress she saw Lord Delamore had withdrawn to indulge in. Lord St. Orville hastened to his mother, who certainly had desired to see him, that she might send him to tranquillise the misery of her beloved Theodosia, by recounting the kind inten-

tions of her father to promote her happiness: but she had not prohibited the visits of every other person;—that was the crafty policy of Lady Selina, to expunge all those flattering impressions the conduct of Lady Delamore had, during that day, made upon her sensitive husband.

Lord St. Orville readily undertook the mission, to convey happiness to the bosom of his sister, though he sighed for the disappointment of his friend: but Lady Theodosia, he learned from Mrs. North, was in a profound and tranquil sleep, and agreeing with her, it would be a pity to awake her, he retired.

CHAPTER XIII

THE events, and exertions, of the day, all conspired to agitate our heroine, so much, that repose was banished from her pillow for the greater part of the night; and when she did sleep, her rest was so profound, that her slumber continued much longer in the morning than her accustomed hour for rising.

Lucy had been some time in Julia's dressing-room, waiting patiently for her to awake, when Mrs. Beville, with looks aghast, suddenly rushed in, and wildly flinging open the curtains of our heroine's bed, instantly aroused her with her hurried motion, and exclamation in the voice of consternation and alarm:—

"For Heaven's sake! Miss De Clifford, arise, and come to my lady; for I can never, never have the heart, to break it to her!—She will never, no never, survive the dreadful shock!"

"For sake, of pity!" said Julia, "tell for me, and at once, what, the much dreadful, matter is?"

"Oh, Miss De Clifford! Lady Theodosia has—has eloped!"

The grief and consternation of our heroine were as powerful as the dreadful, unexpected intelligence, and every attending circumstance, could occasion in a mind of susceptibility. Hastily she now arose, and, with the utmost difficulty, from her excess of agitation, made an expeditious toilet, to be ready to attend the afflicted mother, should Lady Delamore wish to see her.

At length, Mrs. Beville was summoned to her lady, on whom (though cautiously imparted by her affectionate son) the dreadful intelligence, of her daughter's elopement, had the most violent effect; and for a length of time she remained, like the statue of Despair, unable to shed a tear; at last they fell, in torrents, from her eyes, and the first sentence she uttered was, a request to see her lord.

Lord St. Orville, led at the dawn of day into his sister's room, by his anxiety to give her the happy intelligence he had to impart,

had the affliction to make the discovery of her elopement. As soon as he was painfully convinced of the fact, he hastened to his father, to acquaint him with it, as cautiously as his affection prompted: when he retired, to go with the distressing information to his mother, Lady Selina obtruded herself into her father's presence, to be his comforter; and, anxious to do away the suspicion of her interestedness, she now artfully affected to plead for her sister; but in doing so, subtilely contrived to place her undutiful conduct in the most forcible point of view; and so finely wrought was her cunning, that she escaped the detection of her agitated father, whilst her machinations had the most powerful effect.

Indignant at the undutiful conduct of his child, in the moment when his heart had softened into every kindness for her; and with a bosom rent with anguish, by the supposed conviction of his wife's indifference towards him; Lord Delamore obeyed the summons of his Emily, who chilled by the frigid gloom of his countenance and manner, so changed from the conciliating affection of the preceding day, the effusions

of tenderness she would have greeted him with, in this time of mutual affliction, in terror retreated back to her heart, there to mourn in disappointment; whilst her manner, infected by Lord Delamore's, became as formal and repellent as his own, nor could the most sanguine wishes of Lady Selina have formed a more heartless interview.

Immediately after the departure of Lord Delamore from this freezing visit, Julia was summoned to Lady Delamore, when, in affectionate sympathy, they mingled their tears and regret: and, in the course of the morning, our heroine received a packet, addressed to her, in the form of a journal, found upon the dressing-table of Lady Theodosia, which ran thus:—

"From my prison, August the 29th, 1801.

"THE only time I ever had serious conversation with you, my beloved friend! upon the subject of the affection of my heart, I had determined to open every secret of my mind to you, and, claiming your friendship, have obtained your advice and assistance, as I might require them; but

your high sense of rectitude, and of the duty of a child, withheld me: and your declaration, that 'whatever I confided in you, which militated against my mother's peace, or my own credit, you would betray to her,' effectually silenced me. Yet, whilst I conversed with you, I sunk considerably in my own esteem.—You were anxious for the happiness of my parent; and her own child, whom she had cherished, with the tender watchful care of maternal fondness, from the days of helpless infancy, thought of wounding it!—Yes, Julia, I saw your superior excellence—not with envy, but emulation; which led me, by the enthusiasm caught from your virtues, to determine (although my heart might bleed at the sacrifice), never to become the wife of Mandeville, without the sanction of my father.

"But soon—too soon!—indignant, and deeply-wounded, pride, destroyed, at once, that meritorious resolution! Mandeville made his proposals, and was rejected, with insulting scorn;—as you doubtless know, as well as the ungoverned frensy which led my father to confine me. The sweet rose of Confidence was plucked by the hand of

suspicion; and the moment my chamber became my prison, I determined, although I should insure misery by it for ever to myself, to elope with Mandeville to Scotland, the very first favourable opportunity.

"You are no stranger, I may suppose, to the mission my dear brother was sent on to me, from my father.—Forgiveness, and liberty, were offered to me, upon condition that I gave up every idea of Mandeville.—Now, as ever, the sweet, persuasive eloquence of my brother had twined round my heart, and subdued my most pertinacious resolutions, had I never been imprisoned. One day sooner, he could have won me to sign my own death-warrant;—but one day of ungenerous confinement had steeled my heart against the influence of paternal affection.

"That very night, when left in my gloomy prison, with my agonised feelings for my only companions, I was roused from my melancholy meditations by the sound apparently of shot, thrown against one of my windows. I listened, to learn what it could portend. The signal was repeated, and I cautiously opened the window; when

I beheld a man standing beneath, who, in a low voice, desired me to remain stationary for a few moments, and instantly disappeared. Very shortly after, a hat was let down from above (ingeniously suspended by cords), until it came even with my window. I soon perceived it contained a packet, which I instantly possessed myself of; and immediately the hat was drawn up, by which I understood no answer was then required: and, cautiously closing my window, I hastened to explore the contents of the packet, which proved to be a letter from Mandeville, inclosed in a few lines from James, one of my father's footmen.

"The purport of Mandeville's espistle you can easily imagine, when I tell you James's was to inform me, 'that a desire of revenging some unwarrantable treatment he received from my father, had induced him to offer his hearty services to Major Mandeville and me, to effect our elopement, should we agree upon one; as in lending his aid, he knew, he should have more complete revenge on his lord, than a court of justice would give.'—'That the major was quite *agreeable* to an elopement; and, from his

liberality to him, he knew he was a gentleman; and therefore, he thought, I could not do better than take him at his word; and that, at the same hour, the succeeding night, he would let his hat down for my answer, which he hoped would be *agreeable* to the major's wishes, and his own.'

"This unexpected adventure cheered my melancholy, and exhilarated my drooping spirits; and most ardently I longed for the subsequent night, until I should send my answer to Mandeville, which, *agreeable* to Mr. James's wish, I meant should be very *agreeable*;—and I suppose, by the answer it occasioned, that it was so. By the happy contrivance of the most *agreeable* Mr. James, we have since carried on a regular correspondence; and in a few nights more I shall fly out of my prison, like a bird, whose cage is opened by the hand of Pity.

"This night, James is to convey to me, by his adroit contrivance, a ladder of ropes, which I must conceal from the lynx-eyed Mrs. Ward. By the aid too of James, I have engaged my faithful North to go with me, which is a great comfort:—but of comforts I have not much store; for it is im-

possible for me to describe the tumult of my mind, or the pangs of almost misery I have experienced, since I acquiesced in this elopement. My long seclusion from all society, with the pressure of that disgrace I am in with my father, and, I fear, my mother too, hangs heavily on my mind; and, both combined, have depressed my once volatile spirits, and I shrink from every thing, and have not that courage which is necessary to support me, in taking a step which is to stamp my happiness or mark my wretchedness for life: while the torturing idea, of voluntarily forfeiting my claim to that sweet, and ever-precious, maternal tenderness, that has ever mildly beamed upon me; with the agonising thought, of being by my own undutifulness banished, perhaps for ever, from the shelter of this roof, where first I opened my eyes upon the world, and lit the torch of affection for me within my mother's breast; and the distracting fear, of having my design discovered, and being torn from Mandeville for ever;—rack, by turns, my mind, and rend my heart with anguish.

"Oh, Julia! and should I, indeed, no more behold the tender smile of maternal rapture, that used to play so sweetly round the beautiful mouth of my mother, whenever I pleased her, by what I said or did—should her mildly-radiant eyes no more beam, with love, on me. . . . . . . Oh! no, no, no, dear Julia! I cannot, will not, think such misery awaits me!"

"Half-past one, A. M. September 4th.

"Oh, Julia! my friend! had your sweet persuasions actuated my father, to open my prison before my promise had irrevocably been given to Mandeville, I should never have proved an undutiful child!—But now I go, breaking through all filial laws;—and I go with grief unutterable. Whilst separated from those I love within the castle, I could have flown with fewer pangs, and more intrepid firmness; but now I have seen you all—all with hearts warmed in kindness for me;—have seen my mother's tenderness unshaken; and that pride alone prevented my once unkind father from clasping me to his breast, and calling

me 'his child;'—all this I have seen, and my bosom feels the rankling wounds of compunction.

"Oh, Julia! how short the interval, since I caught the tender glances of my mother's sweet, expressive eyes!—they penetrated to my very soul; and that heart whence duty was flown, subdued by remorse and shame, lost, for a time, its powers of respiration. How short, too, is the interval, since I beheld your animated solicitude for my health—since I experienced the tender attentions of my heart-broken brother!——Oh, Alfred! and I am about to add to your abundantgrief s! and I am resolved to fly from all—and with whom? . . . . . A man, whom one year since I knew not was in existence:—a man, Julia, whose moral character (oh! 't is too true!) I am totally unacquainted with. Indeed, I knew not how, or of whom, to make any enquiry: and, in fact, I thought not of a point so very important, until too late;—until I had promised to be his. Yet, for him I break all the tender ties which have hitherto bound me!—for him, with whom I may lead a life of

wretchedness!—And who will pity a disobedient child?

"To leave a parent's fostering wing, to elope with any man, is a step from which true delicacy must recoil;—and yet, I mean to take it. Oh, Love! what mighty barriers you can break down! Mighty, indeed! when I can forsake a mother such as mine!.... My grief-stricken brother too! —But Alfred will not forsake me, I know; and that is my consolation. I shall see him again;—and my dear Julia, too; for the Marquis of Penmorva will allow his wife to visit me, although degraded into the daughter-in-law of a manufacturer.

"Oh! how I longed to imprint a parting kiss upon the lips of my mother, my Alfred, and my dear Julia! But such an attempt would have softened every feeling of my mind, and the secrets of my heart have been instantly revealed........ Ah, Julia! how artful I have been!—How ingeniously I sent you from me! and, in a sleep of dissimulation, I shook off my beloved brother!

"One short half-hour now bears me, perhaps for ever, from my father's protection.

North is busily employed, hastening every final arrangement; and her creeping movements, her cautious, wistful eye, appal me strangely, they look so like the inspirations of guilt.'......And are they not? Is not the step she is preparing for, guilty?—And I, alas! am the perpetrator!

"I write to no one but you, Julia; for what could I say to my parents? I cannot extenuate the step I am about to take:—I cannot assure them of my duty, in the moment I am about to violate it:—I cannot tell them I feel remorse; for no one truly feels compunction, who still can sin: and were I to profess my love for them, would they not doubt my professions, when I offend and afflict them? To my brother, I forbear to write; because his own heart will plead more forcibly for me, than I could do: and such a letter as mine must be, would too much affect his broken spirits.......Oh, Julia! shall I never, never see my beloved Alfred relieved from this dreadful state of dejection! If the prayers of the disobedient could prevail, my brother now would feel no pang of direful grief; for

many a moment of my captivity I spent in fervent prayers for the restoration of his happiness.

"But ten minutes more, have I to dwell beneath this roof; and then I am tô go for ever!—Oh! no, no, not for ever! I cannot bear the agonising supposition . . . . . . Oh, Julia! sweet friend! how I tremble, I shudder! The malefactor about to be led to execution, can scarcely feel more dismay than I do. All the horrors of guilt seem to assail me. I feel as if about to launch into a sad eternity of endless misery—the just retribution for my disobedience . . . . . . Oh! surely, surely, Mandeville will not make me wretched! Oh! if he does, I must not murmur; for . . . . That noise!—How it has appalled me! shook every nerve with terror!—for it is the signal for my doom—the signal for my tearing filial duty from my breast for ever! . . . . .

"I go through James's pantry-window . . . . . North hastens me . . . . Oh, Julia! fain would I linger here a little longer;—for here I have known many blessings! Where I am going, Heaven alone can tell what

misery may await me. Mine are like the awful sensations that attend the translation from life to eternity . . . . . More shot against the window ! Mandeville is impatient !—He cannot feel as I do, or he would court delays.

"Julia, sweet friend! farewel! Pity, though you condemn, her who feels persuaded she is not going to happiness, because—she deserves it not !"

Julia was most sensibly affected by this letter of her friend's; and the abundant flow of tears she could not restrain, induced Lady Delamore to implore she would allow her to see the packet : with which request our heroine, knowing the susceptibility of her feelings, very unwillingly complied. But though this letter melted her heart, it mellowed the grief of Lady Delamore ; for it proved to her, that though her child was disobedient, her heart was feelingly alive to tenderness for her parents, and suffering every pang of compunction for her transgression.

"Oh, Julia !" said the weeping mother,

"I will take this letter from you; that when I find myself too severely censuring the conduct of my disobedient child, I may read it, and learn to be merciful, and to forgive the contrite penitent."

CHAPTER XIV.

WHEN the family assembled at dinner, it was with the utmost difficulty Julia could repress her tears, at the touching impression of affiction the conduct of Lady Theodosia had stamped upon the countenances of her parents, and her brother; for Lord Delamore's, now, indicated no resentment, but evinced only the dejection of grief.

In the course of the evening's conversation, our heroine learned from Lord Delamore, "that, anxious to fly from the misery of thought, he had had recourse to action, and had rode over to W—, to enquire about the father of Edward (whose artless narrative had been strictly true). The father, his lordship found to be a most profligate character; an uncommonly handsome man, who had belonged to the county militia band, and had been discharged for insolence and drunkenness; but who, whilst in the militia, had captivated a very beautiful girl of sixteen, of respectable connections

(daughter to a clergyman) in one of the places he had been quartered in, whom he had persuaded to elope with him, and become his wife. Her family, in consequence, cruelly abandoned her; would never see her more, or give her that fortune which the man had hoped to obtain by his marriage with her: and disappointment, aiding the natural turpitude of his disposition, led him on to ill-treat the innocent victim of misguided affection;—ill treatment which, with a heart broken by unrequited love, and shocked delicacy on too late discovering the depravity of him she had given her hand to, terminated her life, at the age of twenty-two.

"The father, upon Lord Delamore's appearing at W—, peremptorily demanded his child; but, at length, gave up all claim to him, for a sum of money, which his lordship gave him an order upon his steward for."

Julia now, too, learned from Lord Delamore, "that it was his wish, should she approve of it, not to place Edward in the orphan asylum;—for he evinced so much superiority of intellect, that he seemed born

to fill a higher station than that he sprung from;—but that by giving him a good classical education, at some respectable school, his mind and manners might be fitted to whatever branch of the arts or sciences his genius might call him to." Julia readily acquiesced in this plan; and thought, with his lordship, the fine arts might hereafter find a votary in this child.

Nothing worth trespassing upon the patience of our readers to communicate occurred, to any of the inhabitants of Delamore castle, until the morning of Lady Selina's nuptials; when the bride and bridegroom, the Bishop of ——, and Lord Delamore, in one coach and six; Lady Delamore, Miss Ann Beaumont (the substitute for Lady Theodosia), Julia De Clifford, Lord St. Orville, and Mr. Temple, in another; all elegantly dressed, and attended by a suitable retinue, all in superb liveries, proceeded to Sedley church. The streets leading to it, and the church, were thronged with people, to behold the wedding cavalcade; and so great was the press to see them all, when the parties alit from the carriages, that it was with some difficulty Mr.

Beaumont (who received them at the great gate of the church-yard) could find a passage, to conduct them to the altar by.

The right reverend father read the ceremony with impressive solemnity: and when the vestry business was dispatched, and the bridal favours distributed, the wedding party were returning to their carriages, when suddenly Lord St. Orville, encircling our heroine's waist with his left arm, pressed her with convulsive eagerness to his breast, to shield her from threatened destruction; and with his right hand grasped at a pistol, directed to her heart; but as, with almost frensied rapidity, he turned the muzzle from her, he received the contents of the dreadful weapon in his side.

The report of the pistol, the shriek of Julia, alarmed at what she conceived to be the sudden frensy of Lord St. Orville, added to the blood which now flowed rapidly from his wound upon her white drapery, arrested general attention, and all, in one moment, was consternation. No one but Lord St. Orville had seen the attempt made upon the life of our heroine; and he only anxious to save her, the assassin escaped unobserved

by any one, and vainly was Conjecture wondering, 'who had done the execrable deed?'

It would prove a vain attempt for us to describe the despair of Lord and Lady Delamore, when they found their son was wounded; or the anguish of poor Julia, when she learned he bled to save her from death. Horror and affliction pervaded the breast of every one; and general were the lamentations and anxiety for this most amiable and universally beloved young man, who was immediately conveyed to the rectory, where he was instantly attended by all the faculty of Sedley; when, as expeditiously as possible, the wound was examined, and pronounced, to the almost-frensied joy of every anxious hearer, "not mortal."

But, although the wound was thus judged favourably of, it was thought, by the surgeons, not advisable that his lordship should be moved, even the short distance to Delamore castle, for some days to come. He was therefore put to bed, in the most remote and quiet apartment, at the rectory.

During the dreadful interval of suspense,

before fears for the life of Lord St. Orville had been removed, and whilst the surgeons had been extracting the ball, and examining the wound, it was with the utmost difficulty Lady Delamore (who was not permitted to attend her son during the operation) and Julia could be prevented from fainting, by the powerful specifics administered by the good-natured Beaumonts; and it would be almost impossible to determine which seemed most subdued, by despair and sorrow, his mother, or her for whose preservation his life was thus endangered. Mrs. Beaumont, all this time, descanted most unintelligibly upon the nature of wounds and remedies; and the bride amused herself by observing the manœuvres of a cat, at high play with her lively kitten.

In about ten minutes after Lord St. Orville had been laid in his bed, subsequent to the final process of the surgeons for that time, a messenger, half breathless, arrived at the rectory, to summon them and Mr. Beaumont to a neighbouring house. Shortly after, Lord Delamore and the bridegroom were sent for, by Mr. Beaumont. They, however, remained not long away; but, on

their return, their pallid, agitated countenances, and trembling frames, evinced horror and dismay in the extreme. Cautiously they warded off, or vaguely replied to, every interrogatory of the bride, or the Miss Beaumonts; and now seemed only anxious for the departure of those who were to return to the castle.—

"We have a great way to travel, Selina," said Sir Charles, with an unsteady voice; "and if we do not immediately proceed to the castle, to hurry our journey, we shall inevitably be benighted in bad roads."

"I am ready," replied the bride; who in the next moment, finding her father, intended to remain at the rectory, and not to return to the castle, to partake of the bridal breakfast, burst into tears of anger, declaring "it was very hard, to be deserted by both her parents, at such a moment."

In vain did Lord Delamore represent to her, the situation of her brother; that appeared to her not plea sufficient: and at length, at the request of Lady Delamore, his lordship attended the party to the castle; did the honours of the breakfast-table; saw the bride and bridegroom off, upon their

excursion; saw the venerable prelate depart also; and then returned to his anxious station at the rectory, first leaving Julia, and her attendant Lucy, at Willow Grove, in the especial care of Mrs. Fermor, as she was not permitted to remain at Sedley, to share in the toil of nursing, or to sympathise in the anxieties of Lady Delamore.

Our heroine found Mrs. Fermor most attentive and hospitable to her as her hostess, and kindly consoling as a friend. The deep and heart-felt affliction experienced by poor Julia, for that calamity she had occasioned to Lord St. Orville (now twice the preserver of her life, at the peril of his own); the anguish caused thus by her to her beloved and estimated friends, his already afflicted parents; with the horror she felt in the idea of the nature of that escape from instant death, she had been providentially snatched from, evincing she had some vindictive foe, and that henceforth trembling apprehension must attend her wheresover she went;— most forcibly interested Mrs. Fermor, who did all within her power to beguile the sadness of our heroine: but that was not to be effected until the third day after the alarm-

ing accident; at which period the fever with which Lord St. Orville had been almost immediately attacked, totally subsided; when, though it left him weak and languid, no apprehension whatever remained relative to his perfect recovery.

From this period, the efforts of Mrs. Fermor proved more effectual. Julia, grateful for her kindness, made every essay to look cheerful; and was infinitely obliged for the fascinating society of the lovely, sympathising, Mary, whom Mrs. Fermor brought to Willow Grove, as a companion more congenial to the years and feelings of our heroine than herself. But, amid all this kindness and attention, Julia felt unhappy at not being permitted to go to Sedley, to see Lady Delamore, to be assured by her of her preserver's amendment; to see that she did not suffer from her anxious attendance on him; and to be convinced she did not hate her, for causing her so much distress: for, after the first three days, Lord Delamore called constantly, morning and evening, upon Julia, still consoling her, and bringing kind messages from Lady Dela-

more, yet making new excuses for our heroine's not being permitted to go to Sedley.

Julia, too, began to feel the extended absence of the Marquis of Penmorva more sensibly. She thought his presence would bring consolation to her; and yet, she rejoiced that he had been absent, and spared the pang of seeing the arm of an assassin raised against her: but the Marquis of Penmorva was gone into Derbyshire, to attend, as chief mourner, the remains of the late Duke of Bridgetower to the tomb of his ancestors; yet still every post brought her tender epistles from him.

CHAPTER XV.

At length, Lord St. Orville was sufficiently recovered to return to the castle; and Julia was permitted, on the same day, to quit her kind and respected hostess, and, with Mary (for whom her heart was feeling a fast-growing attachment), was conducted by Lord Delamore to the arms of his Emily, who received them both with maternal tenderness, and soon dispersed our heroine's apprehensions of having become an object of hatred to her. Julia saw, with sensible pain, that Lady Delamore looked pale, languid, and dejected, to a most touching degree; but when, on her earnest enquiry for Lord St. Orville, she was conducted by his parents to the couch where he lay (for still upon one he was obliged to recline), and saw the heart-afflicting sadness of his countenance, the pale hue of his aspect, the striking languor of his eyes, and the pitiable attenuation of his figure, her sensibility felt more than her frame could sustain. She

attempted to reach out her hand to him; she made an effort to speak; but could do neither: and Lord Delamore, instantly catching her in his arms, and bearing her into the open air, only prevented her from fainting; while the commands of his now *too well informed* mother, could alone restrain Lord St. Orville from rushing after her, or, at least, making the attempt.

It was some time before Julia recovered, when tears relieved her surcharged heart: but many, and many an effort, she made, before she could collect sufficient firmness again to attempt an interview with her preserver; and when she did effect it, she could do nothing but weep, and feel a sad increasing weight of sorrow at her heart, on seeing she had added the calamity of ill health to an afflicted mind.

At length, the time arrived when the *tête-à-tête* excursion of the bride and bridegroom was to terminate, and that a large party were to assemble at Stratton abbey, in Devonshire. Lord and Lady Delamore, Julia, and Lord St. Orville, were to be of the number, and to meet the Marquis of Penmorva there: but Lord St. Orville was

yet too weak to undertake even so short a journey; his mother would not leave him; and Julia (although such an attraction called her to the abbey) would not quit Lady Delamore nor her invalid preserver, or agree to leave the castle until they should be able to accompany her. Lord Delamore, therefore, set out for Stratton abbey alone; and most unwillingly he took his departure, for the sun-beam of hope, once more, warmed the long chilling misery of his bosom. He had gone to take his anxious station at the rectory at Sedley, in the full conviction that, as on a former illness of his son, he should be disregarded in the general interest for St. Orville; nor suffered to console his Emily, or mingle his tears with hers. But here, to his astonishment and rapture, he found himself mistaken. His son often called for him; smiled at his approach; took medicines and food from his hand, and told him 'he could smooth his pillow nearly as well, and make it almost as easy for him, as his mother:" while, with trembling hope and joy, he suspected that his presence was a consolation to his Emily; for to him now she whipered every hope and fear relative

to the health of their son, and only when offered by him would she take the smallest nourishment. In fact, so nearly had their mutual affliction opened the hearts of this long-estranged couple to each other, that had it not been for the constant presence of doctors, nurses, and other attendants, Lord Delamore had not quitted the rectory without full conviction that the affection of his wife (though late) was fully his: and during the very few days which intervened between their return to the castle, and his lordship's departure, the crowds of visitors, eager to congratulate them upon the recovery of Lord St. Orville, which thronged to the castle, scarcely left them one moment to the society of each other only; and then, the mind-softeners, which operated during the danger of their son, ceasing to influence since his recovery, the feelings of their hearts no longer strayed to the surface, just ready to betray themselves.

In about two hours after the departure of Lord Delamore (who went full of sorrow, at parting with, even for a short time, his son, whom he was convinced really loved him, and his wife, whom he fondly believed

did not quite abhor him), Miss Kidd, the glover of Sedley's daughter, arrived at the castle, with a packet for Miss De Clifford; which poor Lucy, supposing contained some gloves, immediately delivered to her.

"I ordered not, gloves, Lucy," said Julia, breaking the seal of the packet, which she found contained several sheets of paper, written over in a hand she knew so well, that trembling apprehension seemed at once to pervade every faculty, and to anticipate all of horror the packet contained, which was thus communicated.—

"Sedley, September the 30th.

"Dear miss,

"As I finds the greatest of care "has been taken to keep from your know-"ledge the sad doings that happened in "our first floor, the day of my Lady Se-"lina's wedding, I takes this method to "tell you about it; for I be sure, by all ac-"counts, of your good-nature, that you "will be monsterous sorry at the news, I "have the pleasure to tell you.

"You knows the day well, miss (for I "finds it was the very day you came to the

" castle), a strange-looking man, with a " patch over one eye, came to lodge in our " first floor:—he wore a wig, and seldom " cared to speak, but paid nobly for every " thing; so we took him for a French spy " (though he spoke good English); but, as " he paid so nobly for every thing, we " thought it was no business of ours, *that*. " Well, miss,—you knows what he came " into these parts for: and when he failed " in his attempt to carry you off, and that " my lord sent him to the mad-house, we " saw no more of him, till a couple of days " before the wedding, when back he comed, " as wild as any thing;—that, sister and I " saw well enough, for he stopped to chat " with us, in the shop;—and so we told " him of Lady Selina's wedding, as was " going to be; and so he makes a hash of " it, all at once, and said as how, miss, 'it " was you, and Squire Fitchroy (as was), as " was going to be married.' And up he " went to his room, quaking like a leaf; " and he slammed to the door, and walked " up and down the room, sometimes quick, " then slower, till at last we lost the sound " of his footsteps, and we heard nothing o

" him for hours after. Well, miss, the deuce " a bit came he out of his room all next " day; eat not a bit; nor went to bed, all " the night: but as soon as ever the house " was open the wedding morning, out he " went, and did not return until the wed- " ding folks were gone into church; then " back he tore, looking as white as a new " sheet, and shook as if he had got the " fever and ague; and flew through the " shop, muttering about 'murdering an " angel, in bridal pomp.'

" Well, miss, you must think how I was " frightened—for there was no soul in the " house but myself, as they were all gone " to the wedding. Well, he staid up stairs " a few minutes; and then came down, " laughing so horridly, that I thought " father was quite wrong, in delaying so " to send to the mad-house, to tell where " he was. Well, miss, back he comes pre- " sently, bursts open the shop-door, and " most furiously darted up stairs, into the " dining-room, slammed to the door, which " he locked, and in a minute after, I heard " a pistol go off. So I ran, screaming, into " the public-house, next door; and alarm-

" ing the people there, they came in with
" me, and bursted the door open, when—
" oh, miss! what a sight we saw!—the poor
" gentleman, who had been stout, and
" strong, and young, and handsome, but
' one moment before, now a disfigured
" corpse, stretched upon the floor!

" Well, miss, I was so terrified, I did
" nothing but scream, and scramble up
" papers, I saw scattered about the tables,
" into my apron, for feard the people
" should steal them. Well, miss, Parson
" Beaumont, and the doctors, were sent
" for; and then my lord came, and the
" coroner, and the jury; and such a rowe
" we had, as never was in the house. But,
" at last, his father's mad-men came down
" from town, from whom he ran away,
" when he followed you into these parts,
" miss; and they had a leaden coffin made,
" and every thing quite genteel, and took
" him away, yesterday, in a hearse and six;
" and they behaved very quietly, and hand-
" somely, to us.———Well, miss, after the
" corpse was gone, sister and I looked over
" the papers. A great many of them were
" in foreign lingo; so, supposing they were

" treason, we burnt them, for feard of get-
" ting into trouble; and as all the rest seem
" intended for you, we sends them carefully
" to you, for feard the poor gentleman's
" spirit should be disturbed, if we kept
" them from you. So no more, at present,
" miss, from your kind friend, until death,

" HESTER KIDD."

[*Fragments, enclosed in the foregoing.*]

" The damp earth is, at night, my resting place; a grass turf, my pillow; and my slumbers are broken by care. All the day long, I sit on a bank, by the troubled brook, which murmurs in unison with my woes. The sad willow shades me from the glad beams of the great orb of day, that else would insult me with his cheerful rays. I sigh to the surrounding woods, and tell my sorrows to the passing breezes;—for Misery will still complain, and griefs like mine will force an utterance.

" But will the breezes convey, or echo faithfully repeat, my groans, my tears, my sorrows, to Julia?—Ah, no! Julia knows

not that I am Misery's own son, or she would feel compassion for my sufferings; and, merciful as sweet and lovely, would bid them cease for ever.—Then soft, let me seize the shepherd's pipe; and, whilst I sound it, a cadence so pathetic, so full of woe, shall reach her ear, that pity (whose seat is in her gentle bosom) shall melt her heart, and Louis yet may hope for happiness . . . . . Hope !—base deceiver !—I know thee not ! With Wretchedness I dwell.—

" Go, Hope ! no more, to my deluded eyes,
Bid scenes of air-built happiness arise :
No more, with phantoms gay, invade my breast ;
Nor lull, with soothing strains, each pang to rest :
No more, insidious pow'r ! with thee I dwell :—
To Hope, to Peace, to Joy, I bid farewel !

" Ah, trait'ress ! why in gayest robes array'd
Were all the visions which thy hand pourtray'd ?
Why were thy flow'ry landscapes soft and bright—
Drawn from each prospect that could yield delight ?
Why did thy hand such gilded fabrics rear ?
They fled :—and on their base sprang up Despair !

" The knell of happiness, bid dæmons toll :—
Such knells as vibrate through my gloomy soul ;—
The harsh-resounding shriek, or hollow groan ;
Or sadder melody—the heart's deep moan :

With sobs and cries, that rend the ambient air;
'Till Echo sounds the notes of wild Despair.

" And sometimes yet a shriller, sadder, strain;—
Such chords as spring from a distemper'd brain—
The whine of wretchedness, when reason's flown. . . .
By me, Insanity! thy woes are known:—
The plaintive lay of Melancholy drear;
With all the frantic murmurs of Despair.

" Each rose of bliss has wither'd round my head:
The tyrant Love has all my blossoms shed!
Like Hope, the gay will from the wretched run;
Mankind. . . . ."

* * * * * * * * *

"Why did those men still attend me, Julia—deny me every thing I asked for—and sometimes harshly treat me? . . . . . Oh, my poor mother! well do I know, now, your sufferings for many a year, with people like to those.—Oh! not so harsh to her, I trust. Oh! no; for she was sweet, and docile. Yet my father ill-treated her; and . . . . But I will not say, his unkindness bereft her of her senses.—Oh! not quite so: it is a family malady, Julia; and we are an unfortunate race.

" But, watchful as those thwarting Arguses were, Julia, I escaped from them;—

stole my money, too;—and, in disguise, one day I wandered into a livery-stable, and hired a horse, meaning to go to Bath, where it ran in my mind you were; but in a street in London—oh! Piccadilly, I now remember—I saw you, in a travelling carriage, and I followed you hither. Once, I hired a galley, to convey you, Julia, to the Continent: it was ready to sail at a moment's notice, for the wind was then propitious to my wishes. For many a day, myself, and faithful sailors, hovered round the place of your abode, before you ventured out, unattended;—but you came, and came to the very spot. I was well at that time; but you fainted when you saw me at the castle, and that unhinged me quite.—I well remember, I was jealous too. My brain was all on fire. It was well they confined me."

* * * * * * * * *

"Hush, Julia! do not tell Fitzroy that I accuse my father. Do n't whisper it, even to the passing breezes, that pause to catch the balmy fragrance of your breath. He would not that I should wed you, Julia, the grand-child of his dearest, earliest friend;—for so he called St. Clair.

"An orphan! unprotected! she claimed fostering care from her grandsire's friend.—Here was no father's, no brother's, arm, to guard her walk through life!—no one to daunt the ruthless spoiler's villany!—nothing—nothing to fear, but—Heaven; and that, you know, we scoffed at: but so do others; yet no one tells Julia. . . . . . I knew that in Germany; but I will not afflict her with bad news.

"It was strange, Julia, that he who should have led me through the path of rectitude, should have plunged me into the gulf of vice!—The plot was well formed; and was most diabolical! I listened with eagerness, and adopted it with rapture. The infernals heard me with applause, and hailed me as a brother. Heaven, that I derided, saw, and sent its angels of pity, and of vengeance, forth. Julia was saved from the destruction which encompassed her; and my father was taught to deplore the flower he so highly prized, cropped by just vengeance.—What to him now avails the sun of prosperity, that shines so brilliantly upon him? His seed is shed, no more to

flourish. Like the folorn trunk of that tree he stands, whose branches, struck by the blast of lightning, wither in their prime."

* * * * * * * * * *

"Misery lurks in the stream of Guilt. Whoever drinks, will find its baneful influence steal quickly through his veins, rankle in his bosom, prey on his vitals, and deal corrosives to his peace, his joy, his life..... Aye, guilt has been my bane! But where's my antidote?—'Repentance'—Did Julia say so? Oh! if she did!...... But I heard her not: yet I'll try ....

"It works in my brain, Julia; but reaches not my heart: then where's the good of it? My guardian angel slept; and I plunged into the stream of Guilt—drank deep, drank greedily; and I am sick—sick at heart. What is your opinion, sapient Æsculapius, can I hold out long? Oh! you would have me settle my worldly concerns:—but I am poor; and I am friendless! I have nothing to bequeath, but—misery..... I asked my father but for one rich casket: it was the only treasure I ever prized: but he refused it to me. He'll soon be childless now.

Poor old man! perhaps he'll weep. . . . . . I like not men's tears; they look as if they sprung from woe."

* * * * * * * * * *

"What have I to do with life? Is there now one chance of happiness for me? Oh! no, no, no! . . . . . . They told me, there was a wedding coming from Delamore castle. Julia, I know it is yours. In vain you deny it: my bleeding heart throbs with the conviction."

* * * * * * * * * * *

"Now for a wile, to sting my thoughtless rival to the heart! . . . . . Aye, that will do it . . . . . She shall be mine—in death. Fitzroy! thy beauteous bride shall perish with me!" . . . .

CHAPTER XVI.

The bank of sympathy, which had ever before answered the claims of the unfortunate, now failed at once. Julia explored the whole contents of the packet:—no sigh heaved her bosom; no tear of pity forced a passage from her eyes. Horror, and poignant Grief, had placed their ruthless sentinels round her heart; nor could one pang escape, to flow, like lighter sorrows, and disperse.

Lucy saw the hue of death spread its pallid tints over the countenance of her much-loved mistress;—saw her lip quiver; her eyes set;—and dreadful apprehension instantly took possession of her bosom.—She flew with a glass of water to her relief; but Julia gently pushed it from her, calmly replaced the horrid papers in their envelope, then rising, with the intention of locking them up, her head suddenly became giddy, she tottered, and sunk back into her seat, while Lucy, in dismay, applied her forc

to the bell, and by an emphatic peal summoned assistance.

Lady Delamore soon was apprised, by Mrs. Beville, of the alarming situation of our heroine; and an express was instantly dispatched for Doctor Harlow, and Mr. Manlove. About the same moment they arrived, and as speedily as possible; when they called upon every medicinal aid, to assist their efforts to dispel the effect of speechless horror, in calling tears to the succour of wounded sensibility, and in aiming at a restoration of her suspended faculties. Julia existed, but totally unconscious of existence: she evinced no movement whatever; and to the gentlemen of the faculty only was her pulsation perceptible; and they, unacquainted with her constitution, trembled for the consequence.

After several hours had been lost in unsuccessful attempts to rescue our heroine from her alarming state of inanimation, Nature, by one effort, seemed to prove her power superior to medicine. The suspended storm burst at once; the long captive sighs and tears broke from confinement, and raised such a tumult in Julia's bleeding

bosom, that, for the first time in her life, she was thrown into hysteric fits of crying, which terribly shook her frame, and lasted until exhausted Nature could support no more, and she fell into a state of almost torpid languor (through excess of fatigue), which the doctors hoped was the harbinger of a sleep that would restore strength to her wearied frame.

About eleven at night, Doctor Harlow and Mr. Manlove departed from the castle; and in about two hours after the anxious, tender Lady Delamore quitted the bed-side of our heroine, whom she left to the care of Beville and Lucy, who were to watch by her. As time went on, her vigilant nurses perceived her slumber was becoming uneasy; and towards morning, Mrs. Beville's apprehensions for her safety were considerably augmented.

About eight o'clock, the doctor and apothecary returned, to visit their patient; and, with evident concern, pronounced her to be in a very dangerous fever, and every apprehension to be entertained for her life.

It was this very morning the Marquis of Penmorva arrived at Delamore castle, where

the dreadful news of the danger of his adored Julia awaited him, and nearly overwhelmed him with despair. Our heroine's fever was soon pronounced to be infectious; and every one, but hired nurses (except poor Lucy, whom no persuasions could remove), and the physicians, was strictly banished from her chamber. Doctor Harlow was arbitrary; and even Lady Delamore could not obtain permission to visit the bed-side of her whom, until now she feared to lose her, she conceived not was so inexpressibly dear to her heart.

The situation of our heroine was no sooner known to Mrs. Fermor, than that excellent woman, with Miss Ann Beaumont for an auxiliary, hastened to Delamore castle, and there took up their abode, striving to give comfort, and aiming to beguile the grief of Lady Delamore, and the sorrow of the gentle Mary, who was beginning to feel the strongest attachment to our heroine. As to Lord St. Orville, he was no longer seen by the family; his own apartments were become his sanctuary, where only his mother, or Mr. Temple, visited him; and from those visits they invariably returned

with increased dejection: whilst the violent grief of the marquis seemed to know no bounds; it was little short of despair; he quitted the castle each morning to wander, like a maniac, all day long, in the surrounding sombre woods, and was scarcely to be found in the castle, except at night, and at the hours the now three attending physicians visited Julia.

Three days elapsed before the dreadful malady came to its crisis; and every hour increased the apprehension for its fatal termination. Our poor heroine raved incessantly of the unfortunate Laroche, until the morning of the third day, when her every faculty seemed to forsake her, and she lay as if all her vital fires were extinguished. The physicians all pronounced, that if the fever increased, even one single degree, her existence must speedily terminate: however, towards evening, Doctor Harlow (who was now a resident in the castle) found her fever beginning to abate of its violence, and his fair patient evincing symptoms of returning reason; and though the weak state she was reduced to, which nothing but an uncommon strength of constitution,

seldom annexed to a frame so delicate, could combat, left scarcely a ray of hope to cheer him, he still continued to administer those medicines he thought most likely to prove efficacious.

During the night, Julia frequently dosed; but still was restless and uneasy in her short slumbers: she spoke a little; and although in so weak a voice it could scarcely be distinguished, yet what she said was rational, and perfectly collected: and in the morning, when her physicians visited her, they found her fever totally abated; but her extreme languor, and the weakness of her pulse, destroyed the small ray of hope which before but barely existed of her recovery.

Julia now enquired from Doctor Harlow, "how long he supposed it possible for her existence to continue?" He answered her with sincerity, as he saw she asked with that firmness which innate piety only could inspire. She then said, "if it could be, effected without endangering the health of Mr. Temple (as, by the smell of camphire round her, she found hers was an infectious illness), she earnestly desired to

have the most sacred rite of her faith administered to her."

Doctor Harlow went himself to Mr. Temple, as much to conceal his own feelings, as to summon him to attend "a dying saint," as he called her; while Julia, eagerly, though in the low tones of exhausted nature, spoke her grateful thanks to the weeping Lucy, and directed her where to find a little memorandum, drawn up in the moment of health, in the form of a will, bequeathing little remembrances, with kind and grateful addresses, to all her friends.

One of the nurses, at length, announced the entrance of Mr. Temple, come (fortified by the necessary precautions prescribed by Dr. Harlow), with trembling and grief-swollen heart, to administer the sacred communion to her, whom he highly regarded, and whose piety now seemed to diffuse its sublime influence to those around her, and, subduing his firmness, almost prevented his steady performance of his duty; and when that was finished, he left her, in full belief that she was beatified, ere she was summoned from this mortal state.

In a short time after the weeping Mr.

Temple had taken, what he believed, his final leave of our heroine, her nurses, not hearing her move, gently opened her curtains, to see if she had breathed her last; when, to their joyful surprise, they found she had fallen into a tranquil sleep. Doctor Harlow was instantly apprised of this unexpected event, who, conceiving it to be the last effort of exhausted Nature, sat down by the bed-side, to watch a slumber in which he feared her gentle spirit would take its flight to immortality.

Desponding Expectation was now the universal guest. A solemn silence, interrupted only by sobs or sighs, reigned throughout the castle; which all seemed afraid to break with a question, lest the fatal answer should announce, that—all was over.

Julia's repose became more and more profound; her respiration grew apparently less difficult; at length it was scarcely perceptible. The attentive doctor saw that this heavy slumber must determine her fate; and in about five hours after its commencement, Julia awoke again, in this world of care: the death-like shade which had for several

days obscured the lustre of her eyes, was vanished; and from this, and the material amendment in her pulse, Doctor Harlow, for the first time since her indisposition, entertained hopes of her recovery.

Poor Lucy heard with joy, that almost overpowered her, these glad tidings conveyed to the principal nurse, and, with a heart beating with the most sanguine expectations, she hastily quitted the room, to send the happy intelligence through the castle; and, by the medium of Mrs. Beville, anticipated the news of the favourable change in his interesting patient, which Doctor Harlow soon after imparted to Lady Delamore. She next sought the Marquis of Penmorva, who had not that day quitted his apartments; she tapped at the door of them, meaning to send in the good tidings by Franks; but, to her great confusion, the door was instantly opened by the marquis himself.

Lucy, ashamed and agitated, rapidly announced her business. The marquis burst into tears; caught her hand, which he pressed to his heart in gratitude; but, without the power of speaking, motioned for

her to depart, and leave him to the indulgence of his joyful feelings, almost too much to sustain, after such heart-rending despair.

The profound melancholy which the fate of the unfortunate Laroche, with the thorn implanted in her bosom, by the idea of her being accessory to it, deeply fastening on Julia's mind, considerably retarded the efforts of her constitution in the progress of her recovery ; however, at the expiration of a week, she was able to leave her bed, and to sit up, for short intervals, supported in an easy-chair.

And now the Marquis of Penmorva was hourly sending tender billets to his adored Julia, containing entreaties for permission to visit her : but, to these entreaties, both Doctor Harlow and our heroine answered in decided negatives ;—the former, for the sake of his patient, who was still infinitely too weak and low to bear any kind of agitation without essential injury ; and the latter, for the sake of her lover himself, whom for worlds she would not allow to breathe that contagious air which still encompassed her.—For Julia was unlike those

weak mortals, who shrink from the supposition of being thought to exhale infection; and feel indignant at those who dare to shun them, for the preservation of their own health, as if such precaution cast an everlasting stigma on their fame. No, our heroine knew she was a mortal, subject to mortal maladies; and possessing more humanity than vanity, was more anxious than the other inmates of the castle to keep herself from any intercourse with the family, until every fear of contagion was pronounced by the faculty to be over; and, in her zeal for the health of others, lost all feeling of mortification, in the idea of being for a time an object to recoil from.

As soon, however, as it could be attempted with safety, Julia was removed to another suite of apartments, that her own might be effectually purified; where, with the full permission of Doctor Harlow, Lady Delamore and Mary flew to embrace our heroine, and to welcome her restoration to them from death.

From Lady Delamore, Julia now learned "that the Marquis of Penmorva quitted the

castle on the preceding day. He had been under the painful necessity of going, as parliament had just met for the dispatch of business, and for the first time since he had been elected for the county of——; he was obliged therefore to go, and take his seat, and to give his support to a question of great national importance, which was to be immediately agitated: that, as much was expected from him, it was impossible to disappoint his constitutents, and party; but, determined not to leave the castle without seeing her, as the only kind of interview doctor Harlow would yet give assent to, and under the Doctor's auspices, he had, about an hour before his departure, been in her apartments for about half an hour, looking at her, as she slept in her easy-chair, and had kissed her hand without disturbing her."

Poor Julia was dreadfully alarmed at Penmorva having inhaled the infectious air; until all her fears were hushed by Doctor Harlow: and then she wept, with fond regret, to think she had not been permitted to see her lover ere his departure. Julia now, too, learned, in answer to her

anxious enquiries for Lord St. Orville, "that his health had amended so rapidly, in the last few days, that he was going that very day to Stratton abbey."

"Change of scene," said Lady Delamore, "I hope, will benefit his spirits:—and he goes, Julia, at my request, without seeing you. His spirits—you know how they have been depressed: he possesses infinite sensibility; and to see you—so sadly, sadly changed, by ruthless illness—would subdue him quite; for deeply your danger afflicted Alfred." Lady Delamore's voice faltered affectingly as she spoke; and she turned her face from our heroine, to hide the tears which trembled in her eyes.

"Alas!" said Julia, weeping, "I think, I have only known, the much amiable, Lord St. Orville, to be, affliction, for him!"

Lady Delamore started from her seat, and, with cheeks bedewed with tears, which it was a vain attempt now to conceal, precipitately left the room.

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed our heroine, "what the matter, can be? Dear, dear, Lord St. Orville, is worse, than is made known, for me. Oh! tell to me,

speak for me, the dreadful truth, Miss Mildmay."....

"No," replied Mary, with tearful eyes, "there is nothing dreadful, I trust, the matter with Lord St. Orville. He is in affliction, I am sorry, most sorry, to find; and has been ill:—but I am not in his sad secrets. Lady Delamore is dreadfully out of spirits; and you must not be alarmed at observing it. You will have the pain to see, in the course of the day, how unusually dejected my dear benefactress is; but make no remark to her upon it, dear Miss De Clifford."

In some time after, Julia expressed her surprise and uneasiness, that there had been yet no letter or accounts from Lady Theodosia; which she had eagerly enquired for every day, since the restoration of her faculties.

Mary turned pale as death; and answered, with alarming quickness—"No, there has been no letter from Lady Theodosia."

"Oh!" exclaimed Julia, shuddering with alarm, "something great deal terrible, has happened of her; and that is why for, Lady Delamore, is so afflicted."

"No," said Mary, firmly, "nothing has happened to Lady Theodosia. I trust, she is well."......After a pause, Mary continued :—"I think, dear Miss De Clifford, you had better not mention Lady Theodosia to my dear benefactress, because she certainly feels much uneasiness upon her account, from—from not having heard from her; and—and from some late apprehensions, that now Lord Delamore will never acknowledge Major Mandeville for a son."

"Alas! why for?" said Julia, anxiously.

Mary looked mournfully, but made no reply.

The continuation of their conversation was now prevented, by the entrance of Mrs. Fermor and Miss Ann Beaumont, who kindly came to congratulate our heroine upon her recovery. In the course of the day, Julia was visited again by Lady Delamore; when, with heartfelt sorrow, she observed her ladyship looked extremely pale and ill, and was, indeed, most unusually, most touchingly, dejected.

CHAPTER XVII.

Lady Delamore had now many causes for the depression of her spirits; and one afflicting circumstance, which came to her knowledge just at the commencement of our heroine's indisposition, and which most sensibly shocked and grieved her—though imparted with the most friendly feeling caution, in a letter from Lord De Lisle to Lord St. Orville—she was now anxious to conceal from Julia, fearing its effect upon a mind so tremblingly gifted with sensibility. But as it is necessary for our readers to become acquainted with the matter we allude to, we shall now impart it to them; and should the sad story we are about to relate prove an useful lesson to those who may require such an one, we shall feel ourselves repaid for the distressing task of narrating it, in being the instrument (although a very humble one) in conveying a precept of utility.

A MOST exemplary clergyman, in the north of England, of the name of Fanshaw, had died about four years prior to the period of Lady Theodosia Southerland's elopement; leaving an amiable widow, one son, and a daughter, to deplore his loss, and feel the deprivation of that support his church preferment had afforded to them. Young Fanshaw had been well educated, and intended for the bar;—the profession of his own decided choice. With all the fire of genius, and all the impetuosity too, he possessed one endowment seldom annexed to quick perceptive abilities—infinite application. Upon the death of his father, this excellent young man found his beloved mother and sister entirely dependent upon his protection and support; and he exerted all the forces of his mind, to yield the latter to them. He was called to the bar; and, from his shining abilities, was making the most rapid progress in his profession. In compliance with his wish, his mother and sister continued in the north, where they were known, respected, and beloved: and he punctually and dutifully sent his parent, every three months, two

thirds of his earnings, during that period; himself practising the most rigid economy, to keep up every requisite appearance of a gentleman: and visited the place of his nativity every summer vacation, to pay his duty to his mother, and gratify his own affection as a son and a brother.

With inexpressible delight, he saw his sister, the young Maria, improving rapidly in her personal charms; which, with the partiality of a fond brother, he magnified to the very first order of female loveliness: and he doubted not, as she was not deficient in mental endowments, and was of an uncommon gentle disposition, that he should soon have the comfort of seeing her advantageously, and, he trusted, happily married.

It happened, that the quarters which the regiment Major Mandeville belonged to came from, to Sedley barracks, were in the very town in which Maria Fanshaw lived. She had just made her debut, as an adult, in society, and was pronounced by all, the prettiest girl in the town of P——, when the —— dragoons marched in there.

Major Mandeville soon singled out Maria Fanshaw as the object of his temporary

devoirs. He danced, walked, and chatted with her; paying her all common attention, without one idea of any thing serious: said numberless civil things to her; but never talked of love: praised her, as he thought she merited, to all he mentioned her to; considered her very amiable; wished her every happiness;—but an idea of his forming that happiness, never obtruded in his mind. He obtained three months' leave of absence from his regiment; parted from Maria, without a sigh of regret: went to London; saw Lady Theodosia Southerland; his fancy was instantly captivated, and very quickly his heart most voluntarily became firmly devoted to her ladyship.

Not as the attentions of Mandeville were meant, were they received by poor Maria. He was the first man who had ever paid her any attention. Unpractised in the ways of the world, and unacquainted with the common-place gallantries of society, she construed every attention of his, even the most trifling civility, into proofs and declarations of love. Mandeville was too attractive, both in person and manners, to pay constant attention (even though not serious

assiduities) to any very young, simple, country girl, without danger to her peace. Poor Maria, without a struggle, fell unresistingly most violently in love, with the man she foolishly believed most tenderly attached to her. She had heard of the great expectations of Mandeville; and saw in every thing he was a man of affluent fortune. This gratified her vanity and ambition, precluding the idea of any impediment from her want of fortune, and added to the joy, the happiness, of this imaginary conquest. Each day, each hour, Maria expected the important question, and application to her mother; to which the unequivocal declarations of love she fancied had been made to her, were the prelude.

At length, Mandeville quitted P——, without Maria's firm expectation being fulfilled;—without expressing any particular regret at leaving her, or asking to correspond with her. Week after week passed, without her hearing from him. The unfortunate love-stricken Maria now believed herself forsaken, ill-treated, by the man she loved;—and loved so tenderly, that health

fell a sacrifice to her disappointment, and she grieved herself into a rapid decline.

In the winter, too, in which these memoirs commenced, young Fanshaw rendered some essential service, during a riot among the servants at the opera-house, one evening, to Lady Theodosia Southerland and her party. In a few evenings after, Lady Theodosia met Mr. Fanshaw at a private concert; where, from his being admitted, she knew she might venture to say more to him than merely to return him thanks for the service he had done her. From the moment she addressed him, he seemed determined (though not obtrusively) to engage her in a conversation, that should continue as long as his ingenuity could devise; and he succeeded so well, that it did not terminate until the departure of her ladyship, who retired very much pleased with the wit and entertaining conversation of this very handsome young barrister; and poor Fanshaw returned to his chambers—his heart full of love, his mind full of ambition. He went to bed, and his dreams were of the woolsack; and Lady Theodosia

Southerland; he awoke in the morning, and found his greatness and his happiness had vanished with his slumbers.

Reason now pointed out to him the immeasurable distance between him and Lady Theodosia; but love persisted in the romantic determination—to adore at humble distance, though without the aid of hope to rest upon. Several times after, Lady Theodosia met Mr. Fanshaw, in town; and though so volatile and thoughtless, and not a little of a flirt, she soon saw, by the pensive turn of this young man's countenance and his trembling anxiety to be noticed by her, that it would be cruelty to sport with his feelings, and therefore only treated him with respectful civility, but never, even by a playful smile, gave him a ray of encouragement.

About a fortnight before the elopement of Lady Theodosia, the afflicted Mrs. Fanshaw wrote to her son, to announce to him that his sister's declining health seemed to baffle the aid of medicine, and that she was now become so alarmingly ill, she could no longer conceal her agonised apprehensions from him. Fanshaw, with all the fears and

speed that affection could inspire, hastened to his beloved sister: he saw her far gone, in a pulmonary complaint, but determined instantly to take her to Bristol, as a sort of forlorn hope, for he feared it was too late. He saw that sorrow preyed upon her mind; and, by his tenderness, he soon drew from Maria the long-concealed secret of her heart (for even to her mother she had not revealed it). Maria, firmly believing she had been cruelly used by Mandeville, told her story under the strong impression of that erroneous supposition, never once thinking of any fatal consequence. Fanshaw—affectionate, ardent, with a temper naturally impetuous, and with a mind irritated by grief and pity for his dying sister, whom, from her own representation, he believed was falling a sacrifice to premeditated cruelty—pronouncing Mandeville an insidious, barbarous, villain, secretly, but firmly, resolved on that vengeance which polished honour sanctioned him to take.

As soon as it was possible for every thing to be arranged for so long a journey for Maria to undertake, she, attended by her anxious mother, her adoring brother, and

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where Maria still was sleeping, and bounced the door suddenly open, exclaiming—

"Oh! dear, ladies! the gentleman who came with you has just killed, and been killed by, one Major Mandeville, of the— dragoons, who was going to Scotland, with a fine lord's beautiful daughter, to be married. They murdered each other, in the same moment, with pistols;—I saw them do it with my own eyes: so, as both are dead, neither can be hanged for it."

Mrs. Fanshaw fell back in her chair (from which the sudden opening of the door had called her) with every faculty suspended by grief and horror. Maria had raised her head from her pillow, in wistful amazement, to see who had so roughly awakened her. She heard all. Every word sunk to her breaking heart:—it could bear no more; she heaved a deep and hollow groan, sunk back, and expired.

Lady Theodosia, alarmed by the general tumult in the inn, sent out North to learn the cause. North returned not; for the poor woman was so overpowered with grief and horror, that she could not:—but Lady Theodosia was not long left in ignorance of

the direful catastrophe. The frensy of her grief led her to the room where the sad remains of her lover lay. At the door, she faltered, feeling became more acute; and she fell, senseless, into the arms of Lord De Lisle, who had just entered the inn, on his way from his aunt's, Lady Mary Saxby, in Westmoreland, to Delamore castle. He had instantly learned the fatal calamity, that moment perpetrated; and, led by the humanity of his heart, he was going to offer his services to the unfortunate and afflicted friends of each party, when he beheld in one of them, most unexpectedly, most agonisingly, his almost-frantic cousin, the being long singled out by his own heart as the dearest object of his affections; and the first notice he had of her regard being devoted to another, was in the dire moment she was hastening to weep over the murdered body of his rival.

Thus fell, in the flower of his age, the gay, the elegant, the handsome, and most amiable, Mandeville:—the child of affluence:—the favourite of Love; then leading him, in joyful expectation, to receive the hand of the adored of his heart, with whom

he had every prospect of leading a life of happiness. He fell, in his twenty-sixth year, lamented by all who knew his many excellences, pitied by all who heard of his sad fate; a victim to thoughtless inadvertence, that looked not forward to the almost inevitable consequence. Though innocent in his intentions, he was virtually wrong, for he overlooked an obvious chance of destroying the peace of another; and, whilst his own safety was secure, he should not have been inattentive to the probable event, that his assiduities, though common-place, might deceive so young, so simple, so inexperienced a girl, as Maria Fanshaw.

He now left his venerable, adoring parents, childless, to deplore his loss;—a whole family, who looked to him with pride and affection, as their prop, their representative, the perpetuator of their race, to bewail the only heir to an immense property, honourably acquired by persevering, honest industry. The poor had to lament in him a benefactor; society, an ornament; his country, a brave defender, in the moment when most she wanted him;—for he possessed that collected, intrepid valour,

devoid of rashness, that constitutes the perfect soldier. Patient in hardships; unshaken in danger; with a heart to be merciful to those he vanquished: compassionate to the sick, and those who, in any shape, required assistance: firm in keeping up strict discipline, without exacting it by cruelty, or unnecessary hardships. Attached to his profession, he had made it his study from his earliest days; and, by intense application to all that could increase his knowledge, he was a proficient in the theory of military tactics, and only wanted age and experience to make him an able general. By his own regiment, he was sincerely regretted, from the highest to the lowest rank, as a man whom they loved in life, and in death lamented.

Poor Lady Theodosia Southerland was a mournful illustration of the truth—'that often we are led, by our blind, impetuous, erring judgment, from the happiness we aim at; and ourselves destroy the efforts Providence has been making to befriend us.' Had not her impetuosity led her from duty, and her father's protection, she had been happy, and the life of her lover spared.

But a very few hours longer, had she waited, in patient acquiescence to the will of her father, his consent, on condition of a year's probation, had been made known to her.

Maria Fanshaw was not blameless; she sacrificed her own life, and at length her brother's, and the man she loved, to her weak credulity, which led her not to question the delusion her love and fancy beguiled her with; and, without an effort to combat with her love, or restrain her grief at disappointment, she fell, almost a willing victim: while her brother, ever before a dutiful, affectionate son, who strove with all his powers to mitigate the sorrows of his mother, toiling with all his energies to give her every comfort, in one moment, by the unrestrained indulgence of his impetuous passions, took into his own hands that vengeance which belonged to Heaven (if vengeance had been merited by Mandeville); and, by flying to the direful, heart-rending, custom of tolerated murder, bereft his widowed mother, by one fatal stroke, of both her children; in her age, robbed her of every comfort, and despoiled her of the hand that gave her bread. In Fanshaw,

too, society sustained a serious loss; and his profession, an ornament: for his heart was replete with many excellences, and his varied talents were the gifts of genius.

Lord De Lisle, though trembling with agitation, bore the lifeless Theodosia from the scene of dreadful carnage. On the recovery of her respiration, her grief and despair found the relief of tears, which Lord De Lisle, rejoicing to see, attempted not to restrain by any word like consolation. He wished that she should immediately leave the scene of such a dreadful and afflicting catastrophe; but she peremptorily refused to go, until she should take her last look at Mandeville, and be indeed convinced he was no more, which she now thought almost impossible to be true.—But a moment since, he had quitted her, in all the bloom of health, high in spirits, animated by love, and hope of every earthly happiness; now, alas! it was most true, his mortal form was silent in everlasting sleep!

Lord De Lisle, from being known in the inn, possessed sufficient influence to clear the apartment of death of all its curious visitants; and, attended only by him and

North, Lady Theodosia entered, to behold the murderer and the murdered, neither yet being removed from the spot where he had expired. With horror she passed the vindictive Fanshaw, whom she once had thought highly of, and who had humbly adored her; and flying now to all that remained of Mandeville—the senseless tenement of clay, looked, and saw, with dreadful conviction, that he was indeed gone for ever. Kneeling by his side, she took his death-clad hand, pressed it, with grief-taught energy, to her lips, and again fainted.

Again Lord De Lisle conveyed her from the dreadful scene; and upon her recovery from her second swoon, he found no difficulty in persuading her to leave the fatal place, convinced that Tomson (the attached servant of Mandeville) would not quit his body until consigned to its mother earth; and gratified by the voluntary promise of Lord De Lisle, to return, the moment he should resign her to the protection of Lady Mary Saxby, and keep vigil, with faithful, afflicted Tomson, by the corse of her lover, until his friends (to whom his lordship also

promised her to convey the heart-rending intelligence by express) should send orders for the removal of it.

Lord De Lisle now immediately conveyed the almost heart-rent Lady Theodosia, and her sympathising woman, to Saxby-lodge; and gave her to the protection of his amiable aunt, who did every thing in her power to devise for the comfort and consolation of the mourner. Lord De Lisle returned to the inn at ——, to perform his promise; and, true to his word, left not the body of Mandeville until one of his hoary-headed uncles (bowed down with years, and a grief he had been unprepared for; vainly believing his nephew was to perform such a sad office for him, not he for the prop and darling of his age) arrived, to attend the clay-cold remains of his family's hope and pride, into Gloucestershire.

Lord De Lisle, sensibly affected by the sorrows of this venerable man, and through respect for the intended husband of his long-beloved cousin, attended the corse the first day's journey from ——, and then returned to Saxby-lodge, a sincere sympathiser in the poignant grief of Lady Theodosia,

who was a mourner, not only mentally, but externally; for she clad herself in the deepest sables that friendship sanctioned her to wear, for the beloved of her heart: and Lord De Lisle gave to her bleeding bosom the only species of consolation it was now capable of receiving, by bringing her a lock of her lover's hair, which poor Tomson had cut off for her; and Lord De Lisle appearing too in mourning for his amiable, ill-fated rival, proved sweet incense to the affliction of his cousin.

This excellent young man wrote, as soon as possible, an account to Lord St. Orville, of the melancholy termination to his beloved sister's elopement; and, at Lady Theodosia's request, entreated her brother not to come to her, as, at present, she had rather shun than see any of her friends—except Lord De Lisle, whom Providence, it seemed, had, in pity to her affliction, sent to protect and console her.

Nor did Lord De Lisle, while complying with the wishes of Lady Theodosia, in paying every attention to the remains of her lover, forget the other call upon his humanity. The wretched Mrs. Fanshaw had

every aid from him compassion could give. Consolation he could not impart; for who, on earth, could give it to her? She would not quit the bodies of her children, which, after the coroner's verdict, were laid in one room. Lord De Lisle arranged every thing for their respectable interment; and, at his own expense, they were sent from ——, attended by Lady Mary's old and faithful steward, to P—, to be interred, at the same moment, in the grave of their father. In spite of every gentle, kind remonstrance from Lord De Lisle, the almost distracted, heart-broken mother, with her afflicted servant, went in the melancholy funeral procession. Yet his lordship did not leave her heart to cherish the pang of believing herself reduced to beggary; for, though far from affluent, he bound himself to allow her a comfortable and competent annuity. But long she remained not sensible of the consolations Benevolence provided for her. Her griefs were too powerful for her mental faculties to sustain; she gradually sunk into a state of melancholy despondence, and in the course of a few months her reason fled for ever. All that then remained,

for the humanity of Lord De Lisle to do, was to provide an asylum for her in her direful malady, and to secure her every tender care and consolation her situation would admit of; but that was of small avail to her, whose lively recollection of the death of her children forsook her not even in her insanity.

CHAPTER XVIII.

That melancholy, which the compassion of our heroine for the fate of the unfortunate Laroche, had stamped upon her mind, was too profound quickly to disperse. From time only could its removal be expected: nor was it likely to be decreased by the visible dejection of Lady Delamore, and her own great anxiety relative to Lady Theodosia, whom she wondered (and her wonder was full of apprehensions) that no one heard from. At length, her uneasiness became so painful, that, imparted by Mary (to whom she talked freely of it) to Lady Delamore, her ladyship, with much caution, and some deception, announced to her the death of Mandeville, by a rapid fever:—"that being taken ill near Saxby-lodge, he had been removed thither, where every care had been taken of him, and every consolation given to Lady Theodosia."

Julia, as her friends expected, was considerably affected;—so much so, that Lady

Delamore infinitely rejoiced in the deceit she had practised, to lessen her grief. Julia now wrote to her beloved, afflicted friend— who was apprised by her mother of the dissimulation she found it necessary to adopt, in disclosing to Julia the death of Mandeville: —Lady Theodosia wrote her answer most guardedly; and now a regular correspondence was carried on between them.

Lady Theodosia still persisted in prohibiting a visit from her brother, which he, for many reasons, was anxious to make her; and still declared "her repugnance to seeing any of her friends, whose society might draw her from the contemplation of her grief; frankly confessing her apprehensions to her mother, of losing the poignancy of her affliction too soon; for well she knew the volatility of her disposition, that always led her, though she felt acutely every sorrow, not to feel them deeply long; and should her grief for Mandeville soon admit of alleviation, she should for ever hate and despise herself, as a being incapable of affection. She should therefore shun for the first year of her mourning, all society likely to beguile her of her grief; and meant to

stay with Lady Mary, until her ladyship grew weary of so melancholy a companion: then she would go to Lady Frances Harcourt, and in her gloomy mansion confine her sorrow with her—sorrow, which her beloved, murdered Mandeville so fully merited, and which she shuddered to think of not long, long cherishing for him.

Our heroine, unlike Lady Theodosia, wished not to nourish her grief;—but hers was composed of mingled horror and compassion, untinctured by any feeling of tenderness, to make her wish to rest upon it. Every effort, therefore, that she could make, to conquer it, she failed not to exert: and one great source of consolation to these torturing feelings, which preyed upon her like something of self-upbraiding, for being (though most unintentionally) the cause of misery and death to a fellow-creature, arose from the knowledge, that, though love for her mingled in Laroche's dreadful malady, and evidently accelerated his direful death, yet as insanity was an hereditary calamity, it was probable, too probable, some time to affect him, as it had carried off, early in life, by their own hand too, his three brothers.

Little Edward, now Julia's almost constant companion, and young adorer, by his innocent prattle, and giving her much employment, in affording him all the instruction she thought his tender years capable of receiving, assisted considerably in leading the mind of our heroine from sadness; and every post brought to her letters from the Marquis of Penmorva, as tender as ardent love could make them. Much he complained of there being no answer from Lord Ashgrove, as there had been sufficient time to bring one; and dispatches had recently arrived from him to the Admiralty, which made his silence to them more extraordinary: and much, and feelingly, he also murmured at the pain of protracted absence from her. Julia wondered, and trembled, at the silence of Lord Ashgrove: and began, too, to think her separation from her lover long and painful, and wished most fervently for the approach of Christmas, that the prorogation of parliament, for the holidays, might allow him to visit Delamore castle.

Julia now saw more and more, each day —and with approving pleasure saw it—

the tender, dutiful, attachment of Mary, to her benefactress. All the joys and griefs of Mary seemed to rest on her. Her only thoughts to anticipate her wishes, as far as her power admitted their gratification, she hung with tender anxiety upon every word, look, and action, of Lady Delamore; and if a tear trembled in Lady Delamore's eyes, it was instantly reflected, by its sympathiser, in the eyes of Mary. Her ladyship was not insensible to this affection; she returned it with maternal fondness: but Mary monopolised not all her thoughts, or the greatest share of her love;—she had many, many demands upon both; and was at this time full of participating sorrow for those she tenderly regarded.

In as short a period as could be reasonably expected, Julia's strength returned sufficiently to admit of her walking out a little, and, sometimes with Mary, sometimes with only Edward for her companion, rambled to the neighbouring hamlets, to see who was sick, and what was wanted by the poor or the aflicted.

There lived in one of the neighbouring hamlets, a most respectable woman, of the

name of Banks, then in her eighty-first year, who had survived every individual of her family, except a granddaughter, on whom her venerable years fondly rested.

Fanny Banks, this darling grandchild, was then about twenty years old, and uncommonly handsome; for although her stature was rather below the middle size, her figure was strikingly neat, without the least of that clumsy or athletic appearance which generally distinguishes the rustic race. Her eyes were dark, and sparkling with lustre and intelligence; her hair was shining, wavy chesnut; her complexion, clear brunet; her lips, coral; her teeth, white and even; and the bright vermillion of health, tinted her dimpled cheeks.

Julia, very soon after her arrival at Delamore castle, had been introduced, by Lady Theodosia, at Dame Banks's cottage. The venerable dame soon captivated her fancy; and, infinitely pleased with Fanny, she often visited them. Much as she admired Fanny's beauty, she was more particularly struck by her affectionate attention to her aged parent; and upon this girl, whose understanding and manners seemed above her

station, Julia bestowed many marks of her favour, and for which Fanny appeared most truly grateful.

Lucy had informed Julia, that "Fanny Banks had been most constant in coming to enquire after her during the commencement of her illness; but in the latter, and most dangerous, part of it, had not come near the castle at all." This intelligence much surprised our heroine; and leading her to fear that either Dame Banks or Fanny herself was ill, she one morning took Edward for her escort, and rambled to the dame's cottage. She knocked several times at the door, which, to her surprise, was closed; and concluding, from receiving no answer, that her apprehensions were just, and that the illness of one confined the other up stairs, out of hearing of her knocks, she ventured to lift the latch and enter; when, to her utter dismay, she beheld the poor old dame, with the pale and ghastly countenance of horror and death, seated in her high-backed wicker-chair, her Bible open on a table before her. The ever-before neat hearth was now littered by the ashes of a fire, evidently not of that day.

Hastily Julia advanced to the apparently insensible old woman, caught her chilled hand, and eagerly exclaimed—

"Oh! what, the dreadful, matter is?"

The poor dame, aroused by her voice and touch, stared vacantly at her for a few moments; then, recognising her, burst into tears, snatched her hand away, and with that and her other covered her venerable face.—

"Ah! miss, madam!" she cried, "I dare not now look upon you! In my old age, 't is my luck to be ashamed to shew my face...... I have those belonging to me, that shame me. My grey hairs are scandalised; and my heart is broken!"

"Oh! what, of terrible, can you mean?" said Julia, trembling with alarm.—"I fear to ask from you, but—are you, alone quite?"

"Quite alone; and so left to die!..... Fanny, oh, Fanny! has forsaken me, and virtue! I thought her, for the last three weeks, with her mother's family, that I have sometimes let her go to see:—but no, she deceived me;—she was with the base villain who seduced her, and led her from

innocence, and me!........Oh, Fanny! Fanny! how could you do so!—Oh! your dreadful letter broke your granny's heart!"

"Poor dame!" said Edward, "how she shakes with cold! I would get the bellows, and blow; but there is no spark left, to kindle the fire."

"Oh!" exclaimed Julia, "why for, is this? Why you thus, poor dear dame! left alone, to your sorrows?—Alas! and Fanny, could leave you, and do, so wrong!" said Julia, piteously.

"Ah! dear me! I know nought that passed, since the post brought me that shocking letter, yesterday. I read it, and my heart seemed to break at once. I got my Bible—for it was all that was left to comfort me. I sat down to read; but could not. My head was gone: only now and then remembering my grief and shame, and finding I had no power to move. I sat here all night, I know; for once I remembered it was night:—but the world is all night, and darkness, to me now!"

"Alas!" said Julia, "I cannot make, comfort for you; I cannot warm your so

chilled heart; but I will do, my possible, for your poor trembling frame."

Edward, long used to a cottage, and assisting his mother, was now of essential service to Julia; he helped her to find out the firing, taught her to strike a light; and between them, though both awkward from inexperience, they made up a fire. Julia then filled the tea-kettle at the well, put it on the fire, and rummaged some tea, sugar, and tea-things, out of the cupboard;—for she was determined upon making the poor heart-broken woman drink some tea, before she should leave her, to go and tell Lady Delamore of her situation, and to get some eligible person to stay with her; resolving not to call any of her immediate neighbours to her, as she saw the poor dame recoiled from the idea of seeing any of them.

Our benevolent heroine, at length, made some tea; and, by her resistless entreaties, prevailed upon the poor old sufferer to drink a little of it, and it seemed to renovate her much. She ceased to tremble, except from agitation; and overcome by Julia's tender kindness, reposed in her the

full story of Fanny's seduction, and her own sorrows.

"Dear me!" said the sobbing dame, "I seems like not to know what I ought to do. Sometimes I think I ought not to tell you, to grieve your good and tender heart with such things of those you love; and then methinks it is meant by Providence for me to tell you, since you, of all the world, were sent to me in the sad time of my trouble;—and you may be, of all the world, the one marked out to rescue Fanny from her guilty ways, and lead her back to penitence and me."

Julia shuddered with anticipating apprehension; her heart was agonised: but, endowed with something apparently more than mortal firmness, she listened, without betraying her feelings, to a tale—to her, a tale of horrors.—

"It is now about four years, dear my lady, since Fanny—cruel girl!—first began to be praised for her beauty. She had many a good offer, from the neighbouring young farmers: but she refused them all; as she needs must be in love with the man she should marry:—but she'll ne'er marry

now! no honest man would have her.—Well, dear young lady, she got all this love-stuff in her head at her uncle's, where the girls are always falling foul of story-books (that were written for ladies, not the poor), instead of minding the pigs, and the poultry.

"Well, my lady, Sir Charles Stratton saw Fanny one day, as she was bringing home work to do for the repository; and he followed her, and came ever so often here, talking nonsense to Fanny about her beauty: and at last I determined to tell my lady of it;—and I wish I had!—but soon I thought there was no occasion for it; as, one day, who should come in, but 'Squire Fitzroy, to look for his brother: and the next day he came alone, and began to advise Fanny not to listen to his brother, and —oh, goodness! how with his silver tongue he hushed my suspicions!—as Fanny listened to every word he said, I thought there was no use in making mischief with my lady, as Fanny would never listen no more to Sir Charles, and so he stopped from coming. But 'Squire Fitzroy, whenever he was staying at the castle, used to come

often to my cottage; and I—fool that I was!—always made him welcome, thinking he was so good and pious!—for he would read the Bible to me for half an hour together, so finely! and then retire, to yonder window there, to explain texts of Scripture to Fanny: and when I wished to hear him too, he advised me not, in so friendly and kind a way! telling me, as I had not so much learning as Fanny, it would only disturb my mind, and perhaps make me waver in my faith; while Fanny, as she comprehended all, it served to strengthen in her religious principles.

"Well-a-day!—So this went on for a couple of years; and it never once came into my old stupid head, that Fanny could fall in love with so great a gentleman: but, oh! dear me! how I was terrified, and trembled, when Fanny, hearing you were to be married to the 'squire, cried all day long about it; and, from dearly loving you, began to say you were painted, red and white, and a many such spiteful things of you! I then said, 'I hoped she was not so mad, as to have fallen in love with a man who would not think the like of her worthy

to wipe his shoes?' She answered me pertly, for the first time in her life; and it cut me to the heart. . . . . Well, dear me! Fanny, one day, had been at Sedley, to buy threads for her needle-work; and home she came from it, her eyes sparkling with joy, and her cheeks like roses; and as she came in, she said—'She cared for nothing now, since 'Squire Fitzroy thought (for he had just told her so himself) that she was ten thousand times more beautiful than Miss De Clifford.'

"'If the 'squire told you so,' said I, 'it was only to make game of you; for every one, who has eyes, must see that Miss De Clifford is as much more beautiful than you are, as you are prettier than the generality of girls one sees.' Well, she gave me another saucy answer, and I cried for grief.

"Well, dear young lady, the 'squire went away, to be made a *markis*; and when you fell sick, Fanny's natural goodness and love for you got the better of spite, and she was very sorry about you, and went twice a-day up to the castle, to enquire for you; and when you grew so bad, that no one thought you could get over it, and that Fanny, when she returned home of an evening (as

I thought, from neighbour Hawthorn's, where I believed she was at needle-work), and that she seemed melancholy, silent, and odd, I thought it all was grief for you. At last, she asked my leave to go to her uncle's, at Lyme; and I consented, thinking it would amuse her; and I could not bear to see her sad. She told me Hobb's, the miller, would take her there, in his cart, as he always did; but she must, this time, walk over to his house, and his new man would fetch her box. Well, I believed her, for I never had reason to doubt her word. I made a nice cake for her; and gave her a bottle of milk, to take on the road. A strange man came for her box; and as I kissed and blessed her at parting, her tears bedewed my cheeks.

"Well, dear lady, she is three weeks gone to-day, and yet my mind misgave me not;—though the time of her absence was always sad days for me;—but she mostly staid five or six weeks at her uncle's: and I was no way prepared for this cruel letter!"

..... Dame Banks now took from between the leaves of her Bible, a letter, which she handed to Julia; and Julia had power to

open it, and read every agonising word it contained.—

"Dear grandmother,

"As I unluckily met neighbour "Turton to-day, in my linen-draper's shop, "and as he is going home in the mail to-"morrow night, I hasten to write to you, "because, as soon as he gets home, the "murder will out, and you must then know "where I am, though he, with all his curi-"osity, cannot tell with whom. But do n't "you be cast down at what has happened, "as it is a good thing for you;—for as long "as your existence lasts, you shall live like "a lady, with a maid to wait on you; and "you shall not stay in your mean cottage, "but, as soon as I have got a handsome "lodging near me for you, I shall send you "money to bear your expenses up to town "in a post-chaise, like a lady, and not in a "mean, filthy stage.

"You will wonder, dear grandmother, "how I came by all this money; and I "have the comfort to tell you, I am with "my dear Markis of Penmorva, and as "happy as a queen, though only his miss;

"—for his wife he could not make me, "having been teased by his foolish, med- "dling uncle Ashgrove, and his parents, "into marrying that Miss De Clifford, who "he does not care for—never, in all his born "days, loving any one but me: so, poor "thing! she may be his wife; but I shall "be dressed as grand as she, and shall have "all his love, and his tender attentions.

"Ah! my dear grandmother! how nicely "my dear lord markis deceived you, read- "ing the Bible to you, and in explaining "texts of Scripture to me!—Well he know- "ed how to gull you, and win me.

"It is now two years, since my lord "markis began to toil (as he calls it) for "my love, and to get me into his posses- "sion. My love he won in a twinkle; but "he found it not so easy to make me for- "get the rigmaroles you put in my head, "about—what not; and I did not like to "leave you: and so he never could have "got me to be his miss, had he not re- "moved from my mind the clouds of ignor- "ance, and had not chance throwed him in "my way, when he was in grief about that "Miss De Clifford, who, though he is not

"at all in love with, he regards as a sister, "and therefore was in great trouble at the "thoughts of her death.

"In returning from enquiring at the "castle for Miss De Clifford (who, by the "way, I do n't think I shall influence my "lord markis to use ill; though 't is the "fashion for ladies of my consequence to "make men ill-use their wives;—but I "have not yet determined), I fell in with "my lord markis, who seemed in such "trouble, I stopped to comfort him; and "so he asked me to walk with him; and "so I did, leaning on his arm, like his wife "—no, not like an insipid wife either, but "like the idol he adored—and he making "love so sweetly! quite forgetting Miss De "Clifford, and every one but me: so that, "when he asked me to meet him next "morning, I could not find in my heart to "refuse him; so I met him next day, and "every day, telling you 'I was working "at Hawthorn's, till at last he persuaded "me to go off with him; and I did, the "evening I left you, when he went up to "parliament. We travelled all night—as "he had staid to the last moment at the

"castle, hoping Miss De Clifford would let "him see her;—and we went a round-about "road, where he was not known at the "inns, feard it should be knowed he had "me with him;—for he is terribly afeard "that it should be knowed at the castle— "so mind, dear grandmother, that you "don't 'peach. The time we travelled, I "wished myself at home again; and cried "sadly, my dear markis made such a fuss "about 'how sweet, and beautiful, and in-"nocent, Miss De Clifford looked, as she "slept in her chair; and was so alarmed "about the delicate state of her health,' "that I feared he had deceived me; that it "was she he loved, and not me: but when "he found how much I took on about it, "he talked no more of her, and repeated "his vows of everlasting love and con-"stancy to me.

"To keep my being with him a secret "from the prim folks at Delamore castle, "my lord markis could not take me to his "own fine house, in Portland-place; but "on our arrival in town, he placed me to "board in a very grand house, with one of "the sweetest ladies I ever knowed, who

"has several young ladies boarding with "her, who are in the same situation with my- "self—not living publicly with their lovers.

"We are a very gay society; all full of "spirits. I have been to both theatres, all "in a blaze of real diamonds; and beside, "grandly dressed, with scarcely a stitch of "clothes on. I quaked for the miss of my "stuff coats, and warm stays; but I looked "so beautiful for the change, I did not "mind the cold. The markis did not go "with me, for feard of a discovery; but "that I did not much mind, I had such a "plenty of beaus, and was so followed and "admired. I scarcely knowed myself, I "looked so lovely; and my lord markis "says, 'he could not have thought it "was possible for me to look more lovely "than I did in my homely apparel, but "that he is astounded, and fascinated, at "my increase of beauty, my blaze of "charms, now dress shews off my person "to the most liberal advantage.'

"I have not exhibited at the *operar* yet, "it not being open; but I have been to a "masquerade, and there my dear lord mar- "kis attended me. I was greatly delighted,

" we had such a gay party: and all would
" have been well, only they made me drink
" too much *shampain;*—but it proved no
" sham for me, as, not being used to it, my
" head ached sadly all next day.

" I never lived till now. I am as happy
" as a queen: and my dear markis is such
" an adoring lover, he spends all the time
" he can spare from parliament business
" with me; and quite sickens at the thoughts
" of leaving me, to go (which he must soon
" do) to Delamore castle, to save appear-
" ances: but, that I may not be without a
" beau, to squire me about, as he cannot
" do it publicly, he yesterday introduced
" such a lively, handsome, pleasing young
" *barrownight*, to be my *chusebee* (as the
" other ladies call it), and to protect me,
" during his painful, compulsatory absence!
" —How condescending and kind he is!

" Direct to Mrs. Banks, at No. 40,—
" street, — square, London; and be sure,
" dear grandmother, I soon shall send for
" you, to come to your happy, happy grand-
" daughter,

" FRANCES BANKS."

" London, October the 28th, 1801."

It was impossible for Julia to utter one word of comment upon this dreadful letter. Her heart was now cold, and horror-chilled, as the heart-broken grandmother's; and to speak comfort to poor Dame Banks, it was now not in the power of any one to do: but, speechless, and almost torpid with grief and dismay, the lovely Julia sat motionless, apparently listening, with the deepest interest, to the lamentations of the venerable, virtuous, shame-stricken parent, until Edward, tenderly taking her hand, asked "Why she looked so very, very pale? and, if she was ill, to come away to good Mrs. Beville, to make her well again."

Roused by his question and entreaty, Julia hastily arose; and finding from her powerful agitation, and the anguish of her heart, that she could not long sustain the conflict without betraying her feelings, and increasing the distress of the poor deserted parent, spoke some scarcely articulate words of kindness to her, promised to send Mrs. Beville immediately, and to provide some eligible woman to remain with her, and to see her as often as possible herself.

The poor woman thanked and blessed

her; entreated her to take that cruel letter away, out of her sight, for ever; and added, that "she, and her sorrows, would not long trouble the compassionate."

CHAPTER XIX.

JULIA now went from the cottage, in a state of mind that baffles the attempts of our pen to delineate.—"Poor heart-rent parent!" sighed Julia, mentally:—"Poor undone Fanny!—How short, how very short, the space, since Fanny was one of the loveliest children of purity! and now, alas!... And was Fitzroy, indeed, the destroyer of this spotless innocent? and by long deliberate seduction too, aided by hypocrisy, under the veil of sacred religion?—horror of horrors!—Fitzroy, whom she had once believed adorned with every virtue under heaven—Oh! grief unutterable!—Oh, man! —base! deceitful! cruel! relentless!—and could not one little blossom of innocence escape the blight of libertinism?"

Poor Julia's agitated pace was so tremulous, and her path so deviating, that Edward, in alarm, told her, "she walked like his mammy, the last day she went to field;" and, bursting into tears, earnestly entreated

her, with all the simple eloquence his affectionate heart could dictate, "not to die, as mammy did, and leave him."

Julia, touched by the child's artless tenderness, was drawn, for one moment, from her own sorrows, to comfort his. She rested for a short time, supporting herself against the bole of a tree, to rally her faculties, to enable her to reach the castle; and here, while she stood, she spoke cheeringly to her *protegée*, to ease his heart of all its fears for her. Again she pursued her way; and she had not proceeded many paces, when she heard footsteps hastily advancing after her. Her nerves were now in so dreadful a state of agitation, that every thing naturally alarmed her. She thought of some still living Laroche; and, completely dismayed, she strove to increase her speed: but the effort was vain; her faltering steps refused to carry her farther on. She heard her name tenderly pronounced; she turned now hastily, to hold out the hand of amity to her pursuer, and fell, almost subdued, into the supporting arms of Lord St. Orville, who gazed with mingled tenderness, aston-

ishment, and concern, upon her wan and agitated countenance.

"Surely, surely my inadvertence has not done all this, and you were ill before I so alarmed you?" exclaimed his lordship, in tremulous anxiety.

"Indeed she was," cried Edward, now in great joy to see Lord St. Orville, and catching fast hold of the skirt of his coat—"she was so ill, I thought she would die, like mammy, and leave me in the field. It was the poor old dame who made her sick, by her grief; and tired her too, in making a fire for her, and drawing water from the well, and doing all that servants do for my sweet mamma herself;"—for Edward still persisted in calling Julia his mamma, as Lord Delamore had taught him.

"Heavens and earth!" exclaimed Lord St. Orville, "fatiguing yourself in making fires, and drawing water!—What, what can this mean?"

"No matter," said Julia, faintly; "but, for sake, of pity, conduct me home; for I am ill, very much."

The agonised solicitude of Lord St. Or-

ville, by infinitely distressing Julia, urged her to exertion, in struggling with the conflict of her mind. "I am better, now," she said; "and pray, feel not alarm, that I shall have great, indisposition again; for, though I am great deal shocked, and grieved, yet, having the rouse from indignation, *that* will teach me, to bear all, better, than I did, my last great shock.—Oh! I shall soon have for custom, so many shocks for my heart, I shall learn to be, the stoic, to sustain them!"

The tone of her voice, and her manner, penetrated to every tender feeling of Lord St. Orville's heart. He panted to know the cause of her present distress; but forbore to enquire, lest he should, by his curiosity, increase it.

After they had proceeded a little way, Julia, anxious to start some subject to engage her thoughts, said, "May I ask, how you did come here, so opportunely, for my aid?—Without your friendly support, I find, I should never have had, possibility, to reach the castle. Indeed, you seem, to have influence, from my guardian spirit; for

you are always near to me, when I want assistance."

Lord St. Orville attempted to articulate something; but his voice faltered, and he was compelled to relinquish the attempt. A pause ensued; but at length his lordship gave Julia the expected reply.—

"I came from Stratton abbey this morning, anxious to see how my friends here were going on; and as I entered the park, I beheld you and Edward at a distance. Happy to see you so much recovered as to be able to walk so far, I quitted the carriage, and hastened after you, to offer my congratulations on your advanced state of convalescence."

"Congratulations," replied Julia, mournfully, "Lord St. Orville, are not for me. Lady Delamore will, in soon time, know, all, the sad, and very terribly, horrid things, the pain has been, for my heart, to hear. She will tell to you all; and, I know, it will be grief for you: for I know you will be concerned, for me, and shocked for others.—But I have not seen you once, since my severe, indisposition, Lord St. Orville. The cause of that, I dare not now speak

of: but I have a great deal, of many thanks, to give you, if I could speak them, as I feel, for your solicitude for me, when death did hover, in indecision, about my bed. The thought has been, much grief for me, of how I made pain of anxiety, for all my friends; and this it is, being in my heart, and memory so new, makes for me the determination, to bear up now; for you shall no more, grieve for me."

Julia finding, as she leaned upon the arm of Lord St. Orville, that his frame was as tremulous, from agitation, as her own, and shocked that she had overpowered him by pity for her, was much rejoiced when they arrived at the castle.

Lady Delamore, apprised by Leslie, and the other attendants arrived with the carriage, of the return of her son, was in the hall to meet him; and flying to embrace him, saw him tenderly supporting Julia, whose pale and untranquil countenance strongly betrayed the anguish of affliction.

"Julia, cruel girl!" exclaimed her ladyship, "I see you are determined, in every way, to break my heart! Is this the sweet girl, whose love of her religious and moral

duties I thought sincere, who is thus rebellious to the decrees of Heaven?—who is thus impiously resolved upon destroying herself, by wooing grief, and yielding without a struggle to the weakness of sensibility? which, indulged to such excess, loses its amiable form, and degenerates into absolute criminality."

"Oh! spare me! spare me!" said Julia, throwing herself into Lady Delamore's arms, and bursting into tears, wept upon her bosom; "for if you speak, unkind words, to me, my heart is then, quite broken. Oh! in some room, I will tell to you, all:—then, I know, you will not chide; as, indeed, I am not for blame;—except, in giving, too soon, my affection; believing, the virtues that won me, were made by Truth, and not Delusion."

"Alas! and is it so?" said Lady Delamore, mournfully, and leading our heroine to an adjacent room. "Forgive me, my sweet child! the severity of my unmerited reproof."

"I have not, any thing, to forgive," replied Julia; "for all was meant, in truest kindness, for me. It was to arouse me to

my sense, for duty. I *am* awakened, to it, Lady Delamore. I will bear all, with submissive resignation; but, in the first much shock, you cannot have expectation, for my not feeling it; for I must, and long time, I great deal, fear."

"Oh!" said Lady Delamore, "I anticipate the terrible shock you have received—Penmorva, infatuated maniac! is married to Lady Enderfield!"

"Oh, that it was so!—No, more terrible, than that!" replied Julia, energetically.—"Then, for me only, would be his offence; and though it would have made, severe pain, for my heart, it would not have been, such bad affliction, as I now have. No, Penmorva is *not* married;—but wedded to transgressions, very much, terrible; and for long time, and for ever, I fear me. .....But why, why have I been so inhuman, to make forgetfulness, of the grief-stricken parent?—Dear Lady Delamore! you will have goodness, to send Mrs. Beville, in soon time, to poor Dame Banks, whom I have left, sick to die, I a great deal fear; and no one with her—oh! not one! for—for Fanny, has forsaken her."

"Alas!" exclaimed her ladyship, "poor old and venerable woman! now, indeed, I guess the dreadful truth.——Edward, desire Beville to come hither instantly; and then go to your dinner."

"I am not hungry," said Edward, looking with tearful eyes, at Julia; "but I will do as you bid me."

Lord St. Orville now remembering Julia said she would tell all to Lady Delamore, and therefore supposing she wished for his absence, arose to go, with a wish to indulge in feelings he found too difficult to suppress before her.

"Stay, Lord St. Orville," said Julia, "I see, you are interested, and have wish to know, what has made, such shock for me. To be ashamed of, I have nothing, for myself; but the mistaken choice, of my deluded, heart. For you, as for many of my friends, my unfortunate attachment, has been known, in my consentment, to be wife for Fitzroy, should, my much dear benefactor, approve;—a consentment I should not have given, had I not loved him. It would now be for fastidiousness, to aim, at throwing a veil, over what, so well is

known; and though now I have true cause, to blush, for thinking I ever, at all, loved Fitzroy, yet I did." . . . .

Mrs. Beville now entered, and Lady Delamore gave her every necessary direction for the comfort and relief of poor Dame Banks; and Beville departed for her cottage, charged with an assurance from Julia, to the poor old woman, that she would not forget her promise, of calling on her the next morning:—" For that," continued Julia, " was the only thing I did say, that seemed to make comfort for her."

Our heroine now hastened to impart to her interested auditors, all the dreadful communications Dame Banks had made to her, and gave them Fanny's letter to read. Lady Delamore and her son were, as it was most natural for them to be, extremely shocked and affected.

" Ah!" said Julia, " I too well did say, I had much terrible news, for me to tell. I grieve for the poor, venerable, heart-rived, parent; I mourn for, the deluded, undone Fanny; but you cannot blame me, for feeling more, than all, for the bad depravity, of Penmorva.—Oh! sure it is, monstrous

depravity, Lady Delamore, the deliberate seduction, of a pretty innocent; and—impious man!—to take the garb of sacred religion, to aid in his bad crimes! And, oh! alas! to take her from the cottage for innocence, to the house for vice; and give her, the companions, so terrible in profligacy, to make completion, for her depravity!

"Dear Lady Delamore! I have thus said for you, some of my painful thoughts; that you may know, grief has not now, as sometime, stunned all, my faculties, and subdued from me, exertion. You will not now fear, to let me leave you; that when alone, I may seek the only consolation, for my purpose; and where, too, I may make uninterrupted communication, with my own heart: for what I feel is right, for me to do, that I will make resolution, to perform."

Julia now, affectionately kissing Lady Delamore, departed, leaving her ladyship and Lord St Orville overpowered by feelings we have not talents to describe, but may be easily conceived by our readers, when they have waded through our subsequent pages.

When our heroine reached her own apartments, she threw herself into the first seat she came to; her mind overflowing with affliction, her heart agonised with mortified affection. All the dreadful communications of Dame Banks rankled in her bosom with the most direful anguish; but mortified affection, though poignant its pangs, faded into pain scarcely perceptible, before the agony of suspecting Fitzroy was an infidel. From all the tender lamentations her heart made in thus having a rival, it reverted to the crime of the seduction of Fanny. Forcibly her feeling painted all; and followed her, from the peaceful cottage of Innocence, down the hill of Vice, and closed her death-scene—discarded, scorned by all —at the door of her pitiless seducer.

Shocked by the direful picture her imagination had pourtrayed, with all the force of truth, Julia started from her seat, and traversed her room in the unequal steps of dismay, her heart bleeding with every pang of pity and recoiling horror. And, in all the bitterness of anguished feeling, her fancy led her on to paint the future life of her lover:—Pursued by the maledictions of

Fanny; haunted by remorse for her undoings: in his domestic life, wretched; wife and children, with affection affrighted from their bosoms by his vices, recoiling from him for his crimes: and, at length, placing him on the death-bed of the infidel, bereft of every hope and consolation, she suddenly ceased from this direful delineation; and, with a half-repressed scream of horror, exclaimed—

"Is this, the death-scene, for Penmorval—the beloved of my heart—that I have, so much dreadfully, pourtrayed? Am I to be for wife, so wretched;—are mine to be, the offspring I have drawn, in my fancy terrible? Oh! no, no, no! forbid it, Gracious Heaven!...... But why, for, do I cling to the, so much direful, suspicion, for the religious principles of my beloved, to be the sceptic's? I have no proof...... 'Yes,' suggested Reason, sternly; 'in his vices.'" Julia's heart swelled, and throbbed; her eyes, in pained humiliation, rested on the ground. Meekly she entered her closet; closed herself in; and, prostrate before the Father of Mercies, she breathed her most fervent prayers and supplications, for firm-

ness to perform her duty, and fortitude to bear her misery.

The dinner bell, and the noise that Lucy made in her dressing room, drew our heroine from her closet; infinitely more composed than she entered it, but too full of painful thought to speak to Lucy, who was grieved to see her beloved lady look so ill, and seem so even unusually sad.

"One would think," said Lucy, at length, unable to longer bear such painful silence, "that all the sorrows of the world had got into Delamore castle. Smiles are no-where to be seen, but in the pictures hanging upon the walls, and amongst the lower servants. All as doleful in the steward's-room, as in the drawing-room: one moment, all grief about you, ma'am; the next, all alarm about our dear young lord."

"Alarm about Lord St. Orville!" exclaimed Julia, now infected by the sound of alarm. "Why for, about him, Lucy?"

"Oh! dear, ma'am! have you seen him, and not perceived how desperately ill he looks?—even worse than when he went away to Stratton abbey. Poor Mr. Leslie has been crying sadly about him to my

aunt; and thinks he is far gone in a decline: for he is wasted so, Mr. Leslie can't bear to see his clothes hang about him so, as if they did not belong to him:—and eats so little!—and Mr. Leslie says, he sleeps less, for he now always finds him up, when he goes into his room of a morning, looking so pale, and full of sorrow, it quite breaks the old gentleman's heart; and then he sighs so sadly all the time he is dressing, it would melt the stocks and stones. 'But all his fretting has not altered his temper,' says Mr. Leslie; 'that is sweet and kind as ever; and when, unable to bear his ill looks any longer, I entreat him to have advice, for I know he is ill, he looks up in my face so cheeringly, and strives to comfort me by assurances that I am mistaken, he almost breaks my heart:—but I know the cause of all too well; I found it out during his sad illness at Palermo: but I wish we had never come home.' And then Mr. Leslie wept, poor old gentleman! as bitterly as ... you do now.—Dear, my sweet lady! do not take on so. I wish I had not told you."

Lucy now brought Julia some water, which she eagerly drank, and exerted every effort to conquer the tears this account of

Lord St. Orville had drawn forth; and which she had determined not to shed for her own sorrows, lest they should subdue her again by sickness, and, by enervating her mind, weaken those energies that now had so powerful a demand upon them.—

"But bad, ma'am, as my young lord looks, and so unlike his beautiful self, a lady has fallen souse in love with him, at Stratton abbey;—so desperately too, she says she shall die, unless she has him for a husband. And so, ma'am, her papa, and my lord (who are old school-friends), have agreed it shall be a match; and Lady Selina has set her mind upon it; and so it needs must be, whether my young lord likes it or not, I warrant. The lady is only in her twentieth year, and such a beauty the like was never heard of;—folks running after her, wherever she goes, to look at her, as if they were mad. She is a lady too, in her own right, and has a power of riches; and her father (who is an earl), having no other child, makes such a fuss with her, as never was. Mr. Leslie greatly wishes this match for his lord; yet he shakes his head about it, and says he is sure it will not do."

CHAPTER XX.

THE moment Julia was dressed, she went once more into her closet, to fortify her mind again with firmness, before she joined the family. She appeared, at length, in the drawing-room, with such submissive resignation in her countenance, that told at once from whence she gained it. Lady Delamore, and Lord St. Orville, beheld her with amazed and admiring approbation. Her voice was firm, but its tones were pathetically sad; and so much fortitude had she acquired, so much had she placed her feelings in subjection, that not Mrs. Fermor, Ann Beaumont, Mary, or Mr. Temple, had a suspicion of her having any addition to her former cause of sadness.

With the dessert, Edward, as usual, made his appearance. Miss Beaumont, who had lately been his gayest playmate, called him to her, to tell him a story of a li[illegible] boy she had met at Sedley, where she

en that morning. After his listening attentively to her little tale, he told her [w]here he had been, that morning, with his sweet mamma; and then entered upon a detail, "of finding a poor dame sick, and grieved, and cold; and how his sweet mamma lit the fire, and filled the kettle, and made tea for her, and coaxed her to drink it—looking so sweet, and pretty, and good, all the time! just, you know," he continued, turning to Lord St. Orville, "as she did the day I came here, and sat in your lap, and could not eat."

This was an appeal that seemed to strike too powerfully upon the secret feelings of Lord St. Orville; who started from his seat, flew to the fire, and began eagerly to stir up a before almost insupportably immense one.

Lady Delamore's complexion had changed from red to pale, and from pale to red; and, forcing a smile, she said, "What a chilly animal you are, St. Orville!"

"I have been made chilly by the sudden change from the atmosphere of Stratton abbey, where the rooms are so low, and so filled with company, and—and .... But, my

dear mother! have you yet mentioned your little perplexity to Mrs. Fermor?"

"I will now do it," said Lady Delamore ——"You, my dear Mrs. Fermor, and Ann Beaumont, are here as friends, who came to comfort me when I did, indeed, require consolation; and so well do I know your friendship and kindness for me, it would be unjust to use any ceremony with you; so, without scruple, I treat you as counsellors, not as guests, whom, by my communications, I may inhospitably drive from beneath my roof.—St. Orville tells me, that my lord is much hurt at my not joining the party at Stratton abbey; and Selina *talks* of being mortified by my unkindness. I should be grieved to displease my lord, or seem to slight my daughter; but as she has not now extended her invitation to my beloved Julia, I feel offended, and think, as she stands situated with Sir Charles's family, I owe it to her dignity, as her temporary guardian, not to go."

"My dear Lady Delamore!" said Julia, eagerly, "if my lord, is hurt, for your absence, not consideration any, ought to

make prevention, of your going, as . . . . ."
She now blushed, stopped; and at length timidly added, "I beg you, to pardon, my presumption to advise. It was Mrs. Fermor you addressed; and I ought to have spoke not: but my heart, so warm for you, would not, let me."

"My love!" replied Lady Delamore, "I am most grateful for the interest you take in my happiness; and perhaps you, of all the world, were the person whose advice I ought to have solicited: but as you were not invited . . . . . ."

"You kindly thought, for me, I should have strong feeling, of mortification: but gay company, would hurt me great deal more.——Mrs. Fermor, I have good hope, will take the trouble, of me again."

"Indeed I will," replied Mrs. Fermor; "but I shall call, and think, it pleasure.—My dear Lady Delamore! Miss De Clifford's advice is mine: so I shall take her, Ann Beaumont, Mary, Mr. Temple, Edward, and myself, out of your way as soon as necessary."

"But, but," said Julia, hastily, "you will

let me, come to see, a poor sick woman, in this neighbourhood, every day, Mrs. Fermor?"

"And every night too, my dear," replied Mrs. Fermor, kindly smiling, "if you desire it."

"I had better, then, go to-morrow to Stratton abbey," said Lady Delamore.

"My mother, not to-morrow!" exclaimed Lord St. Orville in alarm, glancing his eyes, with speaking intelligence, at Julia, and then turning them, in expressive entreaty, to his mother; who instantly recollecting our heroine's recent cause for affliction, and feeling that it would be cruel to leave her before her mind could have recovered from the first shock of her sufferings, immediately replied—"No, not to-morrow, Alfred; certainly, not to-morrow: but I will write to your father, and tell him I shall be with him in a very few days."

Julia had sufficient opportunity this day; and though her mind was overflowing with affliction, she anxiously made the observation, that Lucy's intelligence, relative to Lord St. Orville's health, was but too well

founded; and, with grief and alarm, she beheld the devastations deep-rooted secret sorrow had made upon the appearance of this so lately fine, healthy, lively, and transcendently handsome, young man. His was a character that Julia little less than worshipped. It was an impossibility to know him, and not be charmed by his manners and conversation; for his intellectual powers were of the first order, while grace, sweetness, and elegance, gave to his manners and appearance their finest polish: and owing twice to him the preservation of her life, at the imminent peril of his own, had awakened such an animated glow of gratitude in her mind, that, with the interest his excellences and his grief inspired, she felt so much solicitude about his health and happiness, that to see both were lost gave deep affliction to the heart of Julia.

Our heroine exerted herself, in the course of her comfortless evening, firmly to support that composure her piety had endowed her with; but finding at times the struggle almost too great to sustain, she at intervals retired to her closet, and from prayers and

meditation there, returned again into company, with a countenance of touching resignation.

Julia had requested a private conference with Lady Delamore, ere they should retire to rest; and when the family separated for the night, she attended her ladyship to her *boudoir*, and briefly related to Lady Delamore, "that not enduring the thought of seeking her pillow in the state of incertitude she then was in, relative to the Marquis of Penmorva's religious principles, she had taken the liberty of applying to her for information; and entreated, in the most solemn and affecting manner, that her ladyship would reveal to her the truth, even horrid as it might be."

Lady Delamore promptly replied, that she knew nothing against the religious principles of Penmorva.—"I cannot suppose," said she, "from the tenor of his life, that they are very strict. From his parents (though, alas! very, very culpably they at one time acted), I am certain, he had no example of impiety set him, and assuredly heard no doctrine of infidelity. Whenever in my house, Horatio has, as you have seen,

attended Divine worship regularly. I never, certainly, saw him a communicant: I have spoken to him more than once upon the subject; and his constant reply has been, 'he was not yet good enough, to presume to partake of so sacred a rite.' Penmorva could not, possessing so many moral virtues as he really does, be so vile a hypocrite, I am convinced, as to go to church merely to scoff at the worship there. Nor could he have been in such long and early habits of intimacy with my children, and not, even in their mirth, betray himself; and had they known any thing in him so dreadful as impiety, I have not a doubt, in their zeal for his reformation, that they would have disclosed it to me."

Tears, almost approaching to those of joy, now trickled down Julia's cheeks, at these presumptive arguments, which her heart eagerly adopted as firm conviction.—"Oh! if he is not infidel," she exclaimed, "I yet, may have good hope, for his reformation. But though, still, so fond is my heart, to cling to that, very great joyful, hope, I have not made determination, Lady Delamore, what is for me, to do. Your advice, I will

not, at all, ask for; because too much partiality, might teach, prejudice for you; and wishing for happiness, to your nephew (which you did say, you had thought, his union with me, would make for him), you might forsake your judgment, and advise for me, to marry him. I do say, fond is my heart, to cherish the thought, of happiness with Fitzroy; and greatly terrible, I feel, would be the anguish, to resign him: but—but he, the destroyer is, too surely, of the innocent; and too truly, alas! he did give insult to religion, in putting on, its veil, to make sure passport, for him, to the completion of, his so much bad, crime: and can I be good, and vow to honour him, who did so do? Oh, Lady Delamore! why is it, for me, to love the man, who has of bad, so much propensity, in his heart? . . . . I have thought it is good, for my purpose, to write to Doctor Sydenham; and I will. Doctor Sydenham, has not, at all, partiality for Fitzroy. I will state to him, all of what Penmorva did; and all my own heart feels, and says, for his behalf. I will beg for him, to consider it well, and conscientiously; not making thought, for the feelings, of my poor

foolish heart: and what Doctor Sydenham, makes determination, for me, that will I do. I have the thought, too, Lady Delamore, it is for me, to write to the Marquis of Penmorva, to tell him to come not here; as Fanny did say, he must come, to save appearances; and I could not, at all, like to see him, now."

"Certainly you could not," replied Lady Delamore, affectionately kissing Julia, in approbation of her laudable resolution. "Write to Doctor Sydenham: but I will write to Penmorva; for, at present, he deserves no letter from you.—But, my dear Julia, culpable as Horatio is, do not believe that he means to come here only to save appearances, or any insinuation against the strength of his attachment to you; for, many as his temporary inconstancies may be, I firmly believe his heart is fondly, unalterably, yours."

"Why," replied Julia, artlessly, "I did much hope, all he said, expressive of more love, for Fanny, than for me, was no more true, than that, my dear benefactor, and his parents, had by great deal teasing, made up his engagement, for me."

"Assuredly," replied Lady Delamore, "they were not; and all those flattering protestations were only made to work upon the deluded girl's vanity, to beguile her to her undoing: and though long he toiled for that undoing (as much for the triumph of out-rivaling his brother, as any other motive, I am persuaded), his fancy was not deeply captivated, as the short space of his attachment to her, as a mistress, plainly evinces;—proclaimed at once, by (what the unfortunate Fanny has no suspicion of, but is grateful for, as kindness) his meaning immediately to forsake her, by his introduction of a successor in her favour, this gay young baronet."

With a cry of horror, Julia flung herself into the arms of Lady Delamore, exclaiming—"For mercy, and for pity, tell me not—tell me not, so, of Fitzroy! Do not—do not, make torture, so agonising for me, by suspicion, of so great, cruel depravity, in Fitzroy!—Oh! not in the terrible moment he forsakes her, whose love for him, did make her ruin, meditate, and provide for her, the further infamy! . . . . . Oh! my anguished heart! can this be very true?"

"Alas! I fear it is too true," said Lady Delamore.—"Julia, sweet girl! did you not yourself, see, with pained disapprobation, his taking her to the house of vice, and introducing her to profligate companions?"

"Oh!" said Julia, bursting into an agony of tears, "it is too, too much, true!—Oh! yes, I see most terrible conviction, for its truth!.... But," she continued, with energy, "it shall not be so: at all, it shall not. I will write, for Doctor Sydenham to take poor Fanny, from so bad, men. The seducer, and successor, shall be foiled, in their cruelty. Fanny, poor Fanny! shall be snatched from further vice.—Oh! she cannot, at all, but listen to Doctor Sydenham; who will make so much exertion, for her good. Blessings—blessings on my benefactor! I have means, to give, for her virtuous sustenance: she shall return, to her grandmother; who will revive, for her appearance. I will give to them, much comforts; and all shall be well, again. Poor dame shall no more grieve; and Fanny shall be, again, good, and happy."

The energetic benevolence of Julia's thoughts now beamed on her lovely coun-

tenance, and both affected Lady Delamore so much, that, while tenderly pressing her in her arms, she wept abundantly, for various causes: but, though cherishing no hope whatever herself of Fanny's reformation, she would not destroy this delusive vision, which the sanguine, beneficent, guileless heart of our heroine formed; but let her retire to her chamber, full of the flattering hope, of restoring a fallen fellow-creature to the path of virtue.

This fond hope stole for some time from the poignancy of Julia's affliction; but as she gradually turned from the contemplation of this project of benevolence, to the depravity that called for it, her heart again found its anguish with fullest force. Restless was her night; for affliction strewed her pillow with its thorns, precluding sleep: and she arose with the dawning day, to commence her long epistle to Doctor Sydenham, which cost her many bitter tears ere it was completed.

This morning's post brought our heroine a letter from the Marquis of Penmorva, filled with such sweet, such ardent, expressions of tenderness, that one moment she

wept to think they were so insincere; in the next, indignation took possession of her mind, to think the destroying lover of Fanny Banks should dare to offer them to her.—"For, oh!" said her tortured heart, "how can these, be professions from sincerity, when in the moment, my death was for, the expectation of all, he had mind to think, at all, of love, for Fanny? . . . . Oh, Fitzroy! when only grief, was for you, and I thought you oppressed, with much sorrow, keeping sad vigil, by your uncle's bed, for death, how was my every, one, thought, rivetted on you! or if by innocent mirth, surprised, into the smile, how much upbraiding, did I give my heart, for daring to be gay, while sadness, was for you!"

The post, too, brought the daily papers, now all filled with the first speech the Marquis of Penmorva had ever made in the House of Commons. He had spoken, on a most important question, for nearly four hours; and a greater burst of eloquence, and pointed argument, had never flowed from the lips of an orator or statesman: and the applause he had met with in the house, the universal approbation out of it, filled

many a line of each paper, delineated by the hand of high eulogium.

Such deserved applause had been sweet incense to the heart of Julia, even one day sooner; but now, she sickened as she read, and turned from these praises of Penmorva in agonised regret.—"Ah!" she sighed, "why is not his mind, replete with endowments, all good, as well as great? Then, with what exultation, might she not dwell on every eulogy, so merited!—and not, as now, blushing, in shame, to think, she had given one approving thought, to a man, who could profane such transcendent talents."

END OF VOLUME III.

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